Feb. 17, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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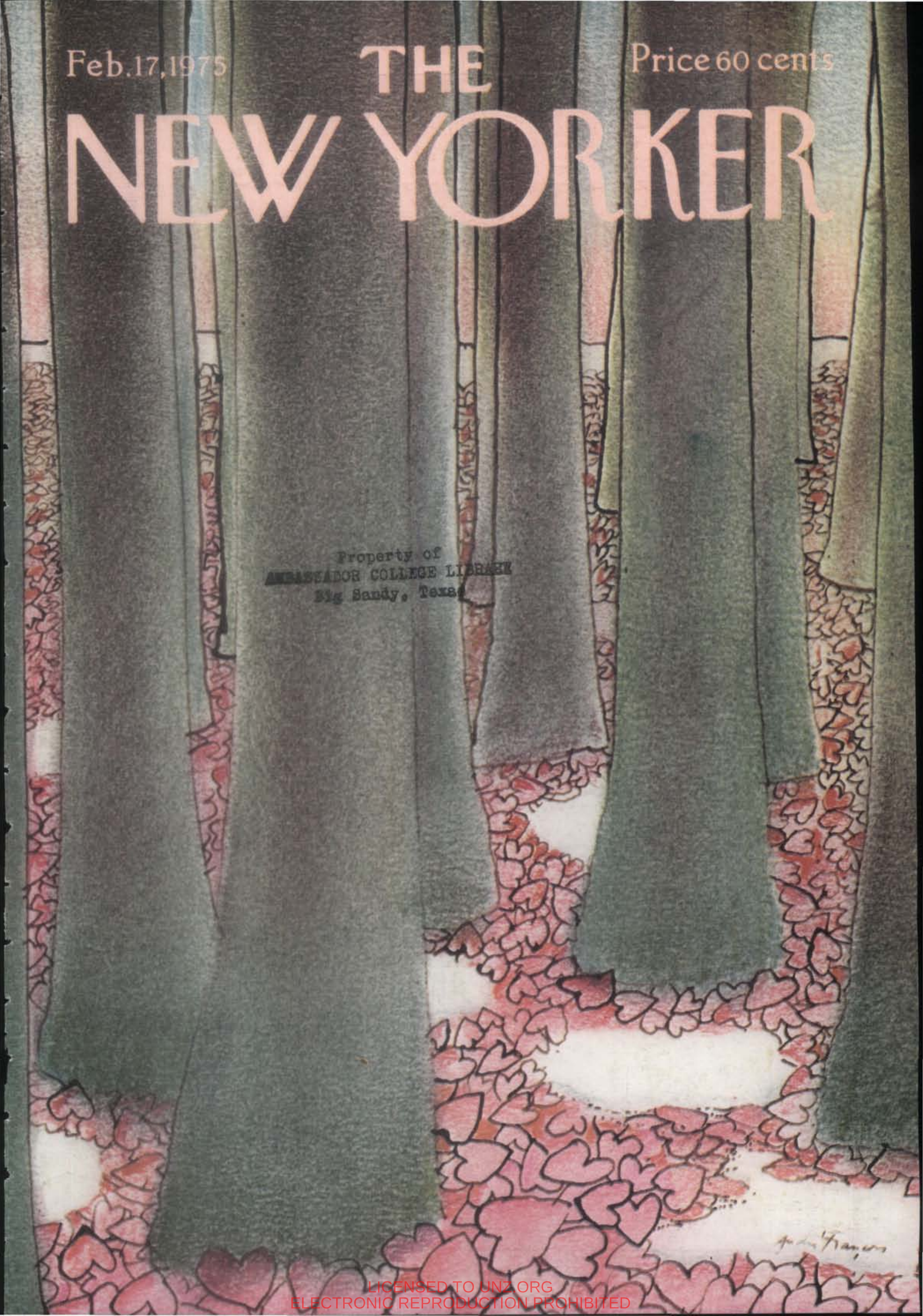

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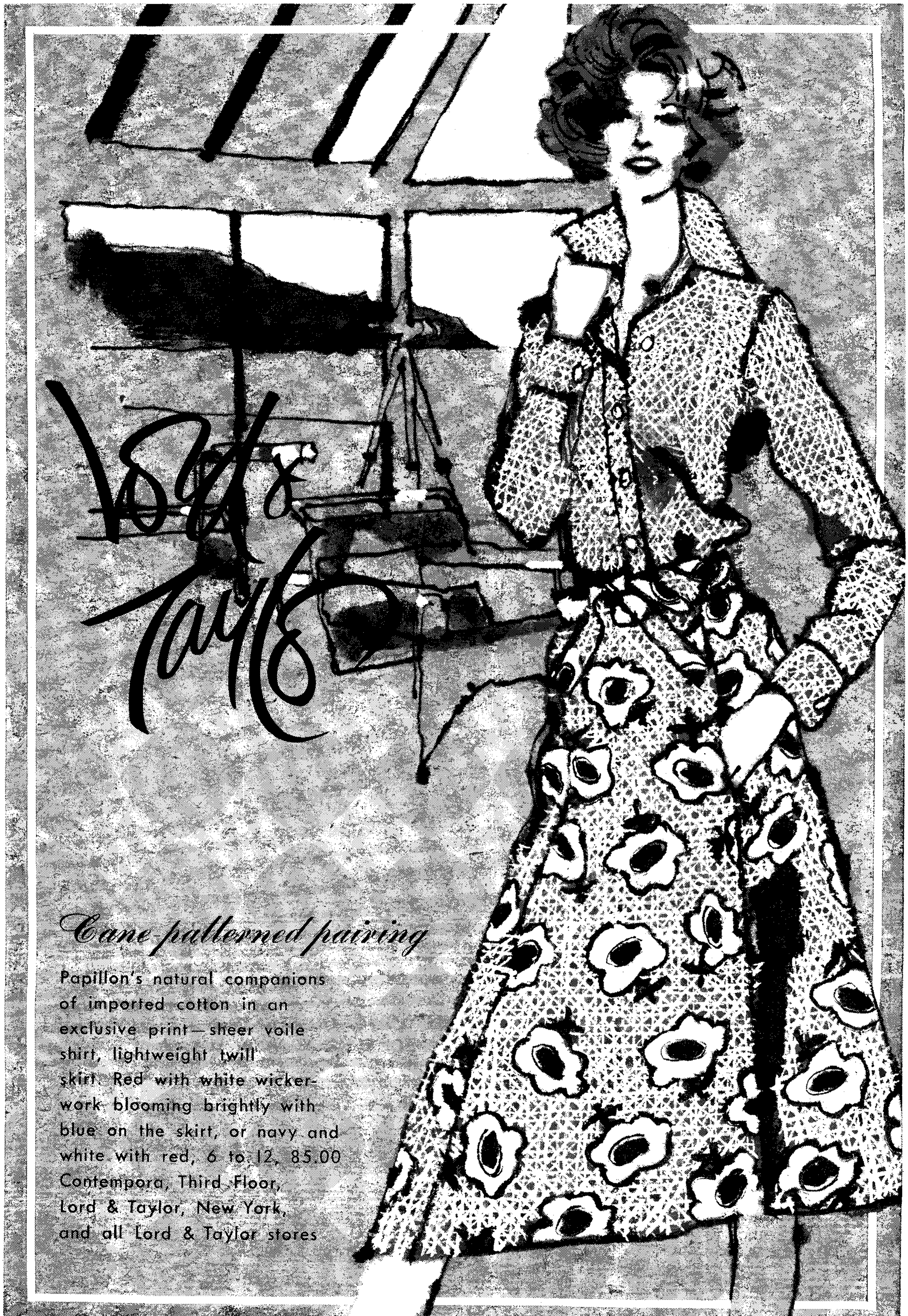

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 17. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 2:30.)

ALL OVER TOWN—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

BLASTS AND BRAVOS: AN EVENING WITH H. L. MENCKEN—Paul Shyre's able impersonation of Mencken, who took a dark view of his fellow-creatures, nearly always with reason. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

CELEBRATION—A revised version of the 1969 musical by Tom Jones (book and lyrics) and Harvey Schmidt (music). (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

DANCE WITH ME—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of William Inge's **BUS STOP** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EQUUS—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17.)

FISHING—A play by Michael Weller. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 12. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

GOD'S FAVORITE—Last year, Neil Simon was doing over Chekhov. This year, it is the Book of Job. His confidence in himself is misplaced. Vincent Gardenia is exemplary as a contemporary Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

HUGHIE and **DUET**—Ben Gazzara in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's play and a short play by David Scott Milton. Staged by Martin Fried. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17.)

IN PRAISE OF LOVE—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel make Terence Rattigan's little play about marriage in the middle years seem far more substantial than it really is. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

MADHOUSE COMPANY OF LONDON—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE MOUND BUILDERS—An insignificant little play about the misadventures of a group of archeologists investigating some ancient Indian mounds. The elaborate production is occasionally enlightening, but more often it is simply distracting. Lantern slides abound. The dramatist, Lanford Wilson, has supplied a number of good lines and good scenes for the actors, who do well. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 20, at 2. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

PRETZELS—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PRIVATE LIVES—But of course. With Maggie Smith, John Standing, Remak Ramsey, and

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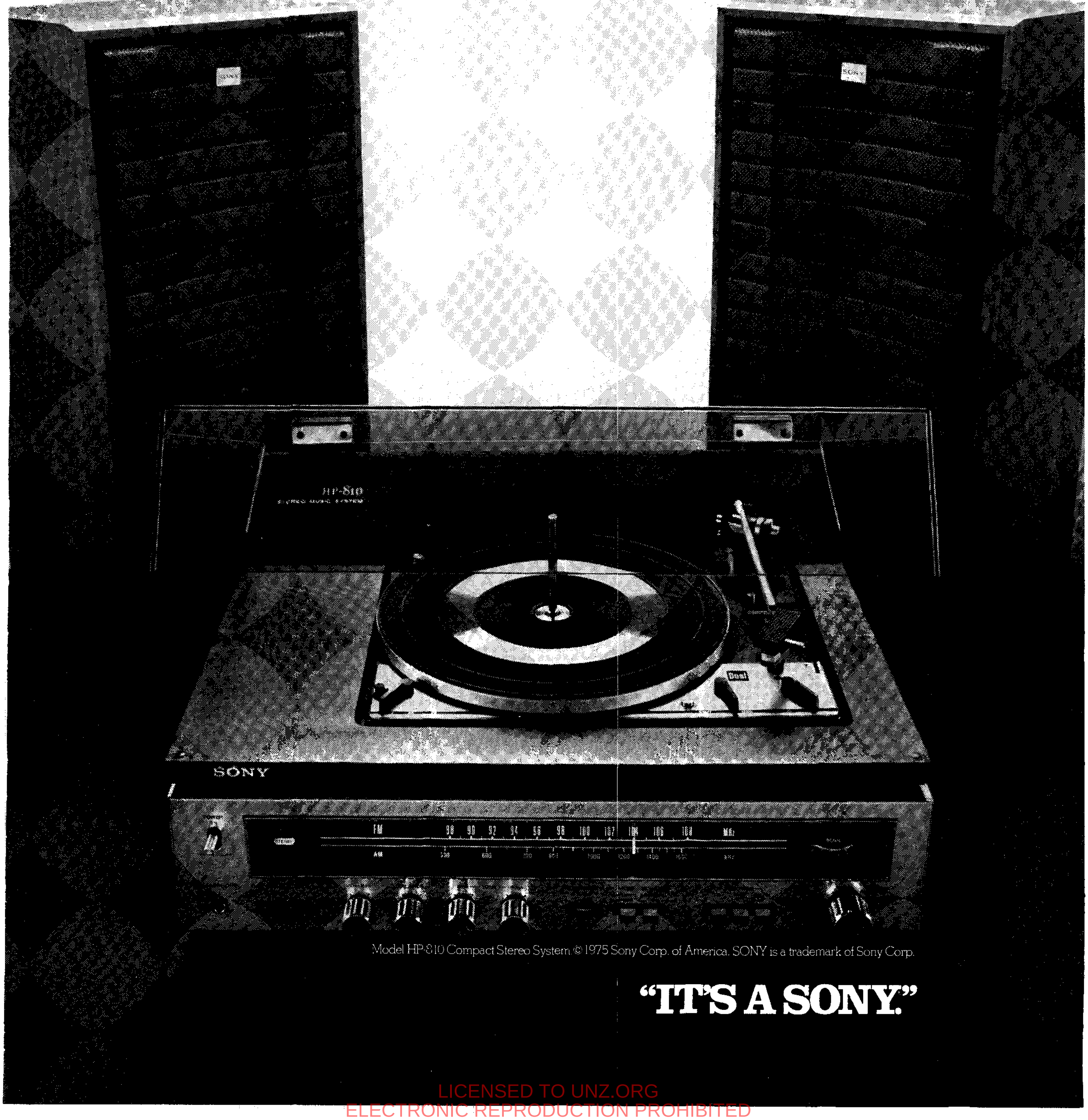

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Niki Flacks. Directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

The Ritz—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—A seven-week engagement that will end Sunday, April 6. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, with Ian Richardson, opens Thursday, Feb. 13, at 7 (preview Wednesday, Feb. 12), and will run through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

The Seagull—Chekhov's play in a new English version by Jean-Claude van Itallie. Directed by Joseph Chaikin. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of this season's Chekhov favorite, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. OUR LATE NIGHT: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 12-13, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 7:30 and 9:30. . . . THE SEAGULL: Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 18-22, at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Seascape—A pair of lizards making their way up the evolutionary ladder talk things over with representative specimens of *Homo sapiens*. The author, Edward Albee, is funny and gnomic; one cannot be sure whether he is saying "Come along!" or "Take care!" (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 2:30.)

Shenandoah—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Wood as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8; Friday, Feb. 14, at 7 and 10; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 20-21, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 8. . . . ¶ In THE ISLAND, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 6; Monday, Feb. 17, at 3; and Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Wedding in Shtetel—A Yiddish musical. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Saturdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17.)

Where's Charley?—The Frank Loesser musical of 1948 has been rather uneasily revived, this time with Raul Julia playing the part created by Ray Bolger. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

The Wiz—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

Long Runs—CANDIDE: A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . THE FANTASTICKS: 6,161 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.). . . THE HOT L BALTIMORE: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17.). . . PIPPIN: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 19, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17.) . . . RAISIN: Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of DON QUIXOTE will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 1 and 7.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of sixty-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Chhau—The masked dance of Bengal, performed by a troupe of twelve. (American Museum of Natural History Auditorium, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2, and Monday, Feb. 17, at noon. No charge beyond the museum's ordinary entrance contribution.)

Rod Rodgers—With his dance company. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-7560.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three, Thursdays through Sundays.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Gato Barbieri—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Tenor saxophone, leading a band, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Beginning Wednesday, Feb. 19.

Bricktop and Hugh Shannon—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten until two. Bricktop will take a two-week sabbatical after Saturday, Feb. 15.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy Giuffre 3—Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566). Reeds, bass, and drums, Fridays and Saturdays, at ten-thirty.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Bobby Hackett—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Trumpet, with Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio. Wednesday, Feb. 12, from nine-forty-five to three.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Mabel Mercer—Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL

SCANDALOUS SANDALS FLIRT THEIR WAY AROUND TOWN. FROM THE BERNARDO COLLECTION, $13 TO $50, *AT YOUR FAVORITE BERNARDO STORE.* BONWIT TELLER, N.Y. AND BRANCHES; FROST BROTHERS, SAN ANTONIO; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C.; SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON; BURDINES, MIAMI, DADELAND ONLY.

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at ten and midnight.

Anita O'Day—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Jazz singer, at nine and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Roswell Rudd—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Trombone and French horn, leading a quartet. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor saxophone, leading a quintet nightly at ten. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 18.

Michal Urbaniak—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Jazz violin, with his band, Fusion. Beginning Wednesday, Feb. 19, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An excess of nautical bric-a-brac—riggings, ropes, lanterns, nets, some fake fish—hangs from the rafters above the Friday- and Saturday-night jazzmen. On Feb. 14-15, pianist Cedar Walton performs with bassist Sam Jones and drummer Billy Higgins. Drummer Omar Clay arrives with his trio on Feb. 21-22. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Junior Mance, a vigorous and bluesy pianist, leads a trio on Wednesday, Feb. 12. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 13-15, bassist Buster Williams heads up a quartet that features Woody Shaw on trumpet. Trombonist Matthew Gee's quintet will be present on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 17-18, and on Wednesday, Feb. 19, tenor saxophonist George Coleman and trumpeter Danny Moore begin co-piloting a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An aptly named, giant-size concern where hordes of enthusiasts come to hear the latest in rock, folk, and commercially successful jazz. Singer and guitarist David Bromberg returns with his band on Wednesday, Feb. 12. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 13-16, singer and pianist Mose Allison creates both a country and an urbane presence, as he culls and borrows from Muddy Waters, Hank Williams, and Thelonious Monk. On Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 17-18, Eric Burdon, perhaps the guttiest rock singer of the sixties, fronts his latest assemblage. Two purveyors of some of that commercially successful jazz, Gato Barbieri and Michal Urbaniak, and their respective bands, begin trading sets on Wednesday, Feb. 19. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—This animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar is replete with paintings done in a variety of styles. Al Haig, who was among the first bop pianists and who has resurfaced on the New York music scene during the past couple of years, collaborates with bassist Bill Takas Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the slapped and occasionally slapstick bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte, who will be in the **CAFÉ CARLYLE** through Saturday, March 1, sing duets at the keyboard in unison or in smart counterpoint, and they also sing individually. They are attractive and frequently quite funny, and—even more than their counterparts, Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short—they are musical archeologists, apt to offer such rarities as George and Ira Gershwin's "Hangin' Around with You," from "Strike Up the Band" (1930); Rodgers and Hart's comic "Pablo," which they rescued from a nineteen-thirties demo record; and a 1915 Irving Berlin pineapple called "I Love a Piano." Hudson sometimes resembles Kate Smith, and Whyte sounds like a good-looking, straightforward baritone. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the **BEMELMANS BAR**, which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Ask for "Willow Weep for Me;" she just about turns it inside out. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes, who began when Louis Armstrong was twenty-seven, is singing better than ever, and making remarkable use of her rhythmic agility and her sense of dynamics, both of which allow her to dart from a whisper to a shout within a single measure. Her accompanist is Mr. Sensitive—Ellis Larkins. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hyman, who likes to pretend he is everyone from Hank Duncan to Billy Kyle, takes over. Dining.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Little changed in some twenty years, this spacious and inelegant jazz preserve has recently reopened. Saxophonist Dave Liebman's Lookout Farm, an electronic-jazz-rock quintet, complete with tablas, finishes up on Sunday, Feb. 16. Pianist Dave Matthews is in charge of a twelve-piece band that storms the place on Monday nights. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, bassist Wilbur Little, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, who has spent considerable time with George Shearing's group, plays from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—The operations at Jacques, a little retreat formerly in business further west down Bleecker, have been transferred to the Village Corner, a pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, Max Kaminsky's Dixieland band holds forth from eight to two.

Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which Mabel Mercer has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and motherly. She radiates—which is what she really does now—at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 East 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobby Hackett, or Old Silver Chops, as he is known on the Cape, where he now lives, has slipped back into town. (Because of his clever twenties look, his tomato-pole figure, and his deep, elusive voice, Hackett invariably slips in and out of wherever he goes during his incessant travels.) His solos have long suggested such perfections as snowflakes and moon shells and day lilies; indeed, his best recorded ones can be studied by the hour. The extraordinary thing is that he has been producing his particular beauties for almost forty years without the least coarsening or slacking off. So here he is, sounding as pure and as daring as he did with his first band, at Nick's, in 1938. His accompanists—Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums—care about Hackett, about each other, and about what they do, which gives the group four-wheel drive. Hackett seems to stir Jones especially, causing him to deliver improvisations that rise and flow with an often astonishing invention and delicacy. Music from nine-fifteen to one. . . . ¶ On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band celebrates Dixieland jazz and the return of its deadpan clarinettist, Woody Allen. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **BIRD CAGE**, Larry Kert sings at nine-forty-five and eleven-fifteen through Saturday, Feb. 15.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of a one-story, mall-like building that also houses a five-and-ten and other shops, and that looks like an afterthought sitting in the midst of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. A rhythm-and-blues quartet composed of four fine studio musicians—Cornell Dupree, Gordon Edwards, Richard Tee, Charlie Brown, and Chris Parker—performs Wednesday, Feb. 12. Thursdays through Saturdays, reedman Robin Kenyatta guides a quintet through a curious mixture of soul, pop, blues, and jazz. Guitarist Joe Beck and Dave Sanborne, on alto sax, perform some vigorous jazz-rock Sunday through Wednesday, Feb. 16-19. Music from ten until three.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteenth century—and some occasional ragtime, folk, and atonal music thrown in—are likely to be heard in this modest little restaurant and bar from seven until eleven (from six on Sundays). Many of the young professional musicians and singers who are here to display their skills (which vary in degree) in small ensembles or as soloists normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and the American Symphony Orchestra. A basket placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper West Side musicians—can drop contributions. Solo lutanists, pianists, singers, and guitarists abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Anita O'Day comes in two perfect parts: her voice, with its huskiness, adventuresome phrasing, and rhythmic whack, and her correlative cyclopedia of motions—the raised hand, the tilted head, the akimbo leg, the arching smile. She is a highly theatrical sing-

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er, and some of her mad, speeding, up-tempo numbers suggest Gilbert and Sullivan patter songs brought up to the minute. Every inflection and gesture has been thought through, and there is no room for off-pitch notes, wandering vibratos, or muddy diction—the sort of goofs that make singers like Tony Bennett sound like the guy next door. At nine and midnight except Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ On Sunday, Feb. 16, Mirabai, a twenty-three-year-old singer, guitarist, and songwriter, whose name is taken from a legendary follower of Krishna, goes on at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—One of the few unfailingly cheerful and enlivening members of the most recent jazz avant-garde (circa 1960) was the trombonist Roswell Rudd. (The tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp, with his brimming, sly parodies, was another.) Rudd came up through traditional groups, but by the sixties he had perfected an astonishing and outrageous style. Outwardly, it was fashionably amusical, for it was made up of an endless series of congested roars, screams, whinnies, and blats. He seemed bent on virtually blowing his instrument inside out. But once you got past the elephant sounds you came upon the sleek and marvellous forms of such great trombonists as Benny Morton and J. C. Higginbotham and Dickie Wells—progenitors all to Rudd. So every solo Rudd took had two levels—the shocking rococo surface and the resounding, affecting interior. Rudd's style was not calculated to please, and in general it hasn't; during the past decade he has reportedly taken various day jobs to keep going. But now he is breaking in this new and pleasant enough cellar club, and in a surprising way: the super-bravura attack has been laid aside, and the graceful inner turnings have come forward. Dressed in modern harmony and rhythms, the ghosts of Higginbotham and Wells, and even Bobby Byrne and Jack Jenney, move ceaselessly and beautifully past in Rudd's playing. (Every once in a while, just to keep his foot in, he adds a heavy growl or shriek.) This is particularly clear in a long blues, "Moselle Variations," that is played in four tempos, the first three successively faster, and the fourth an easy gambol in which Rudd summons up Jenney's serenities. A long version of Rudd's theme song, "St. James Infirmary," is almost as good. J. J. Johnson and his myriad followers removed much of the warmth and humor and flexibility from the trombone in the forties and fifties, but Rudd, it would appear, has—with the fitful help of Jimmy Knepper—restored the instrument. Rudd's accompanists are insufficient. Hod O'Brian is a wandering Bud Powell pianist. Brian Torff is one of the new I-am-a-full-orchestra bassists, but his arco work tends to be flat. And Beaver Harris is a running, adventurous drummer with a step of lead. Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Bricktop, a woman with a past, is transforming these two small rooms above a Greek-French restaurant into a saloon of almost museum-like chic. A star fixture of her own Paris club (Bricktop's) in the twenties and thirties, and, after the war, proprietress of a similarly named bistro in Rome, she remains, at eighty, as pungent and as forceful with a song as ever. Hugh Shannon, who is himself no spring chicken, is the singer-pianist who accompanies and sings along with her. Shannon performs from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Bricktop makes her appearance Wednesdays through Saturdays. Bricktop will take a two-week sabbatical after Saturday, Feb. 15. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie. Alto and soprano saxophonist Lee Konitz is here on Wednesdays and Thursdays. The Larry Willis trio takes over on Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

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Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of Rashied Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist David Durrah. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Music for the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. On Wednesdays, guitarist Dom Minasi soloes from nine to one. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini and bassist Mike Moore are on hand from ten to two on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15. On Sunday, Feb. 16, pianist Mike Wolff performs with bassist Charles Fambrough from five to nine. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, from ten to two, vibraharpist Mike Mainieri will work with pianist Warren Bernhardt.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—This establishment, despite its Bowery address, is not a Bowery bar. The clientele is an artsy crowd—an especially congested one after ten-thirty, when the music begins—of loft dwellers and musicians, and some listeners who don't live in lofts. Vocalist and guitarist Tristão leads a Brazilian-inspired quintet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, Jimmy Giuffre—reedman, composer, and forward thinker in general—heads up the most recent version of his trio. Giuffre sounds as mellifluous and crafty as ever; one of his compositions, which is called "Om," calls for audience participation (everyone is asked to ommmm with the bass) and has the effect of completely silencing even the most urgent of conversations. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Electronic-keyboard player Charles Earland and his quintet turn down their amps after Sunday, Feb. 16. On Tuesday, Feb. 18, tenor saxophonist Pharoah Sanders, a musical humanist-explorer who has been there and back, arrives with his exciting quintet. The Monday-night slot has been reclaimed by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, which has been on a month-long West Coast tour. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Mondays through Wednesdays, bassist Duke Cleamons collaborates with pianist Chuck Fowler; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Jill McManus works with her bassist. The music runs from eight to two. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg, when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for the Eddie Durham quartet on Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with bassist Ted Cromwell and drummer Ronnie Cole. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays boogie-woogie master Sammy Price performs with drummer Jo Jones and tenorman Paul Quinichette. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café,** pianist Herb Winner plays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, and from eight to midnight on Saturdays. Steven Weltner takes over the keyboard on Sundays from eight to midnight and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—A singer called the Luv Machine is in operation in the **Persian Room.** His hours are Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the **Plaza Restaurant,** from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the **Palm Court,** from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while Ruth Andrews provides the piano music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does an additional stint on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness reopens on Thursday, Feb. 13, with dinner-and-supper visitations by vocalist Vic Damone. Dance music will commence at eight. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Singer Lovelace Watkins has the floor of the **Empire Room** at dinner and supper. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Charles Demuth (1883-1935)—A small loan exhibition of work done between 1909 and 1918 by one of the greatest of American watercolorists. Included are flower studies, landscapes, and figure compositions; an early oil landscape; and some photographs of flower pictures from the artist's childhood drawing books. Demuth's mature watercolor style, with its melting delicacy of brushstroke coupled with vigor of draftsmanship and subtle eccentricity of design, emerges around the start of the First World War, and is exemplified by, among other works, "Acrobats," which looks like a bunch of radishes at first glance, but is a picture of two figures in red tights intertwined in a complicated acrobatic maneuver; and "Turkish Bath, Male Figure," a lovely and funny painting of a bare-chested man wearing a derby hat and carrying the jacket of his black suit across one arm. Two small oval paintings of morning glories, done in 1909, have a stilted Art Nouveau decorativeness, but also reflect (as do the childhood pictures) the sensitivity to plant morphology that was to serve Demuth in the later major flower works. Through March 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Karel Appel—Oil paintings from the early sixties by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

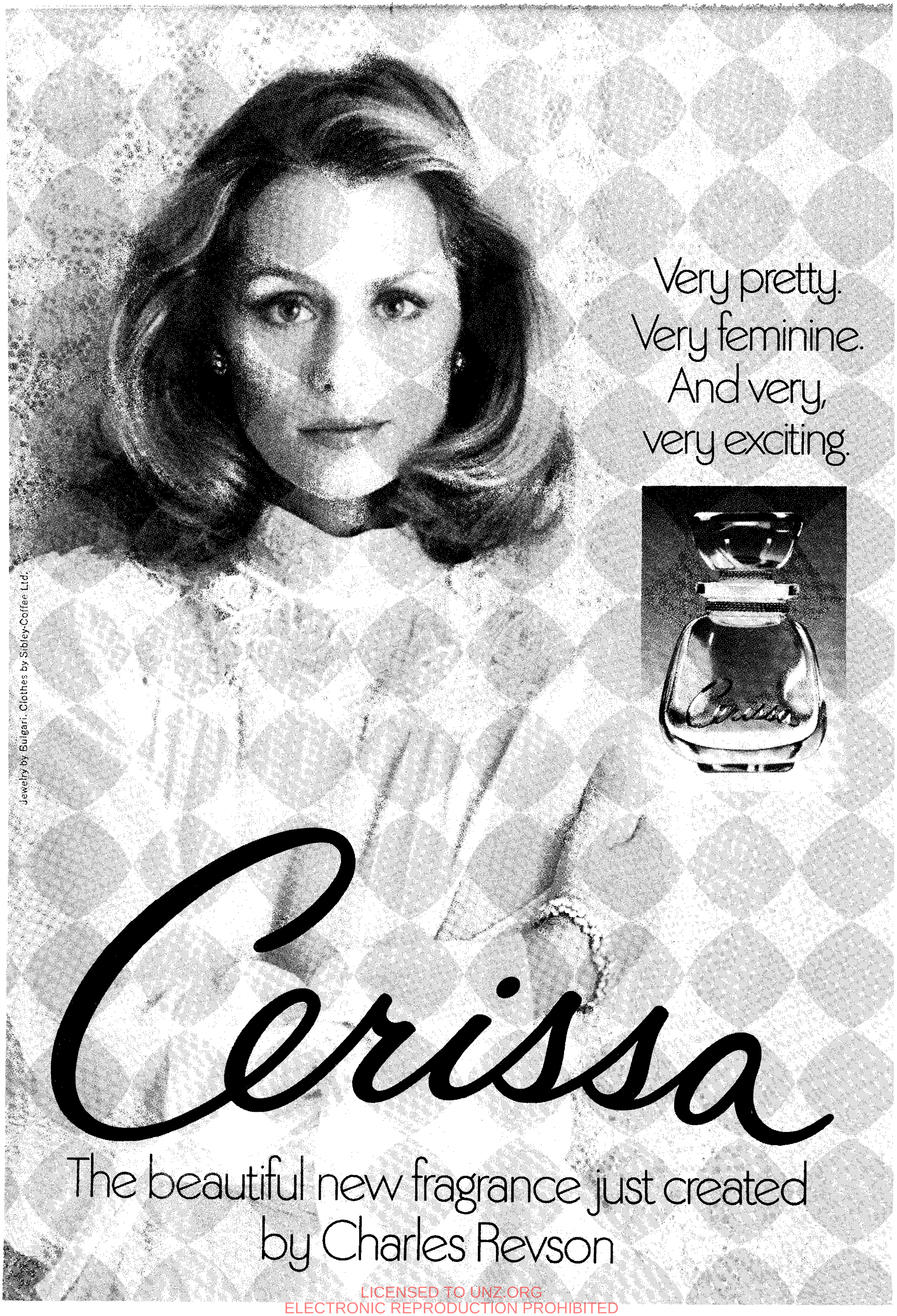
Rudolf Baranik—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Harold Baumbach—Solitary figures against solid backgrounds, and richly painted flowers. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Romare Bearden—Collage paintings recording the history of American jazz. Starts Friday, Feb. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Marvin Berenson—Bronze sculptures of figures in which the hands are emphasized; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Drawings (portraits, interiors, landscapes) by the celebrated pho-


Very pretty.
Very feminine.
And very,
very exciting.
Cérissa
Cérissa
The beautiful new fragrance just created
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Jewelry by Bulgari. Clothes by Sibley-Coffee Ltd.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tographer. Through March 8. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.; opens at noon.)

Tony DeLap—Sombre panels of a deep, rich earth tone framed in handsome moldings of natural-finished light-colored wood by this West Coast artist. Through Feb. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946) / **Alan E. Cober**—A loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and collages by the pioneer American abstractionist. Through March 8. / Drawings made on visits to various institutions, including Willowbrook and Sing Sing, which will be included in the artist's forthcoming book, "The Forgotten Society." Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Ruth Eckstein—Collages and prints. Through March 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Janet Fish—Pastels of water glasses and of fruit and vegetables in plastic wrapping. Through Feb. 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Llyn Foulkes—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 15. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Richard Haas—Paintings, drawings, and prints, many depicting New York City buildings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 15. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—A double exhibit: Abstract paintings done during the past year. Through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Bykert, uptown, 24 E. 81st St.)...¶ Works dating from 1958 to 1966. Through Feb. 26. (Bykert, downtown, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Jim Huntington—Wooden wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel LaRue Johnson—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Floyd Johnson—Stained-and-sprayed abstract paintings in a bannerlike format. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Robert Kipniss—A strange, peaceful atmosphere pervades these formalized landscapes and color lithographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Freestanding constructions with changing light and color patterns, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics." Through Feb. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—The fine, peculiarly Italian hand of this master sculptor is evident in all these pieces, whether sacred or profane—well, earthy, at any rate. Through March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Henri Michaux—Paintings done with India ink and acrylics. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Catherine Murphy—Portraits and urban landscapes. Starts Saturday, Feb. 15. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Anthony Padovano—Sculptures in bronze, steel, wood, and cast stone. Through March 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mary Petty—Fifty cartoons from the twenties, thirties, and forties, in addition to four watercolors. Through March 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Sam Richardson—Paintings and sculptures inspired by the snow-covered Sierra Mountains. Through March 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Karl Schrag—Paintings of Maine, including some nocturnal landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Keith Sonnier—A sculpture made of neon lights, and an installation consisting of microphones and loudspeakers which will be connected via two WATS lines to the Ace Gallery in Los Angeles. Visitors to either gallery will be treated to an earful of the other (in New York from three to six). Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Sergio Gonzalez Tornero—Surrealistic paintings by a Chilean artist who lives in this country; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

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Max Weber (1881-1961)—Twenty-seven works on paper completed in the fifties and never shown before. Starts Saturday, Feb. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstract works in which paint is sprayed, brushed, and splashed on the canvas, plus crayon-and-paint drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

David X. Young / **Herbert Kallem**—Semi-abstract paintings, mostly with distinct figurative elements, and a group of watercolors done in Haiti. / Small metal "found" sculptures, including a bristly bird with a pair of tin shears for a beak and pitchfork prongs for a tail. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Summerhalt, 143 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The exhibition here of altarpieces of the Second World War—folding triptychs commissioned from various artists by the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, and sent to (no doubt astonished) Army and Navy chaplains here and overseas—gives a gratifying intimation of the infinite mercy of God, who stayed on our side in spite of them. Saints holding airplanes and battleships, black Madonnas and Jesuses (for black troops), Christ flanked by what look like a German infantryman and a Teutonic knight, are among the subjects of these richly painted, gold-leaf-decorated works, done in various realistic styles ranging from standard religious-supply-house kitsch to the Master Race *art moderne* of the thirties. After the war, the committee diligently retrieved all the triptychs it could track down, and Mr. Schoelkopf now has access to enough of them (the ones on view are just the tip of the iceberg) to furnish an army. Through March 1.... **AULT**, 25 E. 77th St.: Collages by Kosta Alex; paintings by Antonio Amaral and Armando Morales; and wall reliefs, paintings, and sculptures by Will Horwitt. Through March 15.... **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Landscapes by one American, Milton Avery, and by a group of Europeans, among them Dufy and Bonnard. Through Feb. 27.... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Hugo Consuegra, Carmen Herrera, and four other Cuban artists who work in New York. Through Feb. 23. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Surrealist movement and containing paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Arp, Dali, Miró, and Tanguy. Through March 6.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through Saturday, Feb. 22.... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through March 1.... **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by, among others, Willem de Kooning, Gorky, George Deem, and Jay Rosenblum. Through Feb. 28.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, and other Americans. Through Feb. 26.

Sculpture—Soapstone carvings by contemporary Eskimo artists. Through March 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Arneson—Five large ceramic sculptures, some of them self-portraits. In one, the artist is depicted swimming in a fourteen-foot-long sea of ceramic wavelets laid out on the floor. Through March 15. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Alice Baber—Large abstract oils of billowing, filmy forms done in flowery colors. Through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Blackwell—Photo-Realist cityscapes, from Queens to Tokyo, with blinding glimpses (all that chrome) of airplanes and motorcycles in between; first one-man show in New York. Through March 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Sculptures. Starts Saturday, Feb. 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—An assortment of terra-cotta heads, torsos, arms, and legs, assembled into six large, sensual reclining figures, mostly female. This technique, born of necessity (the artist's kiln was too small to fire the works as a whole), results in a pleasant fluidity of composition. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Recent paintings of the Watermill, Long Island, countryside and several still-lifes, some involving freshly cleaned fish and unbelievably self-disciplined house cats. Through March 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Karl Gerstner—Abstract collages by a Swiss artist, nearly all of them based on the same T-shaped central figure but each given its individual range of colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Figures and landscapes, superbly drawn in a crisp, hard pencil line and lightly washed with watercolor, plus several prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Fabric collages on canvas. Through March 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Matta—A comprehensive show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures done over the last forty years by this noted Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St....¶ Also a small exhibit of paintings and drawings at Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Through March 1.)

Vita Petersen—Drawings of objects: stones, bones, comfortable-looking old shoes, and paper bags. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner—A retrospective show of oils, watercolors, and drawings. Starts Thursday, Feb. 13. (Kennedy, in a new location, at 40 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes, laced with sunlight, by a California artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Slutzky—Abstract paintings composed of hard-edge rectangular blocks of vibrant color. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Zox—Sizable expanses of bare canvas set off by what might be a few folds of colored drapery at diametrically opposite corners. Through Wednesday, Feb. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Edward Zutrau—Large rectangles of a solid color framed by a sketchy band of a contrasting hue. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Works on paper by Ethelyn Honig, Mon Levinson, and Howardena Pindell. Through Feb. 27. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—Works by Calder, Cornell, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci—In one room is a large hammocklike structure, in another white cubes are suspended from the ceiling. Visitors wander around the semidarkened gallery seeing slide projections on various surfaces and hearing a tape of the artist's intoning voice. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Alighiero E. Boetti / **Roberta Allen**—Cardboard squares covered with small markings, usually commas and letters of the alphabet, plus drawings on graph paper. / Ink drawings. Through March 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Suzi Ferrer / **Wallace French**—Machismo satirized in life-sized figures made of Plexiglas, wood, and other mediums. / Drawings and a large white, painted-wood wall panel. Through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Richard Fishman—Polychrome aluminum sculp-

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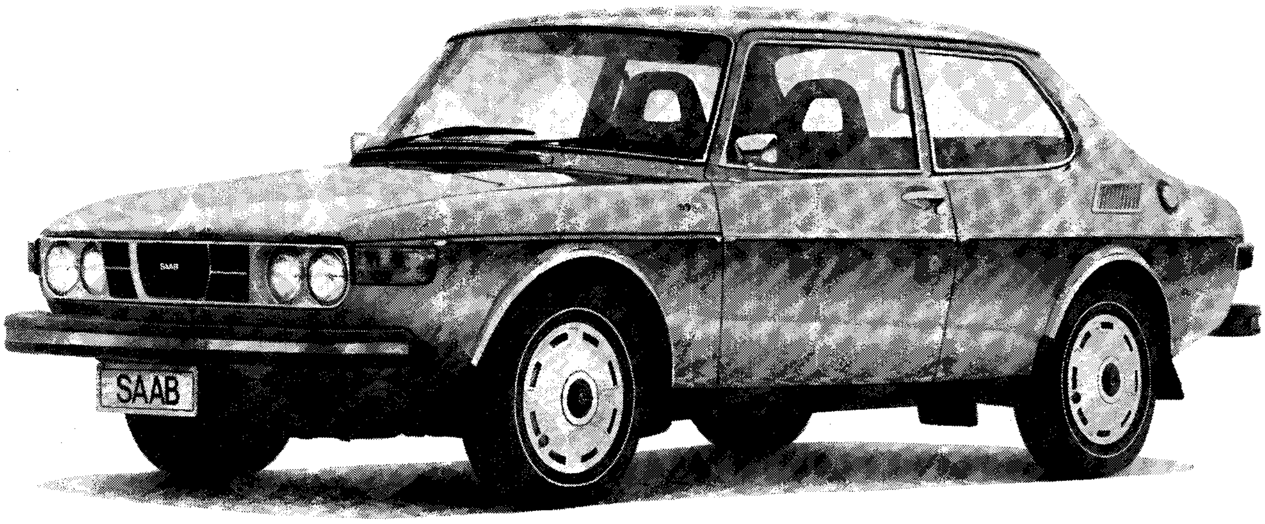

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* EPA test results for 1975 cars in simulated city driving. There are more than 400 Saab dealers nationwide. Prices do not include dealer prep., taxes and optional equipment, if any. Overseas delivery available.

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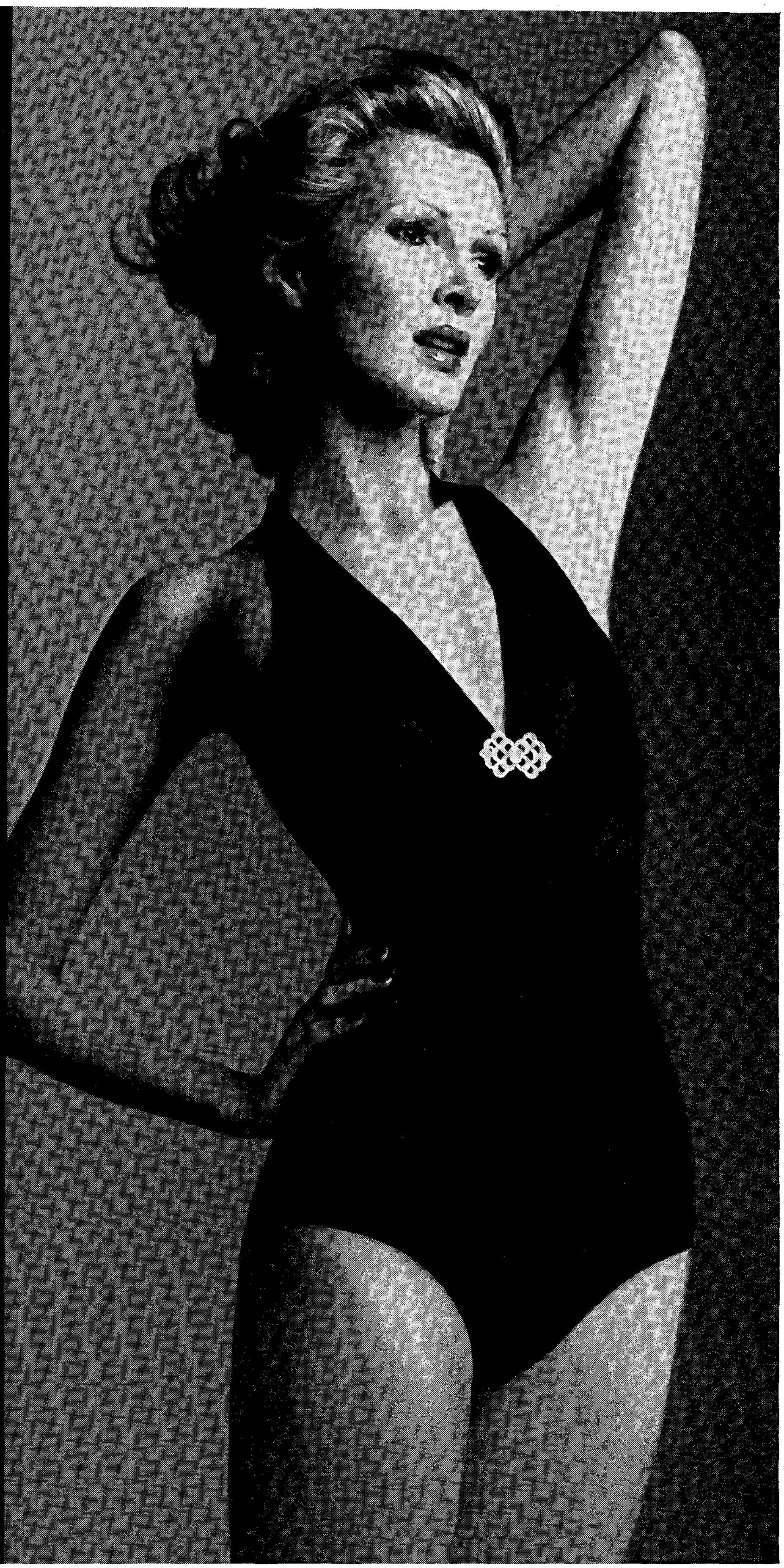

Elisabeth Stewart halts all eyes with the halter swimsuit. Skin-sational to say the least (and do the most!) in a poured-on bodyblend of 87% nylon and 13% Lycra*spandex. Enjoy it in black or rust, both with jewelry clip. Sizes 6-14. About $34. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Company; Neiman-Marcus, all stores; I. Magnin, West Coast; Frederick & Nelson.

*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not swimsuits.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures. Through March 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Hisao Hanafusa / Albert Y. Wong—Station designations on subway walls are the subject of these paintings, drawings, and prints. / Paintings and drawings done on loose-leaf notebook paper and depicting loose-leaf notebook paper—somewhere between trompe-l'oeil and the real thing. Through Tuesday, Feb. 18. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

Michael Howard—Cheerfully slapdash oils of ferocious bears and hooked fish, inspired by covers and illustrations from sporting magazines. Through March 5. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

Bill Jensen—Oil and charcoal on irregularly shaped linen wall panels. Through March 1. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

Tom Martin—Earnest-looking pencil drawings, copied from dated movie stills, with Joan Crawford's chin frequently noticeable among them. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Peter Plagens / Natalie Bieser—Paintings of geometric forms done in mixed mediums on paper. / Wall sculptures of wood, thread, and beads. Through March 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mary Shaffer—Sculptural pieces made of flowing, ribbonlike slabs of glass, with unexpected, spiky things such as tenpenny nails and grappling irons embedded in them. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Richard Van Buren—Pigmented fibre-glass wall and floor pieces. Through March 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Waxberg—Large painted scrolls; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Mac Wells / Raquel Rabinovich—Geometric abstractions in subdued colors. / Sculptures consisting of large squares and rectangles of gray glass. Through Wednesday, Feb. 19. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **55 MERCER STREET:** Drawings by Gloria Greenberg, circular wall pieces painted in stripes and other patterns by Luise Kimme, and an assemblage of long, weather-beaten poles by Arthur Weyhe. Through Tuesday, Feb. 18. . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Paintings by Charles DuBack, Alvin Ross, Nora Speyer, and others. Through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.). . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings by John Clem Clarke and Douglas Bond, slide projections of Victorian postcards arranged by Carol Wald and John Kosmer, and sculptures by Warren Owens. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . **O.K. HARRIS ANNEX,** 465 West Broadway: Paintings by David Alexander, Cedric Smith, and John Fudge, and sculptures by Lyle Light, all of whom are members of the Walker Street Gallery. Through March 1, in the former quarters of O.K. Harris.

OTHER GALLERIES

Paul Goldberg / Judy Silver—Paintings of auto wrecks and empty subway trains. / Collages. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

David Slivka—Painted-wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. . . . ¶ Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Traditional African art (masks, figures, and so forth) from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through March 1. . . . **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER,** ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Posters from a private collection. Through Feb. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.). . . **DORSKY,** 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings by, among others, Allan D'Arcangelo, Bob Thompson, and Willem de Kooning. Through March 1. (Open Mondays.). . . **WESTBETH,** 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by members of this artists' coöperative, among them Pedro Silva, E. Sumiye Okoshi, Camilla Chambers, and Margaret Cassidy. Through March 2. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Stephen Shore—This exhibition of color photographs goes a long way toward not settling the question of how to distinguish between the color photographs on which Photo-Realist painters base their paintings and color photographs (such as those on view here) that look like Photo-Realist paintings. All one can say with any confidence is that before Photo-Realist painting came on the scene, photographs like Shore's—views of city streets, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts; pictures of suburban matrons in pants suits and harlequin glasses; and so on—appeared on motel postcards and in home photo albums rather than on the walls of avant-garde photography galleries. Some of Shore's work reflects pre-Photo-Realist-painting influences: a composition of a brown paper bag, a green door, paper cartons, and pine logs has some of the qualities of a Schwitters collage, and a picture of a near-empty Main Street, with a strangely lit, cloud-filled sky and long, menacing shadows, evokes Hopper. Through March 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ernest Bloch (1880-1959)—Photographs by the composer. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

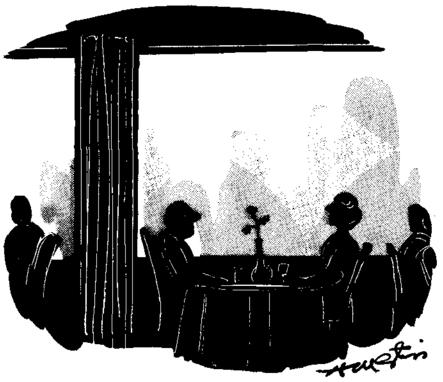
Frank Gohlke—Black-and-white prints, many of grain elevators and midwestern landscapes. Through March 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ernst Haas—Photographs of postwar Vienna. Through Feb. 25. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Harry Lapow—*Photographs of people at Coney* Island, taken during the past twenty years. Through Feb. 24. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ A complementary retrospective of a hundred and thirty-five images. Through March 1. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **ELLIOTT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through March 1. (Open Mondays.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs by Cartier-Bresson taken in Russia during visits in 1954 and 1973. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Color photographs by, among others, Ernst Haas, Gordon Parks, Marc Riboud, Howard Sochurek, and Jay Maisel. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by Walker Evans, Jean Claude Gautrand, and Russell Drisch. Through March 2. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Sean Kernan, Lynn Earley, Harriet Hadley, and others. Through Feb. 25. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The largest work in the exhibition is "Constitution of the United States of America," by Jerry Jones, which consists of twenty-three panels, each containing sixty-four strips of oversize lined yellow paper on which the artist has neatly printed the entire Constitution in red pencil. (According to the wall label, "This is one of three United States Constitutions written by the artist. The Constitution on view here was written in English in the United States of America. Another was executed in French in France, and a third will be completed in West Germany in German.") Other works are: "He's Chewing Her Ear," by Alan Turner, a painting *showing a man vehemently chewing* a woman's ear; "Ebbett's Pass," by Leonard L. Hunter, III, a clear vinyl airplane that self-inflates every few seconds by means of an electric blower and hovers over a plastic evergreen tree surrounded by curved metal stripping; a collage in sixteen panels by Alexis Smith, largely devoted to a plot summary of "Madame Butterfly;" four identical square canvases painted robin's-egg blue, by Susanna Tanger; a piece of frayed synthetic fabric painted red and called "Untitled, Red," by Cherie Raciti; and a tropical assemblage of beads, buttons, fabric, fake fur, and raffia, called "Fiji," by Ken Tisa. A videotape—one of several being shown on the first floor as part of the biennial—called "Commercial Television Collage," by Billy Adler and John Margolies, in which Nixon is shown at his most chillingly sanctimonious and repellent, along with he-man and beauty contestants, seems to be more closely connected to art today than are the paintings and sculptures. The first stage of the biennial will close March 23; the videotape section March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, noon to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The show commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. There may be somebody in Mineola who hasn't seen it. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibition called "The Great Wave," which contrasts and compares eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts with nineteenth-century French Impressionist prints. Through May 11. . . . ¶ The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, *no* costumes, gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-1963), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Starts Friday, Feb. 14. Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and (starting Saturday) the Hutton Gallery, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 17, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings by Ivan Albright, Ben Shahn, Andrew Wyeth, Kay Sage, and others. Through March 5. (Mondays, except Feb. 17, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of twenty-four contemporary seating elements, mainly chairs and mainly designed in the past few years. Aalto's scroll chair (1934) and Eames' lounge chair (1956) are exceptions. Through March 16. . . . ¶ About a hundred and fifty photographs of Art Deco architecture in New York by Cervin Robinson. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles), on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 17, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fourteen folio pages from the Leonardo da Vinci manuscripts rediscovered in Spain in 1965, containing drawings and scientific notes written in his distinctive mirror-image script. Through Friday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 17, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays, except Feb. 17, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan show of utilitarian objects made between 1700 and the nineteen-forties (for instance, a silver mug by Paul Revere and a pewter soap box by Ashbil Griswold) is one part of a joint exhibit with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of correspondence, musical scores (including the originals of "The Pirates of Penzance" and "H.M.S. Pinafore"), and other memorabilia of Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900), documenting both his career as a composer and his personal life. . . . ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and Shaker spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Through March 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—In a joint effort with the Finch College Museum of Art, this museum is showing functional and sculptural pieces made by metalsmiths from 1940 to the present. . . . ¶ A selection of stained-glass panels designed and made by Robert Sowers. Both through March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Color photographs, by Ralph Rosenblum, of children's art work on hoardings and walls and board fences around the city. Through March 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through March 14. (Weekdays, except Tuesday, Feb. 18, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—An enormous Man Ray retrospective, occupying three floors, of paintings, drawings, collages, assemblages, ready-mades, rayographs, and photographs. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A small retrospective of the work of the abstract painter Syd Solomon. Through March 16. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young comprises some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 17, from 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A show of models and sketches by contemporary scene and costume designers. Two notable exhibits are Ming Cho Lee's set for "Boris Godunov" and David Mitchell's set for "Short Eyes." Through March 15. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 17, from 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Brightly colored, African-inspired weavings, done in a variety of yarns, by Napoleon Henderson. Through Feb. 28. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leontyne Price, John Alexander, William Walker, Fernando Corena, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30: "Das Rheingold," with Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Mary Ellen Pracht, Donald McIntyre, Glade Peterson, Marius Rintzler, Bengt Rundgren, John Macurdy, Ragnar Ulfung, Kolbjörn Höiseth, and William Dooley; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leontyne Price, John Alexander, William Walker, Fernando Corena, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Robert Schmorr, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Kubiak, John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Berit Lindholm, Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Bengt Rundgren; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:15: "Das Rheingold," with Anna Reynolds, Maureen Forrester, Mary Ellen Pracht, Thomas Stewart, Kolbjörn Höiseth, Andrew Foldi, Bengt Rundgren, John Macurdy, Ragnar Ulfung, Douglas Ahlstedt, and William Dooley; Sixten Ehrling.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 27—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 7: A new production of Puccini's "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, Carlo Bini, and David Holloway; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wells, Glenys Fowles, Samuel Ramey, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Piccinni's opera "Didon," with Joan Patenaude and Wilma Shakesnider, sopranos; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Thomas Palmer, baritone. Staged by Janice Plastino. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Scenes from "The Magic Flute," "La Bohème," and "La Traviata," conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Rafael Kubelík conducting—Thursday, Feb. 13, and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30 (both with Claude Frank, piano); Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 21, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30 (all with Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Ursula Oppens, piano; and Myor Rosen, harp).

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Beethoven program with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Edo de Waart conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 19, and Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Verdi's "I Masnadieri" in concert form, with Josella Ligi, soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Matteo Manuguerra, baritone; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

New York City Symphony—Thomas Ludwig conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Leo Goeke, tenor, and Sharon Moe, French horn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Columbia University Concert Band and the Men and Boys Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration—The second of two identical joint concerts, with Roger Nierenberg and Stuart Gardner directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8, a Mozart-Bergsma program. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8, the second in a series of three programs of American music.)

RECITALS

Christina Petrowska—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Orpheus Trio—Flute, viola, and harp. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Viktor Tretyakov—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Nelson Freire—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Schubert recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Trio Elvetico—A program of Swiss music by a trio from Switzerland. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Ives in Depth—The complete piano music, the complete violin music, and seventy-two songs of Charles Ives, performed in twelve hours, by Joan Benner and Elizabeth Kirkpatrick, sopranos; Herbert Beattie, bass; Nancy Mandel, violin; and Alan Mandel and Elie Siegmeister, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 15-16, at 1:30 and 4:30.)

Grace Melzia Bumbry—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2:15.)

André Watts—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; Barry Tuckwell, French horn; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30.)

Robert Sayre—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

New Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Joseph Villa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Beveridge Webster—The complete solo piano works of Maurice Ravel. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8. For free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Speculum Musicae—The second in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

James Tocco—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Samuel Baron and Carol Baron—Flute and piano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Note—Janos Starker will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Feb. 18, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Ruth Crawford Seeger: Retrospective Concert—A program of her music, performed by Johana Arnold, mezzo-soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; the Composers String Quartet; the Lark Woodwind Quintet; and a chorus and a chamber orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 5:45: **chris connor**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 5:45: **lynn kellogg.**

The Jackson Five and Family, Blue Magic, and the Hues Corporation—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performance Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.

Led Zeppelin—The last in a series of concerts. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Ohio Players, Graham Central Station, Parliament-Funkadelic, and the Locker Dancers—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Feb. 16, at 7; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 18-19, at 8.

John Mayall, April Wine, and Dog Soldier (with Keefe Hartley)—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Humble Pie—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8 and 11:30.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—A program of music by Miles Davis, written between 1950 and 1965. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Erskine Hawkins Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Queen—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8 and 11:30.

Maynard Ferguson's Orchestra—Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Monday, Feb. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-6316.

Smokey Robinson—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 17, at 8.

Roxy Music and Babe Ruth—Academy of Music. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.

Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds and Gil Scott-Heron and Midnight—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.

Peter Frampton and Montrose—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-0100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Monday, Feb. 17, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Feb. 16, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, Feb. 21.

Racing—At **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **liberty bell,** Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1; through Saturday, May 31. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 22.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 21, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 15-16, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Feb. 22, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

H. R. Pufnstuf Show—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting over a hundred characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," "Lidsville," "Land of the Lost," and "Sigmund and the Sea Monsters," plus TV star Johnny Whitaker. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 12-14, at 10:30 and 2; Saturdays at 10:30, 1, and 3:30; Sundays at 1 and 3:30; and Monday, Feb. 17, and Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 19-21, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "Three Wishes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.). . . **bil baird marionettes:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . **meri mini players:** "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **paper bag players:** "Everybody, Everybody." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.). . . **pickwick puppets:** "Alice in Wonderland." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 866-0016.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Monday, Feb. 17, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

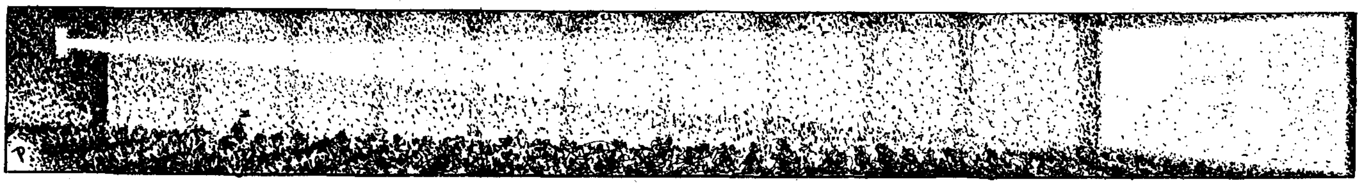
Crafts Exhibition—"Folk Roots in Contemporary Crafts" is the name of a show here of contemporary work in fabric, ceramic, metal, and wood which is either directly imitative of or inspired by nineteenth-century American folk art. Among the imitative works are some remarkably pretty old-fashioned dolls, by Ruth De Nicola; stoneware crocks and bowls decorated with blue bird-and-flower motifs, by Bernie Murphy Hoffman; and a striking red-white-and-blue quilt, by Mary K. Borkowski. In the second category, there is Louise Tate's wool painting entitled "My Mother Snapping Her Beans While Watching Her Soap Opera;" Eva Orsini's "The Ring Around the Collar Story-book" (a white-muslin wall hanging that illustrates, with pen-and-ink drawing and trapunto, a story "based on a true commercial"); and Beverly Kurtz-Magennis's "Country Church Teapot" (a ceramic teapot in the shape of a country church, set on a ceramic wedge decorated with gravestones). One of the show's rare examples of what could itself be called folk art is a collection of life-size wood animals, by Felipe Archuleta, which in some cases are covered with relevant materials (like wool for sheep). They achieve the humor and the strength of design of old folk carving without resorting to imitation, and their look of contemporaneity owes nothing to the Pop and Funk mannerisms that other exhibitors employ. Through March 1. (Fairtree Gallery, 924 Madison Avenue, at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Poetry Readings—Muriel Rukeyser and Philip Dow reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5613. Friday, Feb. 14, at 7:30.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits will be a collection of Russian art, an assortment of Pennsylvania Dutch and American Indian basketry, and some medical antiques. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 15, through Sunday, Feb. 23. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 14, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles and ceramics, from the collection of the late Edwin W. Humphreys and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 14.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
“The Front Page.”

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 15: “Of Human Bondage” and “Lady of Burlesque.”
Feb. 16-18: “State Fair” and “My Gal Sal.”
From Feb. 19: “Murder” and “Young and Innocent.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 18: “Andy Warhol’s Frankenstein” and “Fellini Satyricon.”
From Feb. 19: “The Odessa File” and “The Long Goodbye.”

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 17: “The Cocoanuts” and “Monkey Business.”
From Feb. 18 at 8:30: “Sometime Sweet Susan.” (Opening night by invitation only.)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 18: “The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.”
From Feb. 19: “The Odessa File.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
“Lenny.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Murder on the Orient Express.”

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
“Report to the Commissioner.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Alice Doesn’t Live Here Anymore.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
“The Towering Inferno.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“Andy Warhol’s Dracula.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
“Amarcord.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Murder on the Orient Express.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Shampoo.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
“Female Trouble.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“The Street Fighter.”

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 19: “Duck Soup” and “Horsefeathers.”
Feb. 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Janis.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Stavisky.”

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
“The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“A Woman Under the Influence.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
“A Woman Under the Influence.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
“Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“Love at the Top.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“The Stepford Wives.”

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 18: “Lacombe, Lucien.”
From Feb. 19: “The Odessa File.”

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“The Gambler.”

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“The Night Porter.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
“Lenny.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“The Front Page.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
“Young Frankenstein.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“The Godfather, Part II.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
“Report to the Commissioner.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
“Bogard.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
“The Street Fighter.”

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
Feb. 12: “Alex in Wonderland”/“The Last American Hero”/“La Salamandre.”
Feb. 13: “The Last American Hero”/“On a Clear Day You Can See Forever”/“La Salamandre.”
Feb. 14: “Rebel Without a Cause”/“Start the Revolution Without Me”/“Breathless.”
Feb. 15: “Around the World in 80 Days”/“Rebel Without a Cause”/“Start the Revolution Without Me”/“Brother Sun, Sister Moon.”
Feb. 16: “Around the World in 80 Days”/“Rebel Without a Cause”/“Breathless”/“Brother Sun, Sister Moon.”
Feb. 17: “Johnny Guitar”/“Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain”/“Pigpen.”
Feb. 18: “Johnny Guitar”/“Men’s Lives”/“Pigpen.”
Feb. 19: “Johnny Guitar”/“Men’s Lives”/“La Prisonnière.”
Feb. 20: “Men’s Lives”/“La Prisonnière”/“A Report on the Party and the Guests.”

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
“The Seduction of Mimi” and “Love and Anarchy.”

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 18: “The Taking of Pelham One Two Three” and “Juggernaut.”
From Feb. 19: “The Odessa File.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
“Lenny.”

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 18 at one or another of the theatres: “The Odessa File” and “The Last Detail”/“Harry & Tonto” and “Claudine”/“Defiance!”/“Lacombe, Lucien.”
From Feb. 19: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 12: “His Girl Friday” and “Theodora Goes Wild.”
Feb. 13-15: “Harold and Maude” and “Greaser’s Palace.”
Feb. 16-17: “Persona” and “Shame.”
Feb. 18: “La Femme Infidèle” and “This Man Must Die.”
Feb. 19: “She Done Him Wrong” and “I’m No Angel.”
From Feb. 20: “Greetings” and “Hi, Mom!”
Note: Sunday, Feb. 16, one performance, at noon: “Sleuth.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Brother of the Wind.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“Earthquake.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
“La Rupture.” (No evening performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 18-19.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“A Brief Vacation.”

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 12: “Grand Illusion” and “Toni.”
Feb. 13: “In the Name of the Father” and “If. . . .”
Feb. 14: “Holiday” and “Sylvia Scarlett.”
Feb. 15: “Last Tango in Paris” and “The Conformist.”
Feb. 16: “The Earrings of Madame De . . .” and “Two English Girls.”
Feb. 17: Theatre closed.
Feb. 18: “Dreams” and “Smiles of a Summer Night.”
Feb. 19: “Kanal” and “Ashes and Diamonds.”
Feb. 20: “Palm Beach Story” and “Easy Living.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“Emmanuelle.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Murder on the Orient Express.”

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
“A Woman Under the Influence.”

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
“Les Violons du Bal.”

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 18: “That’s Entertainment!”
From Feb. 19: “The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz” and “Don’t Look Now.”

Loews 83rd St., B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
“Freebie and the Bean.”

New Yorker, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
“The Seduction of Mimi” and “Love and Anarchy.”

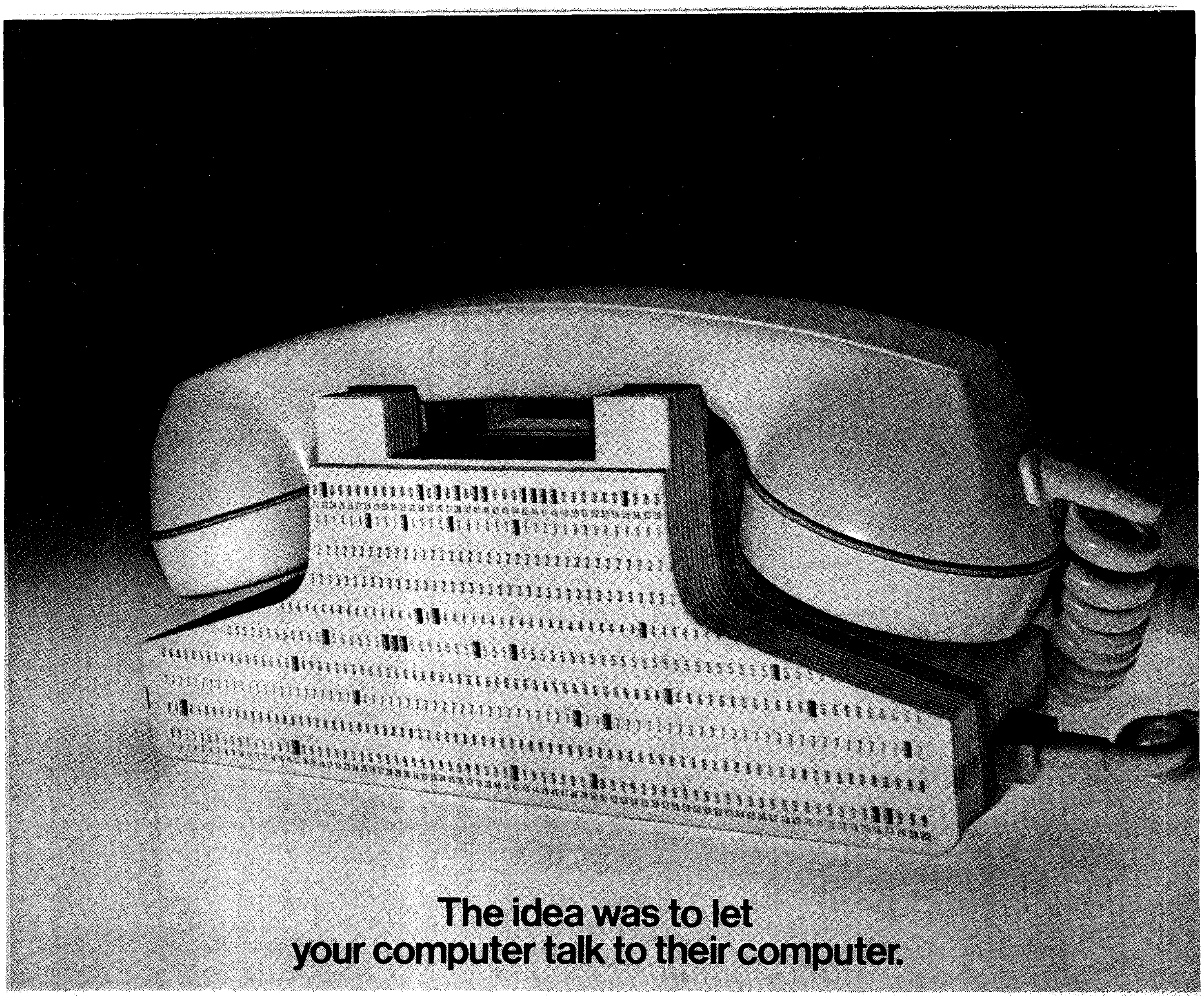
Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
“The Man with the Golden Gun” and “Mr. Majestyk.”

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)
“Lenny.”

Olympia, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 18: “Law and Disorder” and “The Last Detail.”
From Feb. 19: “The Odessa File” and “Take the Money and Run.”

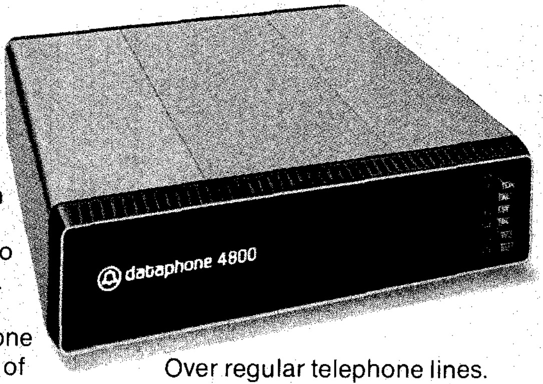
FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 12 at 5:30: “I Vitelloni” (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5:30: “The Greaser’s Gauntlet” (1908) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8 and Feb. 14 at 2: “The Call of the Wild” (1908) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30 and Feb. 15 at noon: “Pandora’s Box” (1929), directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 3: “Money Mad” (1908) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5:30: “The Greaser’s Gauntlet” and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 12:30 and 3: “Little Lord Fauntleroy” (1936), directed by John Cromwell, with Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30 and Feb. 17 at 2: “Through the Breakers” (1909) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 5:30: “Money Mad” and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2: “Volcano” (1926), a silent film, directed by William K. Howard, with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 5:30: A film directed by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 5:30: “Volcano.” . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 5:30: “In the Watches of the Night” (1909) and four other films directed by D. W. Griffith. (A limited number of tickets are available, but



The idea was to let your computer talk to their computer.

So we've made the Dataphone® data set for your Bell Telephone Company.



The Bell System's objective was to speed up communications.

Within companies. Between companies. And both.

By letting computers talk to each other. Like people.

A simple idea. The problem was to make it work reliably and efficiently.

So Western Electric got together with Bell Labs and your Bell Telephone Company, and made a whole family of special communications devices, called data sets, that let computers speak for themselves. That move information over long distances. Over regular telephone lines.

Our latest models use up-to-date solid-state technology. So they're more compact, more reliable, and even faster than ever before.

One of our most widely used new data sets can transmit information at speeds of 4,800 bits per second.

It can start operating in only 50 thousandths of a second. And it actually has the ability to test itself.

Dataphone data sets.

Developed by Bell Laboratories.

And made to extraordinary standards of quality for your local Bell Telephone Company—by the people at Western Electric.

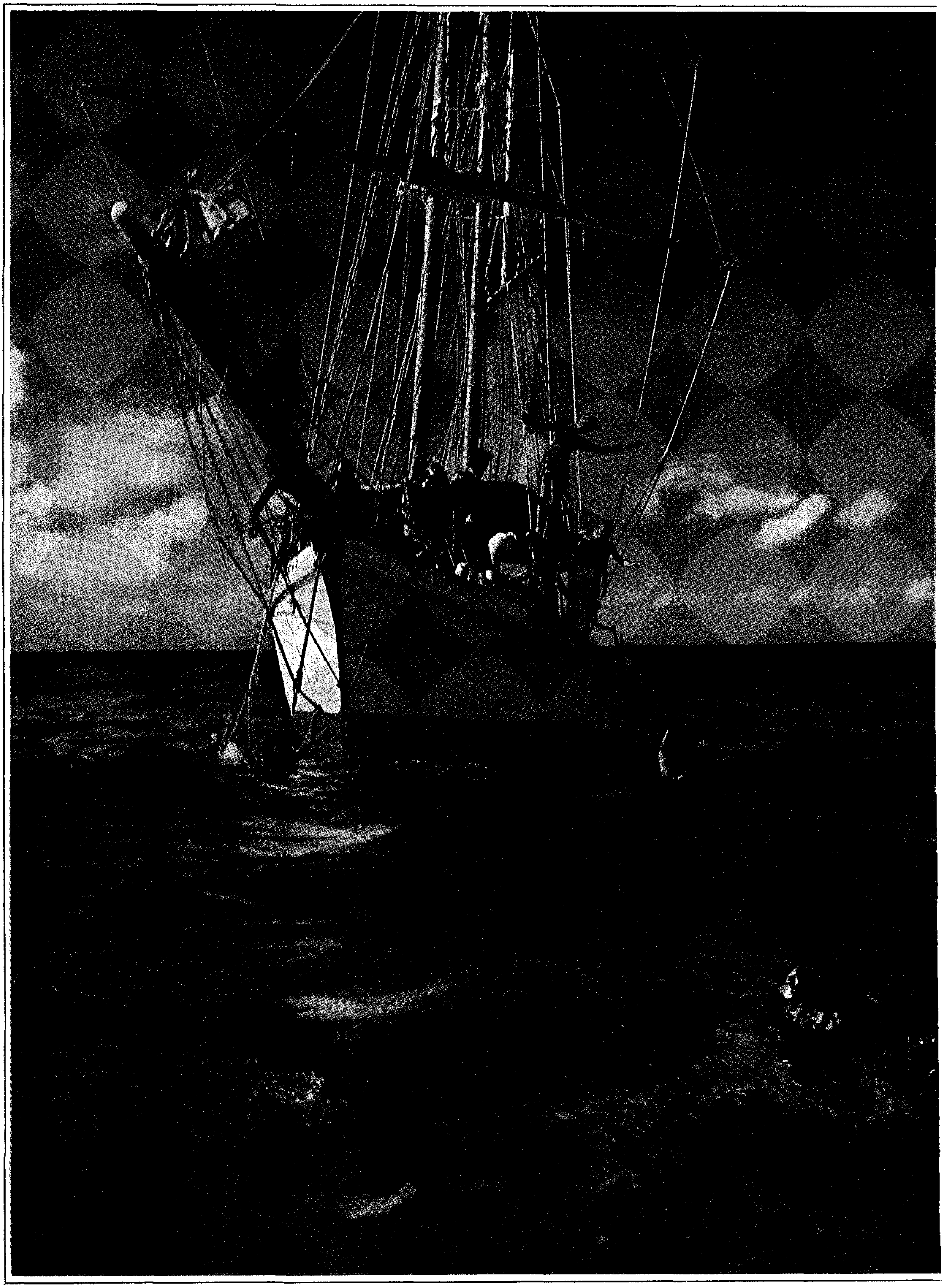
We're at the heart of the Bell System.

We make things that bring people closer.

Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

In Hawaii, our welcoming committee wore little mo



han a smile.

No other place says welcome like Hawaii. It's a tradition that began with early adventurers and continues today.

Indeed, there are few places left in the world where so much can be enjoyed for so little. The welcome includes hotel and tour rates that are among the lowest in the world. And where else can island-hoppers hop for eleven dollars an island?

Yes, Hawaii is still Paradise. It's pervaded by a strange contagious feeling that you'll find all over Hawaii. We call it the Aloha Spirit.

Maui. *Let a whaler's girlfriend tell you of her past.*

In the 1800's, Maui life centered around the whaling port of Lahaina. Today it's restored in a quiet tribute to those robust men and their ships. As for the whales, they still cross the channel like clockwork. Then there's the Makawao Rodeo where cowboys wear flowers in their Stetsons but compete in the same rugged way as their Texas counterparts. Or come to the remote coastal town of Hana anytime you want to take three steps back from the world for a beautifully objective look.

Gallop along the beach, swim in the Seven Pools of Kipahulu or surface in an underwater cave where legendary Hawaiian lovers once met.

For sheer grandeur, Maui presents sunrise from 10,000 feet atop Haleakala Crater, lunch at the base of Iao Valley's Needle or sunset on the golden sand of the Kaanapali resorts.

While on Maui be sure to try their famous sweet onions and unique potato chips.

Hawaii. *The State namesake with a temper.*

The State of Hawaii has an island named Hawaii, but generally called the Big Island to avoid confusion and out of respect to Madame Pele. She's the Goddess of Fire who lives in Volcano National Park. On an active day you can hear her ocean-like waves of molten lava surging as you approach the cauldron. A scent of brimstone may hit your nostrils and at last you behold the awesome sight of the earth's inner secrets. Yet, only a few miles away people may be skiing on snow-capped Mauna Kea.

Back down along the Big Island's hundreds of miles of coastline you can dig your toes in black, green or pearl white sand beaches. Talk with a weathered fisherman about the art of net casting, hear intriguing tales of warriors, ghosts and demigods at the City of Refuge, or wander through fields of orchids. And no visit is complete without tasting island grown Kona coffee or fresh roasted macadamia nuts.

Kauai. *The world was never greener than here.*

They say it's possible to drive to both ends of Kauai in one day. However, few have made it, what with all the distractions spread throughout her verdant valleys. Starting on the Leeward side, you'll be flabbergasted by the vistas at our tropical version of the Grand Canyon. When you catch your breath, you can cruise upstream to the rhythm of Hawaiian music serenading you midst the Fern Grotto. You'll find miles of beaches just big enough for two where "South Pacific" was filmed. An ancient trail rimming Na Pali cliffs on the Windward side leads you to yet another incredible view. And the world's best macadamia nut cookies are sold just around the corner from the airport.

But with all the good tastes and the scenic wonders on the Garden Isle, the highlight of your visit may be a chat with a man whose family has lived here since before Captain Cook discovered the islands.

Molokai. *Your last chance for discovery.*

Rent a car or rent a mule to explore the tropical splendor of this haven in the Pacific. It's one of the few vacation places where you pray for rain because a cloudburst can turn the sheer north-shore cliffs into a pin-striped pattern of greenery and waterfalls.

Fishing, hunting and relaxing are particularly good here. And breakfast is incomplete without a hunk of fresh Molokai bread hot from the bakery in Kaunakakai. Real old style Hawaiian hospitality still thrives on Molokai, the friendly isle.

Lanai. *The world's largest pineapple platter.*

Lanai is a bit gentler than the rest of the world. Here you can practically own a beach for yourself on any day, or try your hand at deciphering ancient Hawaiian petroglyphic stories etched in stone. It's like a vacation from your vacation with all the pineapple you can eat.

Oahu. *Capital of the floating cities of the Pacific.*

Honolulu offers a fresh air version of big city nightlife along the beach at Waikiki. It moves by night and suntans by day, but a short ride over a most spectacular highway takes you to Hawaiian-style country life complete with cows, horses and fields of bananas. Encircling Oahu are public beaches for everything from big-time competition surfing to snorkeling in crystal clear solitude. At day's end you may find yourself on a stretch of sand aptly called Sunset Beach.

Everywhere you go you sense an international flavor reflected in the people and cuisine that ranges from authentic Oriental styles to the Greek Isles. For a different lunch, try saimin, Hawaii's own answer to grandma's noodle soup.

Live it up or take it easy. Oahu gives you a choice.

There is a saying in Hawaii that when you've seen one island, you've seen one. Which is why you'll love them all. Ask your travel agent about our invitingly low hotel rates and our eleven dollars interisland air fare. They make it easy to be greeted Hawaiian style on all of the islands. Aloha.

Kauai
Molokai
Maui
Hawaii
Oahu
Lanai

THE
Hawaiian Islands
More than a pretty place

only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films, with English subtitles, directed by Yasujiro Ozu: Feb. 13-14 at 3:30 and 5:30: "There Was a Father" (1942).... ¶ Feb. 15-16 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Late Spring" (1949).... ¶ Starting Feb. 20 at 3 and 5:30: "Early Summer" (1951). (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 18: "Bukowski," made by Taylor Hackford and Richard Davies; and "Henry Miller Asleep and Awake," directed by Tom Schiller.... ¶ From Feb. 19: A program of four films by Ken Jacobs and Bob Fleischner. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2 and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Ozu, Renoir, Kuchar, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Jonas, Vigo, Vertov, Snow, Smith, and others. Showings Feb. 12-13 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Feb. 14 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 15 at 1:30, 3:30, 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 16 at 7 and 9; and Feb. 18-20 at 5, 7 and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Alex in Wonderland (1970)—Paul Mazursky's affectionate, ambivalent account of a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject is so loose that one's attention sometimes wanders. But this picture captures for the first time on the screen the palmy-hip look of the Hollywood of the sixties, where the swingers adopted the prophetic-saintly style. The satire of Hollywood is both loving and exact; in the best sequence, Alex goes to lunch with a manic producer, played by Mazursky himself. With Ellen Burstyn and Federico Fellini. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 12.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Sutton.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Andy Warhol's Dracula—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Fine Arts.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 18.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Gramercy; through Feb. 18.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 19.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 15-16.)

Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Festival.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: far-sighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 19.)

Bogard—With Richard Lawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 14 and 16.)

A Brief Vacation—With Florinda Bolkan, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain—A documentary about the Shoshone Indians of Nevada, narrated by Robert Redford. Directed by Joel L. Freedman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 17.)

Brother of the Wind—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Guild.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon (1973)—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 15-16.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 18.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Cinema Village; through Feb. 17.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 19.)

Dreams (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Ciné Malibu; through Feb. 19.)

The Earrings of Madame De... (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of horror are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Easy Living (1937)—Manic congestion, written by Preston Sturges from a Vera Caspary story, directed by Mitchell Leisen. Secretaries, millionaires, jokes, sight gags, furies, attacks of cool sense; there are always three things going on at once. Ray Milland is funny as a rich boy working in an Automat, and Jean Arthur plays a gutsy, pretty girl who earns a few bucks a week at an improving magazine called the *Boy's Constant Companion.* (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 18.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol shows how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 18.)

Freebie and the Bean—James Caan and Alan Arkin swallow so many of their lines that it could be they're ashamed to say them. If they're not, they should be. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick cop farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley. (Loews 83rd St.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. With Walter Matthau, Jack Lemmon, Austin Pendleton. (1/27/75) (Art, and U. A. East.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Elgin; Feb. 13-15.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Elgin; starting Feb. 20.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Elgin; Feb. 13-15.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 18.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Elgin; starting Feb. 20.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the famous Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," with a kind of terrific verbal knockabout that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Elgin; Feb. 12.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Ciné Malibu; through Feb. 19.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably her best film, certainly one of her funniest. (Elgin; Feb. 19.)

In the Name of the Father—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his raucous cruelty actually drags science back to the day of the thumbscrew to serve his megalomanic purpose. A beautiful-looking, muddleheaded film, directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (4/8/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Cinema I.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. Enjoyable. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 17-19.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 18.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal as a young composer playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 19.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Feb. 18.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, with burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of a milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, does rather well. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 15.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupuolus film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 12-13.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Feb. 18.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

French and English. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Olympia; through Feb. 18.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine passage as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Murray Hill, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 19.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Waverly, and New Yorker.)

Love at the Top—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (Symphony.)

Men's Lives—A documentary, directed by Will Roberts and Josh Hanig. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 18-20.)

Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Symphony.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Cinema Village; through Feb. 17.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people; not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to be ridicule of the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—"daring" at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 19.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Paramount.)

My Gal Sal (1942)—A composer named Paul Dresser (he had a distinguished brother, Theodore, who spelled the family name "Dreiser") wrote some songs, including "On the Banks of the Wabash" and the title one. In this big, drawn-out, lachrymose musical bio, set in the nineties, he is impersonated by Victor Mature, and his beloved is Rita Hayworth. Dresser's songs are supplemented by some nondescript numbers by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. The cast includes Phil Silvers, James Gleason, and Carole Landis. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16-18.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Juliet 2.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; starting Feb. 19.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the *Somerset Maugham* novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 15.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (1970)—Barbra Streisand, fitfully alive, in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 13.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert), travelling by train, get shoved aside by the secondary characters: drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Elgin; Feb. 16-17.)

Pigpen (1969)—With Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 17-18.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 19-20.)

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins—A charmingly inconsequential film with a sidewise vision that sneaks up on you. Two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona; the film is about how they begin to care for each other. The script, by John Kaye, is slight, and the situations are familiar, but the director, Dick Richards, has a feeling for momentary encounters; he's a very companionable sort of director, and the humor is based not on desperation but on affection. Well acted by the three principals (Alan Arkin loosens up for a change), and also by Alex Rocco as a scrounger who attaches himself to the scruffy trio, and by Harry Dean Stanton. (2/3/75) (Beekman.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 14-16.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests (1966)—Jan Němec's Czech fable about totalitarianism, starting with an ordinary picnic eerily intruded on by benign-looking strangers who behave as though they were fellow-guests and turn the day into a forced banquet. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. Dazed by his own sensitivity, he sweats, he twitches, he convulses. The movie features two big chase numbers, and a scene in an elevator at Saks, with the hero and a black militant (Tony King) holding guns on each other and then opting for brotherhood when it is too late. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, with a twittering voice, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

La Rupture—With Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy. No evening performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 18-19.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with an English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 12-13.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Waverly, and New Yorker.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Elgin; Feb. 16-17.)

Shampoo—With Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn, directed by Hal Ashby. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady-lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Elgin; Feb. 19.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Elgin; Sunday, Feb. 16, one performance, at noon.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 14-15.)

State Fair (1945)—The Rodgers & Hammerstein musical version, filmed in 1945. Cheerful is probably the word for it—if you're in the mood for cheerful. The story (from Phil Stong's novel) has lost the folk humor it had in the 1933 version featuring Will Rogers, and the Americana has been poured on. Everything is too clean and bright and smily; it all reeks of manufacture, especially Charles Winninger. The principal actors trying to fake their way through are Fay Bainter, Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes, and Vivian Blaine. Walter Lang directed. The score includes "It Might As Well Be Spring" and "It's a Grand Night for Singing." It would have been a better musical if the lyricist hadn't been fond of words like "grand." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16-18.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

The Stepford Wives—With Katharine Ross and Paula Prentiss, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Loews Tower East.)

The Street Fighter—A martial-arts film from Japan, in dubbed English. X-rated for its violence. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her conman father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Olympia; starting Feb. 19.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 18.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the compères include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 18.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Elgin; Feb. 12.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Elgin; Feb. 18.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that comprise the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, Columbia II, and Cinema Studio.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 19.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think: you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's financée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Loews Orpheum.)

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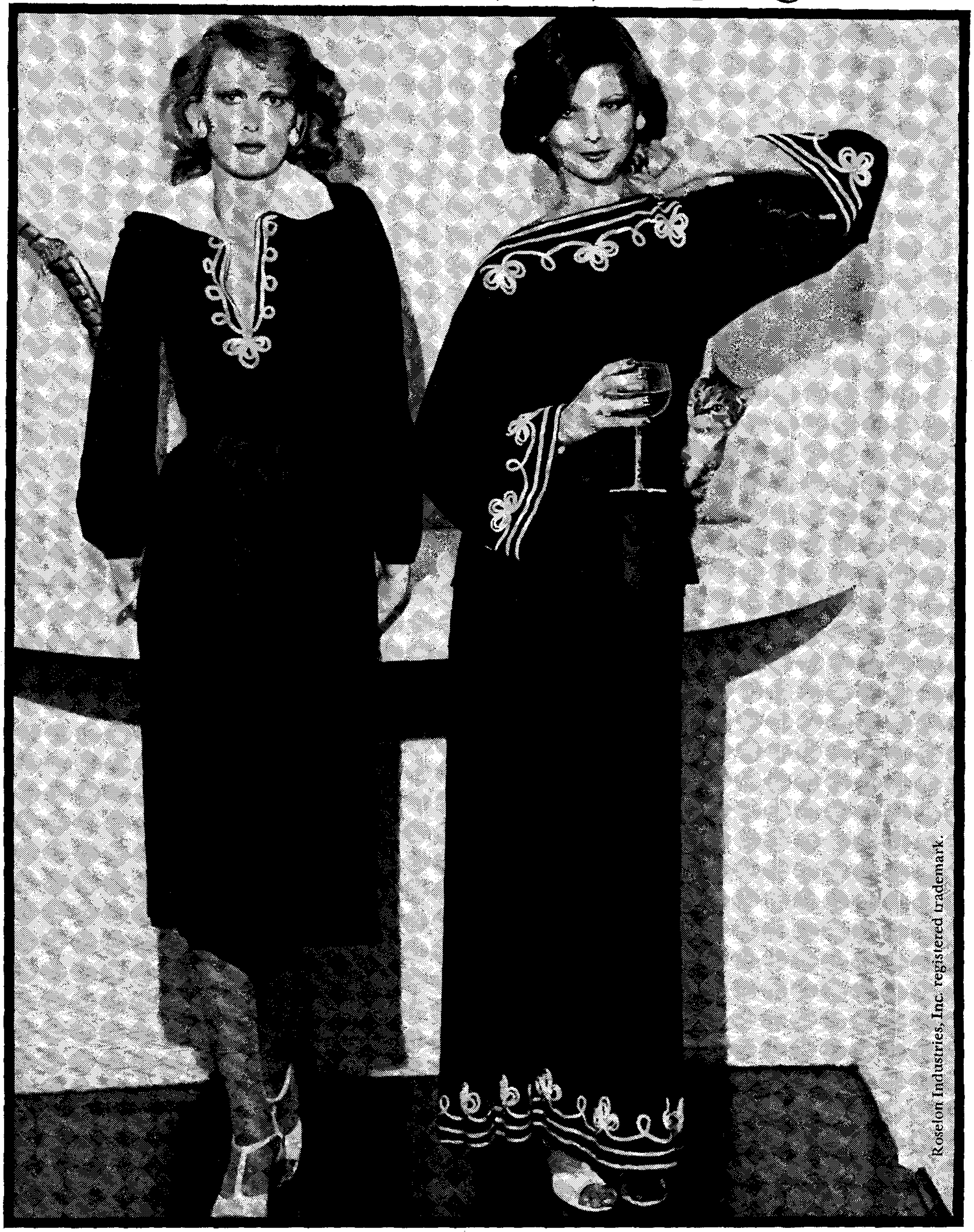

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE recent flareup on Cyprus brought back to mind a thought we have often had, which is that islands present some of the most intractable problems in world affairs. Some foreign-policy experts or diplomats may have gone into this, but, if so, it has escaped our notice. For example, the feud between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots would probably not have lasted over the centuries and grown in bitterness if they had all remained on the Eurasian mainland. There, the Greeks and the Turks aren't exactly chummy, but at least they stopped killing each other some years back. No one really seems to remember what the Cyprus hostilities are all about—their origins, we mean, back in the eighteenth century—but they persist and will doubtless do so for another century or two. Then there's Japan—a brilliant culture flourishing for hundreds of years in obscurity and near isolation and taking a disastrous turn some thirty-five years ago. And Taiwan, a nuisance to everybody, including the United States. And Hispaniola, a crazily divided island where the Haitians and Dominicans have been at each other's throats off and on for decades. Cuba hasn't been such a problem to itself lately, but it has certainly been a problem for the rest of the hemisphere. Puerto Rico, very troubled now, has done fairly well, but it seems to be a fact that the islanders have made some progress—economically, at least—because of their ties to the mainland United States. The West Indies Federation, founded in 1958, crumbled only four years later, in part because people on one island had little knowledge of those on the others. Few Jamaicans have ever seen Trinidad, and vice versa, though a great many have seen New York and London. Closer to home, Staten Island was this city's orphan until the opening of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. During the War of 1812, Nantucket negotiated its own neutrality agreement with the British, because our fledgling Navy couldn't protect the whalers. Another problem with islands is that they encourage snobbery of all kinds. Being hard to get to for those who don't have boats, they can promote exclusiveness. Newport, Rhode Island, and Mount Desert, Maine, are good examples. And because it is so hard to reach them, prices there have always been exorbitant. Newport isn't too bad now, because of the Newport Bridge. The only solution we can see to all this is to link every major island to the nearest mainland. The natives, of course, would hate all those bridges and tunnels and try to stop them, as the people on Martha's Vineyard have opposed the construction of a span from Woods Hole, but in the end it might be their salvation.

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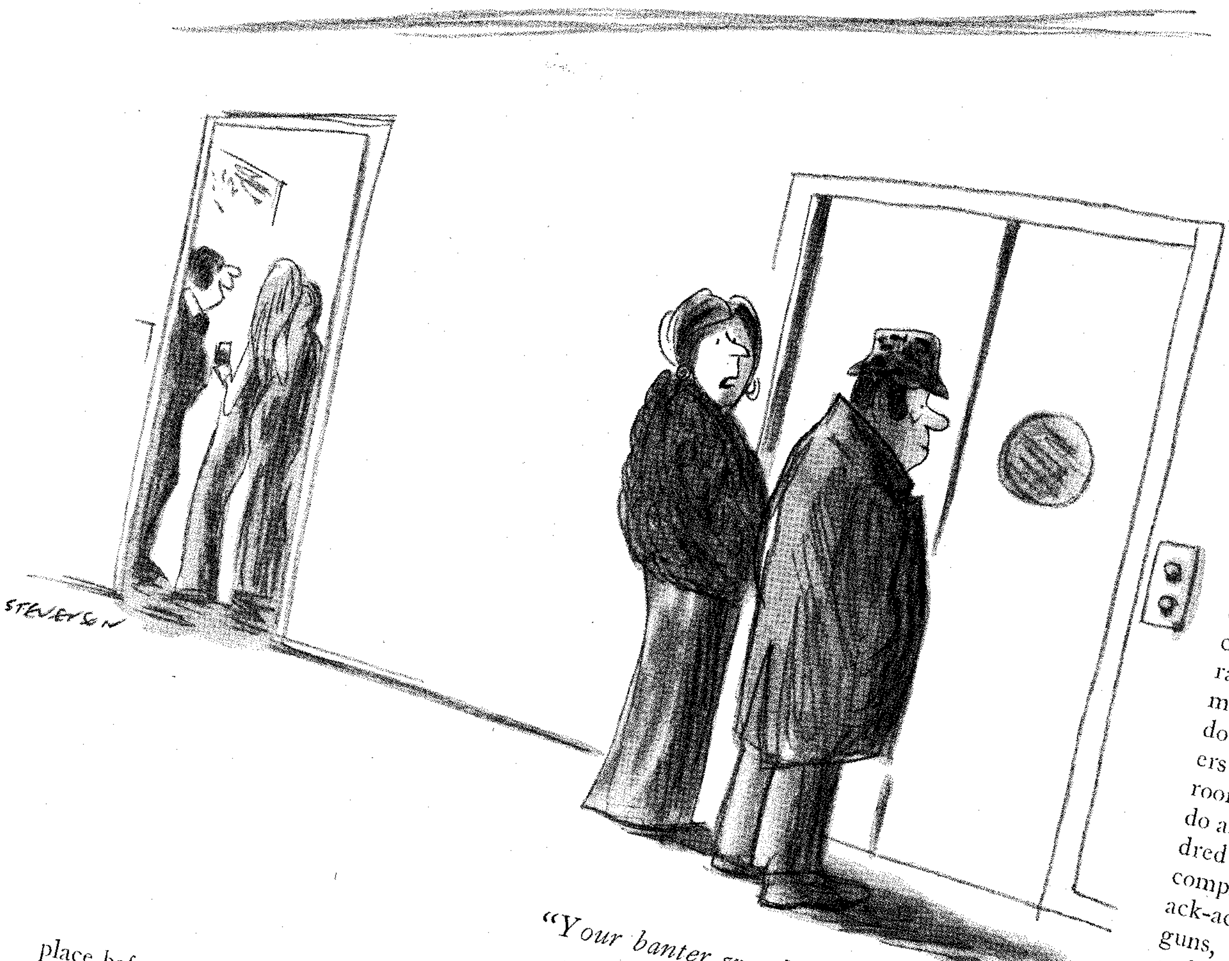
Ump at Auto Show

THE major-league umpires have a new "get tough" policy this year, meaning they will be "available for interviews" after games to talk freely about all the mistakes the players, managers, and coaches made in the preceding nine innings. This is a result of the fact that the players for many years have talked about—and last year did something about—grading the umpires' work. (Such a report card appeared in the *Sporting News* last September.) And that's why Nick Colosi, National League ump, was a featured attraction at the Auto Show last week. It's strange to hear an umpire talk—it's like interviewing a Trappist monk. Nick talks well. He's a slim umpire, is forty-seven years old, has 20/15 vision, came up to the majors in September, 1968. Friendly, businesslike, he looks as if he's going to listen to you, and he looks as if he's tough. Used to be a captain at the Copacabana, hails from Maspeth, and threw out the first ball—a matzo ball—at the opening of the new Lindy's, on lower Broadway, last year.

Nick broke into the business in 1962, when he took a six-week course at Al Somer's Umpire School, in Daytona Beach. "Nobody can teach you safes and outs; that's gotta come from you. But they can teach you how to stand, how to move, how to position yourself, which means how to get to a



"*Your banter was lousy.*"

place before a play happens, so you can see it when it does happen. The first thing they teach you is how to be comfortable behind the plate. Then they teach you to stand on the baselines—in a slight crouch, with your hands on your legs just above your knees, so that you're free to move to either side. And then all you have to do is look and listen."

At the beginning of 1968, Nick was working the International League and had expectations of coming up with the American League. But the National League bought his contract. "The leagues are just like ball clubs—they steal from each other," he said. "My youngest son, who was seven, was such a Yankee fanatic he used to cry when Mantle didn't get a home run. After I signed with the National, he wouldn't speak to me for two weeks, because he thought I could've given Mantle a few breaks. My first major-league game was Helmet Day in Shea Stadium—they brought me up in September to 'get my feet wet.' I was behind second. I felt like I was standing on a water bed or sponges. I was hoping someone would hit the ball, so I could run. You feel better when you run. Finally, someone hit a fly to short center, and I bet I beat Stahl, the Mets center fielder, to the ball. He looked up and said, 'Man, what are *you* doing here?' "

Nick talked about famous arguments and ejections, and Joe Valerio, of the *Post*, asked him if there were certain magic words that, if employed by a ballplayer, could force an umpire to eject him immediately. Nick said that, contrary to popular belief, there were no magic words, and that different things made different people angry. "The maddest I ever saw Durocher was when Dock Ellis, the Pittsburgh pitcher, called him an 'old reprobate.' "

Other highlights of the Auto Show: Freddie Ford; Greg Shideler; J. T. (Automologist) Freeman, D.O.A.M.D.; and the Two-Headed Car. Fred's a robot. He has rocker bearings for hands, shock absorbers for forearms, mufflers for upper arms, hubcaps for shoulders. His hat is a siren, his mouth is a tail-light, his eyes are parking lights, and he has black cut-pile floor carpet for eyebrows.

Greg has mastered a thousand noises, and he was working the Nova exhibit. He can do a car going through four gears, combined with the Doppler effect as the car goes by. He can do the sound of one of those new low-speed-collision bumpers colliding. He can do headers, glass packs, fuel injectors, funny cars, dirt bikes and snowmobiles, geese, turkeys, foxes, and the difference between a cottontail and a jackrabbit. A jackrabbit's more gravelly. "I can do pigeons so the suckers'll come right in my room, man." He can do an air raid by a hundred and fifty bombers complete with flak, ack-ack guns, machine guns, air-raid sirens, and small-arms fire. He'd like to do the Crucifixion if it could be done tastefully. He's twenty-three and has been making sounds since he was four.

J. T. Freeman, Automologist and Designer, D.O.A.M.D., features cars "custom-designed for the man that has grace and good taste." He was displaying his trimmed Continental, with a full hi-fi system "sounderized by J. T. Freeman," and padded on the fenders and in various places with "gorgeous, breath-taking, earth-colored Naugahyde" and three to eight inches of foam rubber. "30,000—W.I.N. $10,000 REBATE IF PURCHASED BY WEDNESDAY FEB. 5TH, 1975."

Just beyond the Two-Headed Car, which is a Toronado with two front seats back to back, two steering wheels, and two complete functional engines, we bought for two dollars a miracle windshield-and-glasses defogger. It appears to be a small stick of pink wax.

Zoo Message

A FRIEND has sent us a report from the Bronx Zoo:

A while back, I went to the Bronx Zoo, because I had heard that there was going to be a wildlife lecture at the World of Birds, and, wouldn't you know it, I got there twenty minutes late and missed the whole thing. A tour guide explained that what I had missed was not really a lecture but, rather, a mini-lecture. Something to do with the propagation of the green wood hoopoe, about which I shall continue to know virtually nothing. Fortunately, the curator of ornithology decided to give another talk, mini-er than the first—this one a play-by-play commentary on a slide presentation that was synchronized with birdcalls. Each time a new slide appeared on the screen, the curator said something like "Of course, you all recognize this birdcall," and of course I never did. The bird sounds, however, did make sense: the western whippoorwill, also known *of course* as Chuck Will's Widow, does seem to say *chuck will's widow*. And the mourning dove sounds like a dove mourning, although it also sounds like someone whistling into a Coke bottle. Anyway, it occurred to me that the reason I couldn't recognize any birdcalls is that the inhabitants of the World of Birds almost never *say* anything—at least, not when I'm around. Actually, the only animal noises I ever encounter at the zoo are human noises—mothers dragging little girls in yellow snowsuits by the hand and saying, "Jessie, stay away from that cage. You're no fun to take anywhere," or fathers at the bird nursery saying to their children, "Oh, lookee! Look at the cute wittew baby buhds," or boys standing in front of the iguana cage shouting, "Hey, Mom, I found another tail!" I don't blame the iguanas, but you'd think that the birds would have something to say. I tried the crepuscular crooners, but it was early afternoon, and they don't croon unless conditions are crepuscular. No action at the exotic-bird cage, either. I said aloud, "Hmm. Toucans live as cheaply as swans." Silence. A punch line in search of a joke.

I walked past the cages for the elephants, rhinos, and hippos, and found the inhabitants particularly laconic; in fact, they were absent. In the pygmy-hippo pen, there was a single gray squirrel, and a young girl was feeding it popcorn through the fence. Next, I explored the sounds of the Reptile House. Twice—once near the puff adders and another time near the spitting cobras—children popped balloons about three feet from my head. When you consider how I feel about reptiles, you'll realize that I took these surprises personally. When the second balloon burst, I thought for a moment that the thunderstorm scheduled for three-thirty above the crocodile pools had begun. It finally came at three-forty-five, complete with a tape recording of thunder and a strobe light for lightning. The crocodiles, who seemed possessed by uncommon lassitude, moved around a bit.

It was like this everywhere. Only as I left the zoo and walked toward the subway did my ears really perk up. I heard a cacophony of screaming voices and the whirring and grinding of metal against pavement, and the sounds were drawing closer. I looked over my shoulder, and there, flying down the hill, were about a dozen two-legged creatures on roller skates.

Calligraphic Art

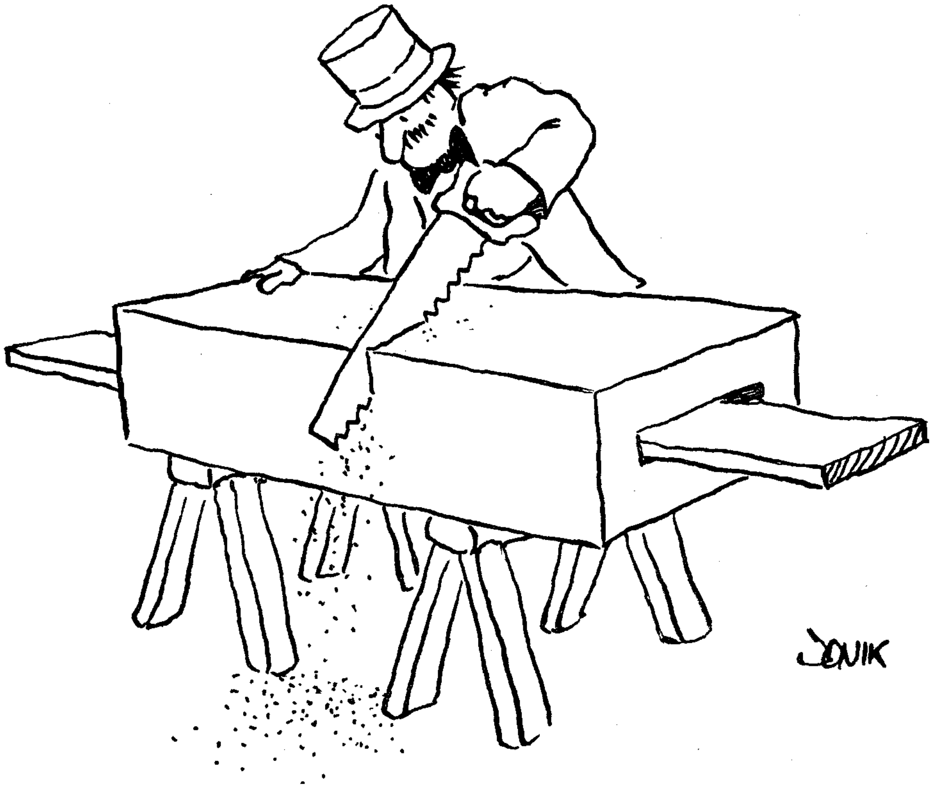
"IN the study of American folk art," Bruce Johnson, director of the Museum of American Folk Art, writes in the catalogue of this museum's current exhibition, "Calligraphy: Why Not Learn to Write?,"

> calligraphy is the term that has been used to describe 18th, 19th, and 20th century quill and steel pen drawings made with repeated cursive flourishes and strokes, either making recognizable letters or having a character or style resembling the strokes used to form letters. These drawings were used as learning exercises to give the student penman an interesting diversion from the repeated penning of P's and Q's to gain a "command of the hand." They also gave the accomplished penman a dramatic means to show his prowess or to advertise his profession.

We attended the opening of the show—nearly two hundred exhibits, all but three of them borrowed from other institutions and private collectors, including two rendered at the lunatic asylum on Blackwells Island around 1850. "Calligraphy was occupational therapy there, and at other such places," Mr. Johnson told us, and, after inspecting a number of delightfully cursive birds, lions, horses, and deer, most of them in motion, we copied out a pen-and-ink-and-watercolor learning exercise, "Pursue Useful Studies, Nantucket School," by Rachel Gardner, a nineteenth-century student penwoman:

> Gratitude
>
> There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues difficult and painful but attended with so much pleasure that were there no positive command which enjoined it nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification that accompanies.

This homily came from the collection of Mrs. Barbara Johnson, the Museum's president, who lives in Princeton in a house that is a scrimshaw and whaling museum. "Come and see it," she said, and she introduced us to Mr. Frederick Fried, author of a book on carrousels and a lender to the show of the Blackwells



Island items and several calligraphic designs of his own. He whipped out a sheet of white paper and tossed off a swordfish, with flourishes, which he inscribed "The Pen Is Mightier Than the Swordfish" and graciously presented to us. We turned to the gallery's only gastronomic exhibit, a "Calligraphic Torte" titled "Homage to Saint Honoré"—a two-foot-square cake designed by George Lang, a Restaurant Associates pioneer, who wrote the "Gastronomy" and "Restaurant" articles for the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. "Sugar icing and burnt marzipan," he said of his creation, whose homage adorns a field of the former surrounded by an ornate picture frame of the latter. "I had it made by Bruno Comin, the executive pastry chef of The Four Seasons restaurant. St. Honoré, bishop of Amiens in the seventh century, was the patron saint of the Paris *pâtissiers*. Calligraphy was probably first used on pastry by Franz Sacher, in 1832, in a cake for Metternich. A couple of years later, Sacher wrote 'Sacher' on one of his works, and the *Sacher Torte* was born. You can do beautiful calligraphy with royal icing. I've seen the first page of the Gutenberg Bible done in this way."

Mr. Lang, who now heads a corporation that advises hotel chains, airlines, and convention centers on food and restaurants in nine or ten countries, said that he had a research library of three thousand books on gastronomy. "I'm doing hotels in Frankfurt, Montreal, Athens, and Monte Carlo, as well as dining rooms and marketing concepts for two fifteen-thousand-ton luxury ships," he said. "Restaurants used to serve *nothing* but soup—the first one in Paris was opened in 1765 by A. Boulanger, a soup vender. Now some of them are beginning to serve nothing but soup again."

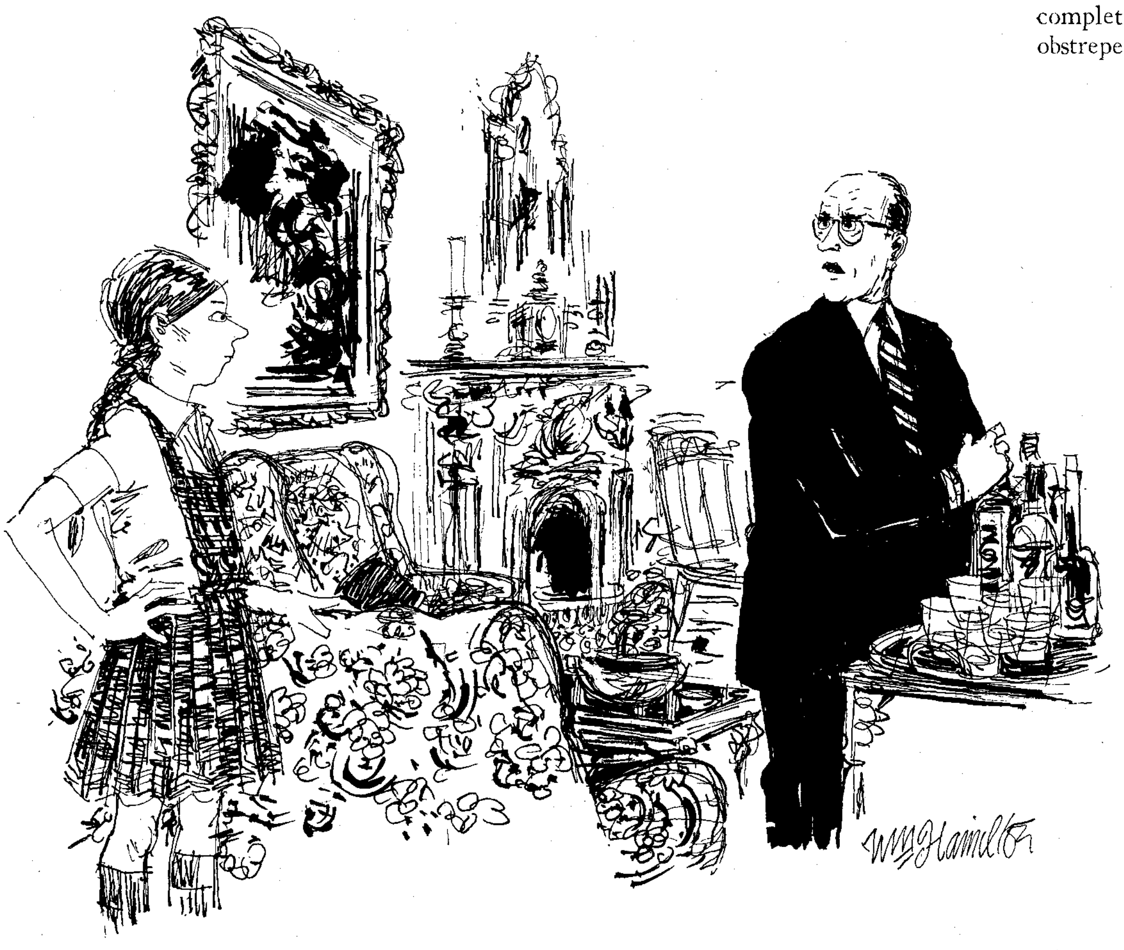
At his invitation, we went around the corner and had a clam chowder.

Miss Mercer

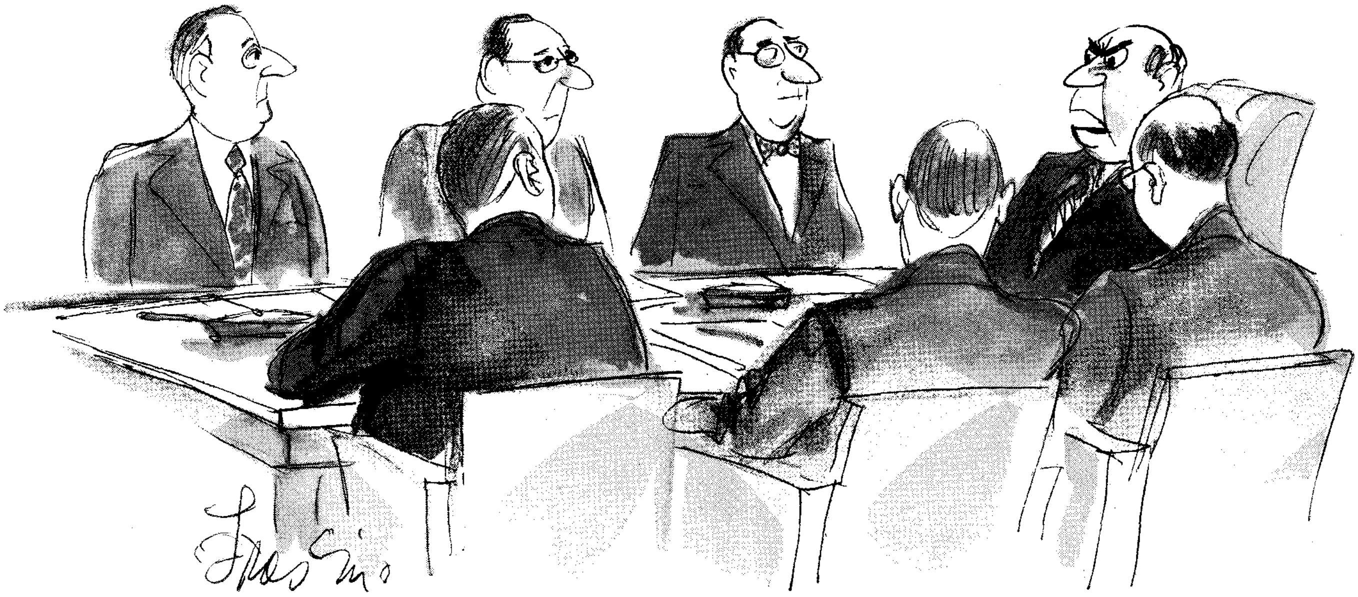
These are the ways we celebrated Mabel Mercer's seventy-fifth birthday, which fell on Monday, February 3rd: We talked with Alec Wilder, because he has known Mabel Mercer since 1941, when she first settled in this country; because he has written some of his best and most famous songs for her ("It's So Peaceful in the Country" is one); and because he has come to think of her as a sort of indispensable mother-sister-aunt figure. Secondly, we went to the birthday party given for Mabel Mercer on the St. Regis Roof by the hotel. And, thirdly, we visited with Miss Mercer herself.

I

Alec Wilder was in a corner of the Algonquin lobby reading a Warwick Deeping when we found him. He was wearing what he has worn for fifty years (a tweed jacket and gray flannels); his hair, coursing with winter electricity, was standing on end; and he had a pipe in his mouth. "I can't, I'm not sorry to say, go to Mabel's birthday party," he said, removing the pipe and speaking in his customary dredgelike voice. "That sort of event is just too much for me, and anyway I'm due on Grand Cayman Island two days before. But I've written Mabel a letter putting it on the line, telling her *exactly* what she means to me. And I've sent her a plant, one that's in bloom now and that she can put in the ground later at her place near Chatham, upstate. When I first met her, at Tony's, on West Fifty-second Street, it was instant acceptance on my part, which is very rare, since meeting strangers has always been a threat to me. Indeed, she soon had complete control over me. I could be obstreperous in my drinking days, and if I came into Tony's noisy or wobbly, she'd give me one look and I'd find myself reproved and behaving correctly. It wasn't an angry or disapproving look; it was just a very elegant *look*. Or if I came in depressed she'd sense it immediately and sing a whole set of my songs, many of them written just for her. And I'd find myself cheered up. But then Mabel is a healer. I've gone up to visit her in the country a perfect wreck and in two days felt marvellous. It isn't that she *does* anything, that there is any laying on of hands or such. She just putters around her house, and cooks, and feeds her animals. But there is some quality, some corrective force, in her very presence. Little by little, she's improved her place. She's managed to pay off the mortgage, and when she's had a few extra pennies she's added a bathroom or a porch. So when she can't sing at all anymore she'll have her house to live in, and that's a blessing.



"Damn it, Constance, I am not holding anything back! That happens to be all I know about sex."



"Whoever is giving off the negative vibes will desist immediately if he knows what's good for him."

• •

Even better would be if some of her rich admirers—and she's had dozens—got together and set up an anonymous trust fund. But, knowing the rich—or, rather, *not* knowing the rich, despite decades of trying—that's highly unlikely.

"Mabel's singing isn't like any singing I've ever heard before. It isn't jazz singing and it isn't pop singing and it isn't classical singing. It's wholly original. Sometimes, over the years, she's sung songs I haven't particularly cared for, but I've always found myself listening. She invariably involves you: you catch her enthusiasm for certain lines she sings, and you listen for certain of her technical devices, like her changing of values on particular notes each time she sings the same song. From the very first, there was a strong feeling of normality in the rooms Mabel sang in. You'd look up and down and see an extraordinary cross-section—college professors, polite-society types, lawyers, Ivy League kids, singers and musicians, people, like Dave Garroway, who'd come bag and baggage straight from the station or airport. She'd hold whatever room she was in in her hand, and do it with sheer dignity. She never said anything when she started a set or when it was over. She sat down and sang and got out. If there was talking or laughing, she stopped singing. She didn't look at anyone, she didn't say anything. She just stopped and waited. And when the racket subsided she started to sing again.

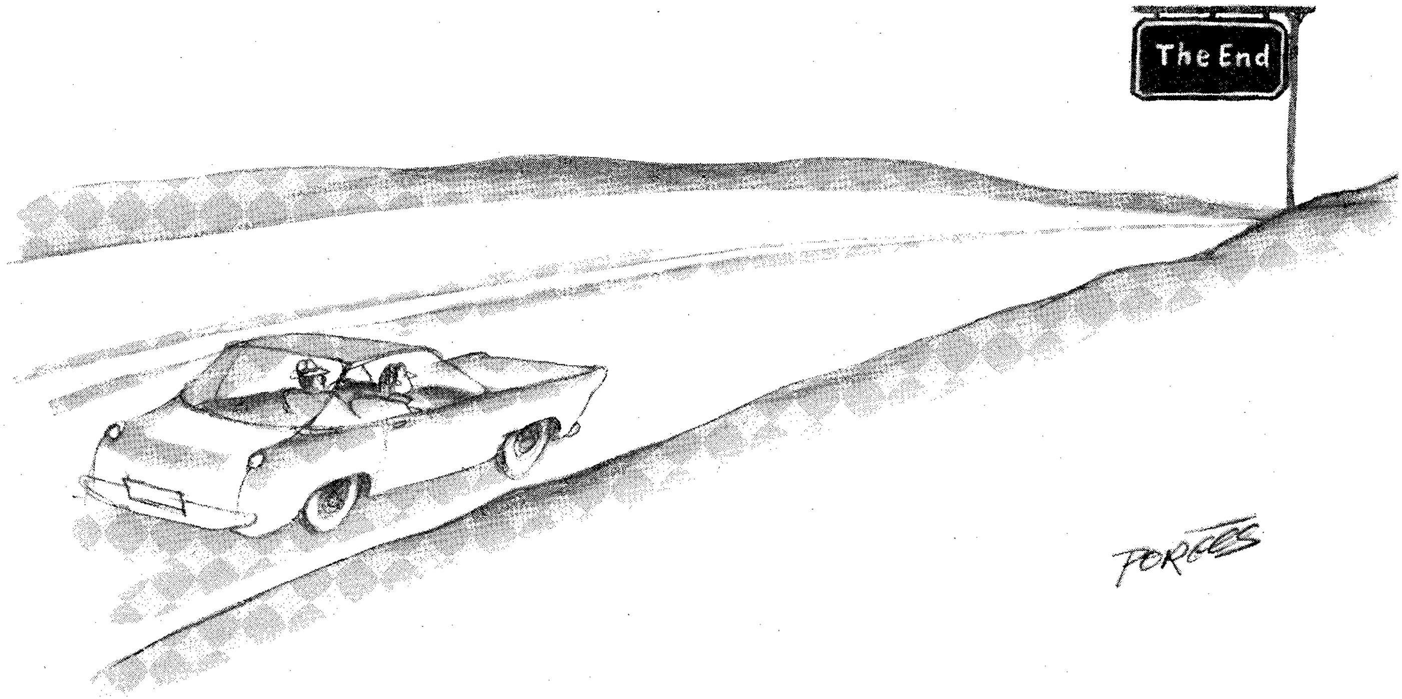
"In those days, we laughed a lot. We even laughed at *outré* things, as long as they had style. Mabel has a genuine sense of humor, and by that I mean not only does she laugh at jokes but she laughs at herself. She used to sing 'Porgy' a lot, and one night I noticed that, even with her marvellous diction, the words 'I've got my man' were coming out sounding like 'My goat my man.' When I told her, instead of asking me to go jump, as most singers would have, she laughed so hard she almost fell on the floor."

II

WE were assigned at Mabel Mercer's birthday party to a table built for ten but seating sixteen. (Four hundred people bought tickets at twenty-five dollars a head, plus liquor.) Elbows perforce were pinioned, and the roast beef with potatoes and string-beans was served in flying-wedge fashion. But it took a long time for the food to arrive, and before it did a white-haired, pink-faced Mabel Mercer admirer who attends all her openings and who was seated on our left passed us a note, which read:

> This reminds me of a dinner party on the Poseidon, except in the movie I seem to recall they got something to eat. Soon we will be sinking fast; the starboard lifeboats are being manned; the ship's orchestra is playing "Up a Lazy River." At 10:19 P.M., goodbye all. Vincent Astor, who used to own this hotel, would never have permitted this. Nor would he have allowed us to sit here and inhale Earl Wilson's cigar smoke (he's sitting behind us).

A short time later, Mabel Mercer arrived, and after the standing ovation a long-faced man sitting on our other side introduced himself as Edmund Anderson and told us that the St. Regis Roof opened in 1936, that it was given its Viennese look by the designer Joseph Urban, who had worked for Ziegfeld, that it was first called the Viennese Roof as a result, and that on the night it opened Jacques Frey and his orchestra were dressed in Viennese costumes and powdered wigs. At ten-forty-five, Donald Smith, who helped organize the birthday party, announced that the festivities would start in eight minutes. But they didn't, so Anderson went on to say that in 1938 he and Vernon Duke put on a concert on the Viennese Roof that was played by six musicians from Duke Ellington's band and fourteen musicians from the New York Philharmonic, and that it was called a High-Low Concert, the High being the longhair music and the Low the Ellington. Tickets were only five dollars, he added, but nobody came. Forty-two minutes after Smith's announcement, the city gave Mabel Mercer an award, and the evening officially began. Sylvia Syms and Cy Coleman sang his "The Best Is Yet to Come." Sylvia Syms was in superb voice. Jimmie Daniels, who is also in his seventies, delivered "What Is This Thing Called Love?," and was followed by Thelma Carpenter, who belted out "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." Someone named Erik Thorendahl came on like Lanny Ross, and gave way to Mary Lou Williams, who did a long, multi-tempoed



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"My Funny Valentine." Ruth Warrick performed, and Bobby Short did Cole Porter's "Looking at You." George Wein intoned "Thanks a Million," and Hugh Shannon got off a splendid "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor." Marian Seldes read Alec Wilder's letter to Mabel Mercer and messages from Leonard Bernstein and "Francis Albert," who sent two giant balloons in his stead. Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson wound up the guest performances, and the manager of the hotel announced that the St. Regis Room, where Mabel Mercer has sung these past years, would henceforth be known as the Mabel Mercer Room. Mabel Mercer, resplendent in a gold-and-brown brocade gown that she made herself, came forward from her table, some of whose occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilkins; Will Craik, a neighbor in the country; her two sisters; the singer Helen Merrill; and Charles Bourgeois, who has done more than anyone else to preserve whatever elegance is left in New York nightlife. She cut a giant cake surmounted by a replica of the chair she sits in when she performs, and then she sat down in her real chair and started to sing, and it was a wonderful time. Her voice suddenly had wings, and by the time she reached her fourteenth song, a vibrant and affecting version of Stephen Sondheim's remarkable "Send in the Clowns," the audience was rapt. She sang Alec Wilder's "While We're Young," and she closed with a rollicking "They All Fall in Love." The ovation was very long, and throughout she kept laughing and ducking her head and waving.

III

WE talked with Mabel Mercer on the eve of her birthday, and the setting could not have been bettered by Oliver Smith, who, indeed, was at the party, along with such other notables as Alexis Smith, Arlene Francis, Hermione Gingold, and Anita Ellis. It was a friend's sixteenth-floor apartment, which looks out over the Hudson and is on the floor below the adjoining penthouses occupied in the thirties by George and Ira Gershwin. Miss Mercer was rehearsing with her accompanist, Jimmy Lyon, and after she had done half a dozen songs she rested on a sofa and talked. "The party is an honor, of course," she said. "I've happened into a lot of people's lives, and they're coming to say hello. And I love to have my friends love me. But I can't wait until it's over; the whole thing embarrasses me so. It's incredible, ridiculous to be seventy-five. It's a dream. When I was young, seventy-five was enormous. We used to think anyone who was that age was—well, senile. But I feel marvellous, I feel just the way I've felt all my life, give or take some arthritis pains. Heavens! I thought I'd be rusting away somewhere by this time. There are good things about getting so old: you can make mistakes and no one blames you, because they don't listen to the trills and tra-las the way they used to. So the thrush—remember when they called singers thrushes?—is croaking her way through. Even though what I do has become almost a form of reciting, every once in a while the voice comes back and surprises me, and I think, Oh, God, I didn't know I still had that!

"Nightlife is very different now from what it was in the old days. It was far more lavish then, both on the Continent and over here. Flowers and champagne flowed from the audience to the performers. And it had terrific friendliness. The same people came to Tony's night after night, and, of course, we worked until four in the morning. Sometimes the place would empty out completely at two, and then suddenly at three they'd come piling in and we'd be jammed for the last show. Then we'd go on to an after-hours place, many of which were quite respectable, with food and a decent piano. People would get up and perform. Performers love to perform for other performers. They know what you're doing, and they're the best audience you can have.

"Retire? Nonsense! How would I pay my taxes and make improvements on my house? If I stopped singing, everything would probably stop and I wouldn't be able to watch the trees grow that I'm always planting up in the country. Years ago, I collected acacia seeds in Central Park and planted them at the house, and now they're enormous. And I've planted Christmas trees. The first few years, I could reach up and put a star on top, and the next few years I'd get a faceful of snow when I tried, and now I'd have to jump up to the sky to reach their tops. If I don't get to see the next century in, it would be nice to sit on a cloud and watch what's going on."

OYA LIFE THESE DAYS

THE Oya people is the bunch that lives in the Oya Valley, as the neighbors will quickly tell you if you go looking for Oya in the hills. "We are not Oya!" the neighbors shout through locked screen doors. "We are decent, hardworking people, who hardly deserve this."

By "this" they mean the Oya custom of going visiting and remaining behind after their ride has left. Apparently, Oya, whose name means "The Us," do not distinguish between themselves and others, and anyone they meet is assumed to be one of them, or one of "The Us," and therefore interested in their comfort and anxious to see that they have enough to eat. But if that person fails to show interest, Oya don't become angry. They wait. Soon enough, they believe, they'll be asked to stay.

To the visiting scholar with a keen interest in Oya ways* and plenty of money to pay for doughnuts, this facet of Oya life seems harmless and even gentle, but to the neighbors, who have their own row to hoe, it is known as "the Oya problem." This refers to the difficulty of conversing with Oya.

An Oya converses by means of questions, if at all. His opening remark might be "That's quite the deal, isn't it?" if his host is busy, or "Not too busy today, huh?" if the host is relaxing. Next, he might well ask, "What do you have in your hand there? A sharp stick?," for by this time the host has realized that he is in for a long afternoon unless he takes stern measures. He must at all costs drive the Oya off before he is asked, "What is the matter? Why don't you like me?"

It's impossible to answer that last question in a way that will satisfy an Oya. Because he doesn't dislike himself, hostility only makes him curious; he wants to know what he can do to make the host feel better, such as putting an arm around him. Right here is where most personal Oya injuries occur—here and, back home, falling out of bed.

Why are Oya disliked so intensely by their neighbors? The neighbors, who are godly persons, have tried to find the answer to this one themselves. Prayer meetings are held frequently to discover the Lord's will in regard to the Oya problem. It is a hard matter. Clearly, the guiding principle should be "Love thy Oya as thyself," but how can one do that, many ask, when Oya behave as if they *are* thyself?

And such, it seems, is the case. An Oya is quite capable of showing up on Tuesday morning and staying until Sunday night, sitting in your chair, walking beside you through the garden, eating at your table, and not saying anything you'd be able to recall a few minutes later. It is said that the Oya believes that since you and he are both of "The Us," it is the same as if you were alone. And some neighbors say that during an Oya visit they have come to believe this, too—that they are talking to themselves.

It is hard to say definitely what Oya believe, however. One can only make suppositions, based on statements of our own that no Oya has seen fit to contradict (e.g., "You don't seem to be in a big rush to leave"). Many younger people in the neighborhood have come to believe that Oya have reëxamined the concept of individuality and found it wanting, that Oya have attained loss of self. No Oya has disagreed with this.

It may be true that the Oya have much to teach us, but, unless we are mistaken, they have not done so up to the present. They seem to feel it is all the same to them one way or the other. After a visit to an Oya home, one

"And I happen to know they won't let you take them with you down there, either."

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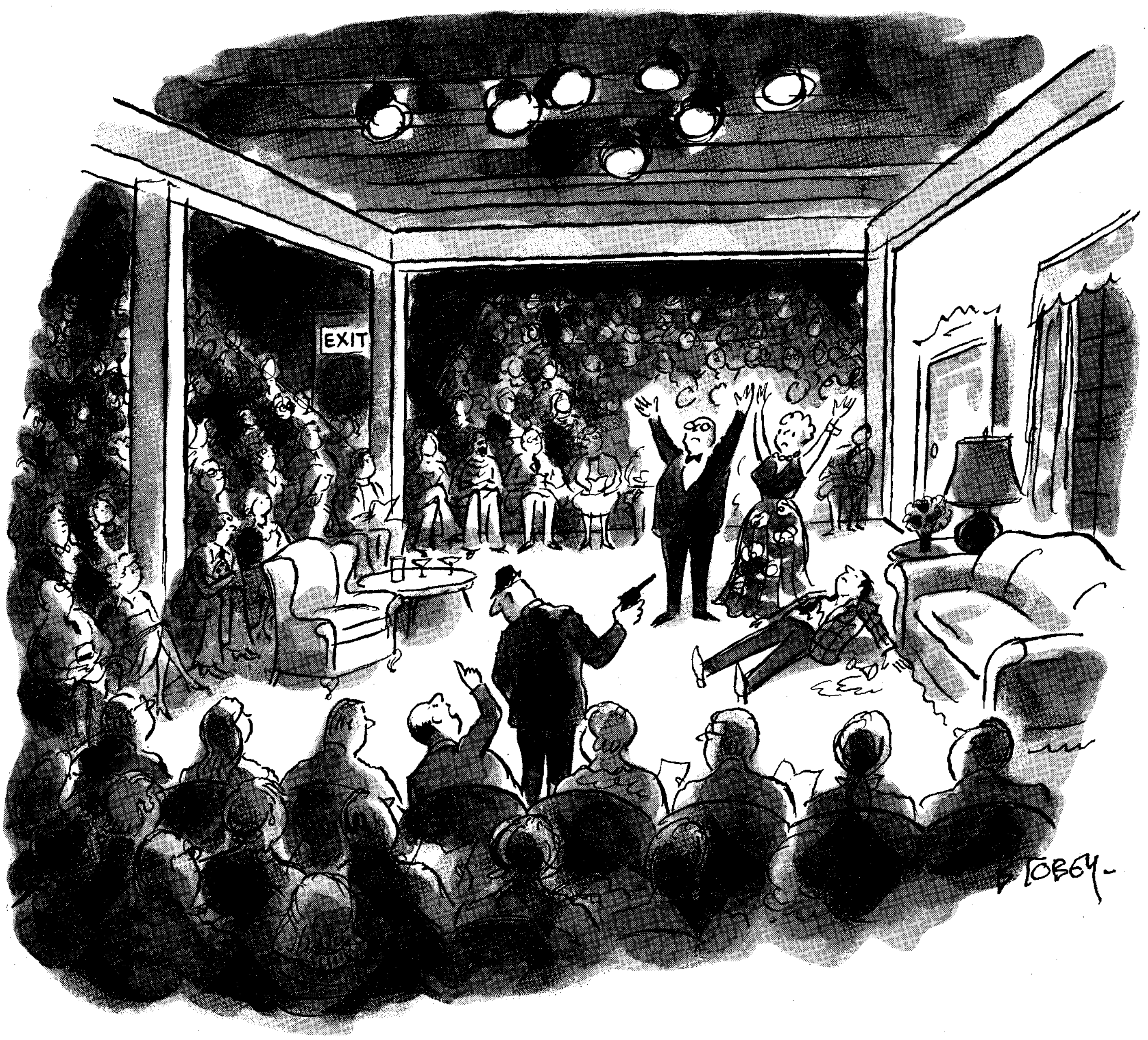
*Despite their keen interest, scholars have learned practically nothing about the Oya (pronounced "O-yah"), because of the Oya's equally keen interest in them. Whenever a research team arrives in the valley, normal activity (if there is such a thing) ceases as the Oya gather around and watch intently. If the scholars ask, "But what do you *do*?," the answer is "What would *you* like to do?," or "It's all right, we can always do that later." Occasionally, the scholars amuse their audience with a short talk, which seems to be much appreciated. But the Oya never seem to get around to just being themselves. Some Oya, apparently anxious to please the visitors, may sit on a stump engrossed in thought, but only a few, and never for longer than a few hours.



"Excuse me, sir, but you're stepping on my foot."

* * *

comes away with the feeling they may be right.

THE Oya personality has been described in conflicting terms. One aspect of it is bliss. Oya seem to have a knack for being "knocked out" by ordinary phenomena, such as a faucet dripping, motes of dust in a beam of light, or the sound of their own throats clearing. It is enough for them if an afternoon brings a light breeze to stir the leaves. This attribute may help to explain their inability to socialize. When spoken to by another, an Oya is fascinated by the speaker's lips.

The other essential Oya characteristic is "politeness." An unspoken Oya rule is "Let's wait and see what everyone wants to do." The result is that Oya spend hours waiting, lose track of time, and fall asleep early, missing their favorite programs.

Sleep is an ever-present danger, for a strange facet of Oya life is the high number of strenuous sleepers. All Oya thrash about to some extent (some have been known to rise from their beds and strip wallpaper), but many must actually be tied down, lest they get up in their sleep and walk away. The sleeper's family is reluctant to restrain him, or uses only a very light string, and the resulting departures account for the diminishing Oya population in the valley. Someday, it seems, there will be no Oya left here. This prospect neither saddens nor pleases them. It seems that they cannot conceive of a place with no Oya, and they have made no plans to assure that anybody stays around.

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—GARRISON KEILLOR

WILLIS AVENUE

IF, when I am drunk or sentimental or prodded by a stupid friend, I think back to the women I have really loved, most of them are covered and hidden by wishes and disappointment. But there is one of whom my memory is clear, and it is strange—she was so unimportant.

She was named Johanna, and I knew her for a summer when I worked in a typewriter-ribbon factory in the Bronx. It was very simple. She sat across from me on the production line all day long, and when either of us lifted our eyes we saw the other. Our job was to put the spools of ribbon in boxes—a very boring job, a job which left our hands automatic and faces and eyes free, so that we spent many days looking and talking. She was not such an attractive girl, and she knew it. These days, I don't like beautiful girls so much anymore. It makes them less able to cry and be sad, and I won't have a girl who cannot cry and be sad.

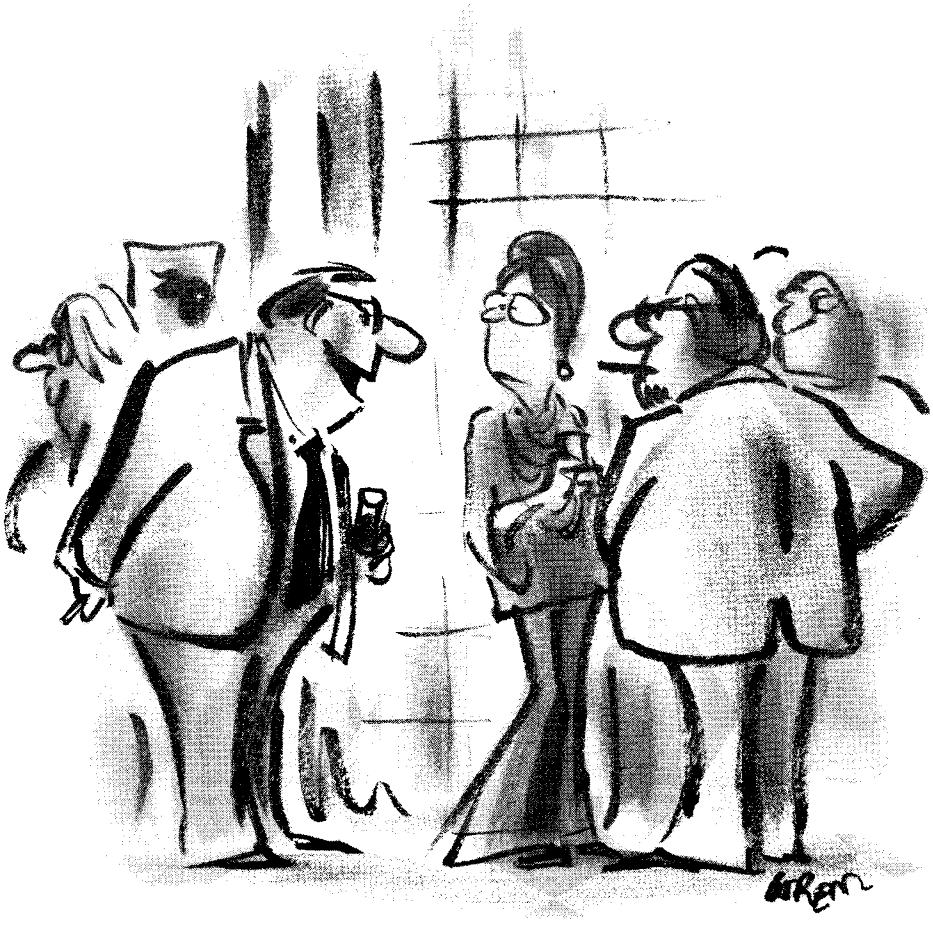
Now Johanna had a big wide face and big heavy limbs, although she was not fat by any means, just big. She was in fact bigger than me, but she thought like a very delicate woman, and so she moved as if she were little. Although she was not in the least self-conscious about her body (I often saw her breasts as she leaned over to get more boxes and her open shirt came more open), she thought that perhaps she should be, and I could always tell that she was thinking: I have to be more delicate about myself. But she could not be, and the exposure she suffered made her no less attractive to me.

I confess that at first this was not so. She was big and my image of women had been so ideal; I imagined them as princesses and perfectly clean. I thought that perhaps I might sleep with her, understanding that it would not lead to anything. Then I took pity on her for her clumsiness and the way she was impressed by me. I am externally slick—rather handsome, people say. She thought I was beyond her reach; I did, too. I took her to lunch, and she blushed under the fan in the little restaurant. The heat of that summer was so intense that it made us both sweat in the shade. She was taken by me and I was therefore not very interested in her. After all, she was not very pretty. And every day we sat for eight hours sweating, our legs sometimes touching, across from one another under the inky breeze of the big fan. She looked down so much not because she needed to see to put the spool into the box but because she was shy, and, think, I had told her everything, wanting to make her a sister. She was very unhappy when I told her of the women I thought about that summer. When I first mentioned Susanna, she looked so sad that I stopped, but later I went on, and I would speak to her of my girls, and I think she cried in the women's dressing room. The other women avoided her and thought she was strange.

We had lunch together every day. All she did was keep still, and laugh with me, and smile when I spoke without thinking. She went home to her mother each afternoon; she told me about her mother. She spoke well, but she was just not pretty.

In the South Bronx one feels as though one is in the hotter part of Naples or the dull part of the Great Plains. Dirt falls from the air, and the heat makes everything, even the iron, wet. The people I don't like complain about the heat. Johanna, whom I saw, every hour of every day, sitting next to a half-painted column in the skylight light of a hot dirty workroom, did not complain about the heat but wiped her forehead with her hand now and then and seemed to me very much like myself. She seemed to be me when I was not worried about things, when I was quiet and watching, when I had fallen and could learn and feel, in the heat, the rising heat of that time. Johanna: white-faced and green-eyed, hands full of ink, wiping her brow with her wrist and getting ink on her wide white face anyway. Johanna in the South Bronx in a hot summer, when I was stronger and when I thought I would succeed, sat across from me each day. And then I left, and she had to sit there in the same place; and when January came around she was there, accepting whoever sat across from her. I don't think I would have her now, but if she could know that I loved her then, more than anything, that I would have married her, loved her, if only I had not been so young, if only I had known myself. Johanna. When she wiped her brow with her wrist she got ink on her face anyway, and she was always smiling.

—MARK HELPRIN



"I'll tell you what the legacy of the counter-culture is—eating with the left hand and sitting on the floor in Grand Central Station."

PASSAGE TO ARARAT

III—THE FIELDS OF YELLOW FLOWERS

ONE evening toward the end of our stay in Soviet Armenia, my wife and I were visiting Sarkis—our new friend and unofficial guide—having supper and supposedly engaging in a "discussion of international literature." First, let me describe his house, for we had not been there before. His wife had been "down with the grippe," he had explained on several occasions, although I had hardly pestered him for an invitation. The main thing I think one would want to say about it is that it was rough-hewn and small (or, from another point of view, sturdy and compact), and occupied a pleasant plot of ground perhaps two miles outside Erevan, the capital, on the far side of the olive-green hills. The house was at the end of a dirt road (for the countryside seemed to start up right at the outskirts), which was lined with tall trees and dusty shrubs and was in every respect rural, except that one could glimpse two or three new, pink stone apartment buildings through the trees, barely a half mile away. All the same, there was a feeling about the area of tranquillity, and small gardens, and lazily barking dogs. "As you see, we are in the suburbs!" exclaimed Sarkis. He was clearly pleased with himself in his role as host. He showed us his garden—a tiny plot that contained mostly dirt, but where a few purple flowers and green shoots struggled through the light-brown soil. "I always tell myself that I must work in the garden on weekends," said Sarkis, "but I never do." The house was fashioned of gray stone, somewhat in the manner of a peasant house, and the outside was not especially lovely. There was a tin roof and a weatherworn wooden porch, with several very old chairs set against the wall. "You can't imagine how many rubles I had to pay for all this," said Sarkis, whose occupation was teaching high-school English. "And I will never tell you. But it is charming, is it not? Imagine living in an apartment building when one could live in such a house!" Inside were three small rooms, like boxes, on the ground floor, and, presumably, a few more small rooms upstairs. Everything was spotless and in order, with lacelike covers on the armrests of the faded sofa, and numerous tinted family photographs in oval frames set out on the polished side tables. The whole effect was rather Victorian. Sarkis's wife appeared: a cheerful-seeming, dark-haired woman, slightly younger than her husband. She was shy as to language, but she shook hands cordially and did not appear shy about anything else. Nor did she seem to have suffered much from the grippe.

We sat around a shining dark-wood table in the small living room and consumed quantities of shashlik and green onions; also Armenian pastries, newly baked, and black, smoking coffee, and brandy out of a bottle obviously not often used, which Sarkis produced from a cupboard, set before us, beamed at, and began to pour seigneurially. In one corner of the room stood a large—or, rather, thick—wooden television set, itself quite Victorian, and beside it, against the wall, was a display chest, made of the same shining wood as the table, and containing plates and pinkish glassware.

"The crystal is from Czechoslovakia," said Sarkis. "My wife admires it, although I don't see what is wrong with our Soviet glassware."

His wife said something to him in Armenian, and he laughed.

"She says the Soviet glassware is no good," he said. "Imagine that such a statement should be made in my own house!" He laughed again and poured some more brandy.

We had many toasts: to Ararat, to Armenia, to America, to friendship between our two peoples. "I wish my son were here," said Sarkis. "He is nearby at the university, but he never comes home. That is the way with sons, is it not? He makes this joke all the time: 'I have to work hard, Papa, so that I won't have to teach English to high-school students.' But he is a brilliant boy." I tried to imagine what Sarkis's son might look like. He got up and showed us a photograph: Sarkis and a thin young man standing in sunlight beside a low hedge—perhaps on the dirt road outside. The boy (for even at nineteen or twenty he still seemed a boy) had a grave, sweet expression on his face and stood nearly a head taller than his father, who had his arm around his son's waist, as if holding on. Respect thy father! We drank a toast to Sarkis's son.

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

After dinner, two of Sarkis's friends (or, as he insisted, "colleagues") came by—Arshil, a youngish man with a pale face and eyeglasses, who also taught English at the high school, and Kevork, an older man, thickset, with thick hands and a coarse face, who was a member of the local Writers' Union. It had been Sarkis's notion that we should meet to discuss the literature of our two countries, but from the start it was clear that the emphasis was to be on American writers.

"Of course, it is hard to obtain translations," said Kevork, lighting up an evil-looking brown cigarette, "but it does not seem to be a high time in American literature."

"Which American writers most interest you?" I asked the two colleagues.

"I have read both Jerome Salinger and Scott Fitzgerald," said Arshil. "This year, I have read the story of Gatsby."

"I find both writers childish," said Kevork.

"Yes, Fitzgerald is undeniably childish about capitalism," said Sarkis. "But you must agree that he is an excellent writer of short novels."

"A great writer must write more than short novels," said Kevork.

Arshil said that he had also read Walt Whitman, John Steinbeck, and Edgar Poe. Sarkis and Arshil discussed Walt Whitman and Stephen Crane. It was strange to be gossiping about so many dead writers.

Kevork remarked that he preferred Dostoevski to Edgar Poe. "Edgar Poe is a miniaturist," he said.

"Of course, Poe is not as serious as Dostoevski," said Arshil.

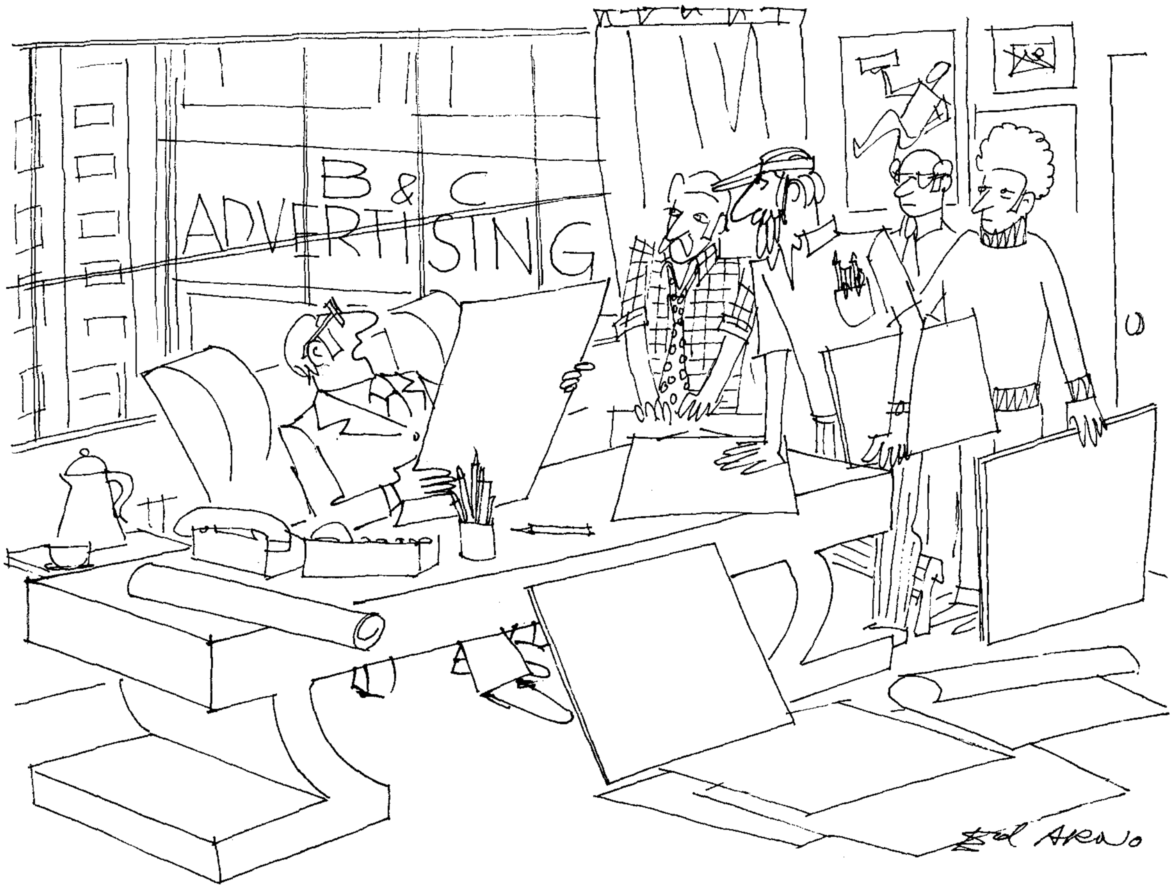
I made the mistake of asking about Solzhenitsyn, partly lulled by the warmth of the brandy, and doubtless also out of sheer hostility to Kevork, who seemed exactly the sort of person who might have made trouble for him. In what I meant to be a harmless, literary manner, I said, "How do you compare a modern writer such as Solzhenitsyn, who deals in large themes, with classical writers such as Tolstoy or Dostoevski?"

There was the proverbial moment of silence.

"Nobody can be compared with Tolstoy," said Sarkis.

Then Kevork spoke. He looked not at me but toward the floor. "Solzhenitsyn is a special case," he said. "He is a national writer, a national writer of talent. But he is one who chose to abuse his talent with self-service." He looked around at all of us. "Besides, if a writer wishes to attack his country, then he should not expect to be honored by it."

There was another moment of silence. I thought Sarkis seemed pained, and I felt bad about having brought up the subject, or perhaps about having brought it up so trivially. Arshil got up from his chair and poured everyone some more brandy. He seemed a kind man, with many obscure feelings, and probably not very forceful—the traditional high-school English teacher. Now he said, "In America, would you say that the hippies are still a serious problem?"



"Confound it, men! If they don't respond to hard sell and they don't respond to soft sell, what the hell sell do they respond to?"

"There are few hippies anymore," my wife said.

"Everybody must have a job and do productive work," said Sarkis. "Is that not so?"

"In Armenia there are no hippies," said Arshil.

There was a strange, prim quality to the conversation—almost "un-Armenian," it occurred to me. Then I thought, Whose idea was it, anyway, that Armenians were somehow picturesque or offbeat? Surely all along they had been so palpably, doggedly, almost pathetically straight. From outside, through one of Sarkis's small windows, the lights of a tall building blinked in the distance. It seemed all too plausible that the kings of Nairi had built those solid pink apartment houses.

We talked for a while longer about novels and novelists. There was something cheerfully indiscriminate in the other men's tastes—an absence of modishness, of topical shading. It made one think of the way a starving man might overlook the need for spices. I remember Arshil's saying at one point that in Moscow two years earlier he had bought two books by "the novelist H. Robbins," and had found them "vigorous but insensitive."

Then Kevork rose to his feet, excused himself almost shyly, and said that he must return home. He shook hands all around. "Someday, I should like to visit America," he said to me.

My wife asked, "Where would you most like to go?"

"I have heard of the Widener Library at Harvard," he said. "I should like to go there. Also to Niagara Falls."

After he had left, we sat together in the living room. Sarkis said, not unkindly, "You should not have asked him about Solzhenitsyn."

"I know that," I said. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right," said Sarkis.

"I thought things were more relaxed," I said.

"Yes," said Sarkis.

Arshil said, "Four months ago, the police took away his son."

I looked at Sarkis, who was staring at the carpet. His wife stood in the doorway to the kitchen drying a glass. "That is true," he said. "Yes, those things also happen." He looked up at us. "Young men do foolish things, do they not?" he said. And "Young men are crazy!" For a second, he seemed close to tears. Then he said, "Come. I will show you my library."

We all followed him up some narrow stairs into a small room, apparently adjoining an equally small bedroom. Its walls were tiers of bookshelves jammed with books. The books were mostly English and American, some French, quite a few Armenian, the majority of them ancient—or, anyway, well-thumbed—paperbacks with titles ranging from "A Farewell to Arms" to the "Sunset Barbecue Cook Book." "You see, I take whatever I can find," said Sarkis.

"It's a wonderful library," said my wife.

Arshil held up a loose-leaf ledger, filled with names and dates. "He lends us all books," said Arshil, and suddenly he hugged Sarkis.

My thoughts were still on Kevork and his son—though I was aware not so much of this nameless, faceless boy, this "foolish young man" (had he, too, been photographed with a grave, sweet expression?), or even of his father, who had not wished to be made to express himself on Solzhenitsyn, as of all the other dark corners in the lives of these people: Sarkis; Arshil; Vartan, our official guide; and Arak, a friend of Sarkis's whom we had met earlier.

I said to Sarkis when we were back downstairs, "How is it that so many hard things have happened to Armenians everywhere, and yet it is still the Turks they hate so much?"

Sarkis looked at me evenly, his composure recovered. "Because they killed so many of our people. Your people and my people."

For a moment, I felt I might hit him, beat at him with my fists. There was something so confining in that thought. Then I felt ridiculous and embarrassed. All evening, I had wanted to embrace him.

Sarkis's wife came up and gave us a small package of her pastries to take back to our hotel. She stood in the low doorway of the little house, her hand briefly in Sarkis's. She shook our hands again. Goodbye, goodbye.

Arshil and Sarkis walked with us down the dirt road toward the bus stop. The night was clear and fragrant, with half a moon above the hills. An invisible dog barked far away. The great trees rose overhead, dark shapes against the blue-black sky. Arshil walked along beside me. Ahead I could vaguely hear Sarkis telling my wife some amusing story about the building of his house. How he had tried to fix the roof, or build the roof. His voice rose and fell in the warm night.

Arshil said quietly, "Do you know what I *think* was worst about the trouble with the Turks? It was that the Turks and the Armenians were brothers."

I said, "But I thought the Turks hated the Armenians."

"Don't brothers sometimes hate one another?" said Arshil. In the dim light (from the moon? from a distant street lamp?), he seemed to be smiling, but I imagined that his face was often set that way. "Now and then, my grandmother used to speak of those times," he said. "You know, in 1915, or perhaps 1916, after my grandfather was killed in the great massacre, she fled here from Van. In wintertime, too. She was a hard old lady."

"What happened to your grandfather?" I asked.

"He was a doctor," said Arshil. "He was also in one of the resistance bands that used to attack the Turkish convoys. Of course, they caught them finally and brought them to the square where they were to be hanged. But first they were beaten—beaten terribly, I can well believe. I can still remember my grandmother's voice as she used to say, 'But *the man* who gave the worst beatings was Djebal, our neighbor, Aram's patient—a man whose wife he had saved from the typhus.' "

"What are you two talking about?" said Sarkis as we reached the main highway.

WAKING IN THE COLD

My brain loves itself too much, I think.
It dreams it can fly. My body prefers
the cold, its knives.

Inside my body, my body ties knots
in the blood's light, rubs cells to fire.
My body loves to come downstairs where
my wife smells of coffee and has the fires going.
It loves the chortling.

For myself I prefer not to ask my feet
why one goes before its brother.
I prefer to stand at this notched window
with the fire at my back, watching new snow
grow across sloping fields toward spring.

—PHILIP SCHULTZ

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"History," said Arshil.

"It's too nice an evening for history," said Sarkis.

We stood together beneath the street lamp waiting for the bus to come.

"Was it not a fine evening?" Sarkis said. "I think even our English teacher is pleased." He embraced Arshil. "Do we not live well?" he said.

Soon, a bus appeared out of the dark. Sarkis stayed by the open door as we climbed aboard.

"We are friends!" he called from the street.

"We are friends," I said.

Behind us, Sarkis and Arshil stood in the pool of yellow light, arms around each other, waving. Brothers.

ON the subject of brotherhood, at least this much was true of Constantinople in the summer of 1908, when the Young Turks took over control of the Ottoman government from the declining and elderly Abdul-Hamid II. In the words of the British historian Bernard Lewis: "The long night of Hamidian despotism was over; the dawn of freedom had come. The constitution had once again been proclaimed and elections ordered. Turks and Armenians embraced in the streets."

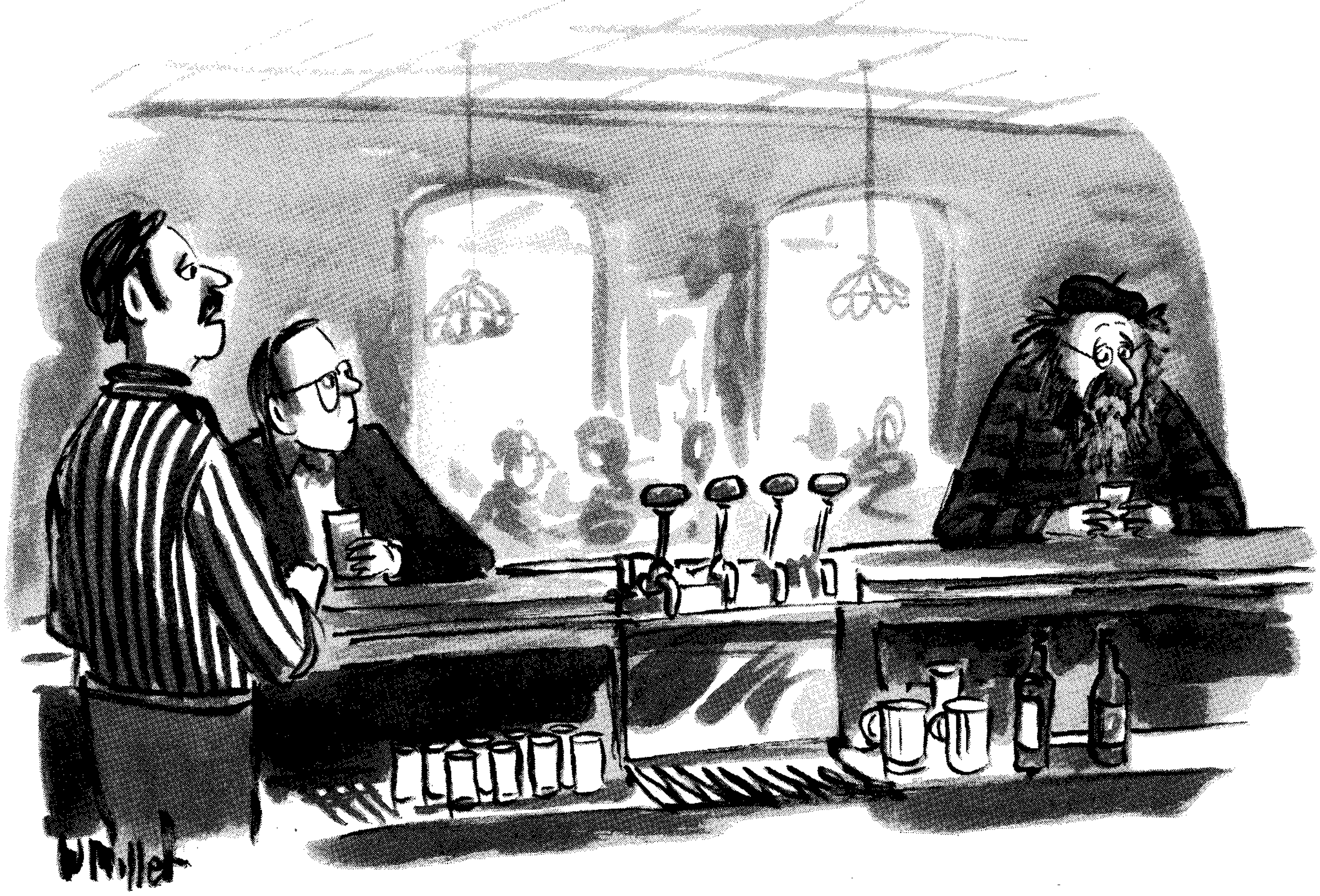
The popular Turkish poet Tevfik Fikret, whose work had often been suppressed for its anti-Hamidian views, poured out his enthusiasm as follows:

> Now we are far from that
> accursed night....
> Our eyes have opened to a radiant
> morning.

Some years later, after the debacle of the First World War and the eventual collapse of the Young Turk government, an American journalist, H. G. Dwight, who had been in Turkey during that period of hope and wishful thinking, wrote in a book about Constantinople:

> Although time has only partially fulfilled so many generous aspirations, or has turned them to bitterness, I refuse to believe that they were totally insincere. I shall always count it, on the contrary, among the most enlarging experiences of my life to have been in Constantinople in 1908, and to have seen a people at one of those rare moments when it really lives.

From many accounts, there was literally dancing in the streets during the midsummer weeks, and if Turks and Armenians embraced, small wonder, for the "long night of Hamidian despotism" did appear to be over. Abdul-Hamid himself was still sultan, but he was no longer an autocrat. The cause for celebration was the relatively bloodless coup d'état whereby units of the Ottoman Army controlled by the Young Turks had compelled the Sultan to restore the constitution—the same modestly liberal instrument that he had pulled out of a hat in 1876 and then abandoned. However, Turkish political life had changed since the more innocent days of 1876 and the Yeni Osmanlilar—the nineteenth-century Young Turks, with their romantic, Europe-inspired constitutional-reform movement. The men who made the revolution of 1908 belonged to a more recent and far more authoritarian Turkish political party, called the Committee of Union and Progress (Ittihad ve Terakki). Furthermore, they were mostly from the military wing of the Committee—disaffected junior officers of Ottoman Third Army units in Macedonia. For another thing, in the ten-year interval since Abdul-Hamid's massacre of the Armenians an important split had developed between Turkish and Armenian reformers, who nonetheless continued to meet together regularly until 1913, in



"Poor fellow—he used to be an engaging conversationalist, but all the wild, far-out things he used to talk about are painfully obvious to everybody nowadays."

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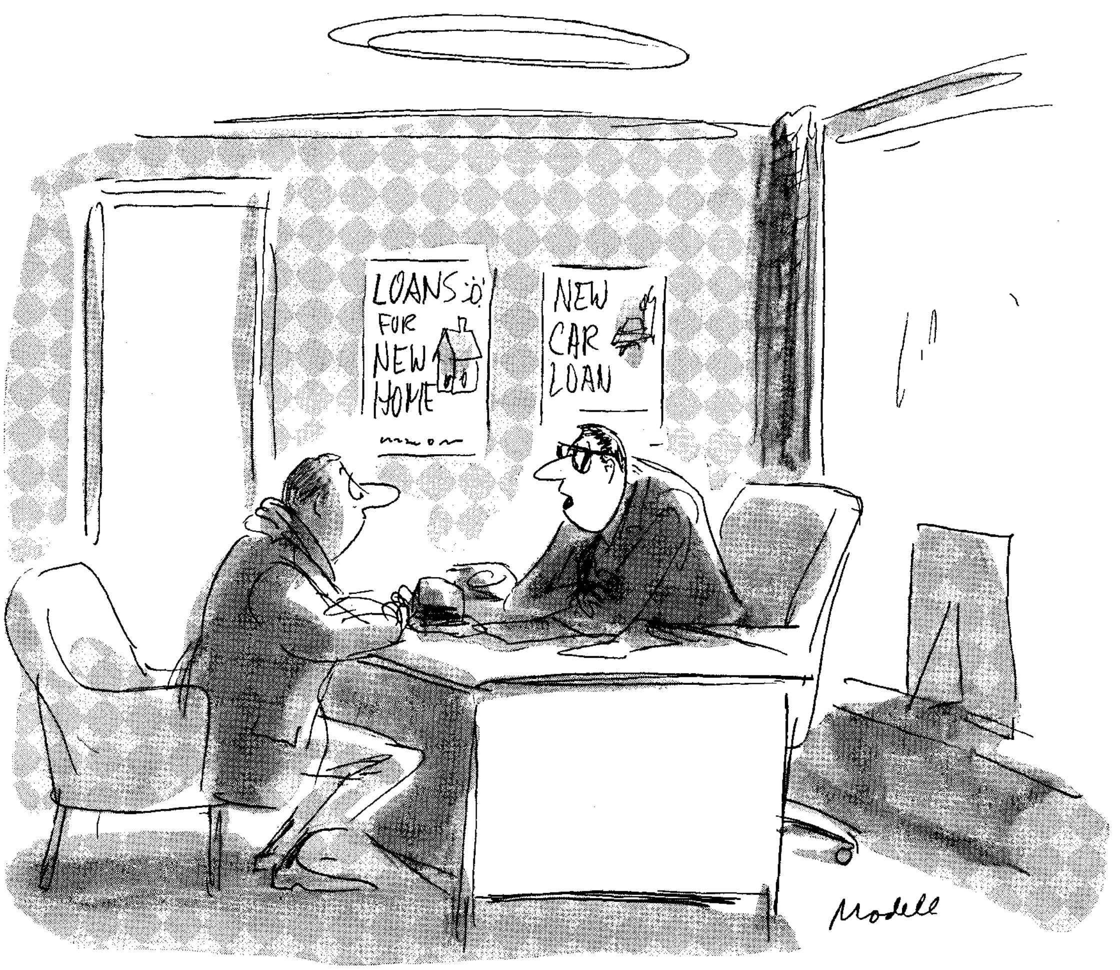
an attempt to reconcile their diverging aims.

Essentially, the chief source of disagreement between the Turks and the Armenians was the issue of European intervention. For ever since the Hamidian massacres the Armenians (notably the members of Dashnaktsutiun, a revolutionary party founded in Russia at the end of the nineteenth century) had felt that the best possibilities for reform lay in the intervention of liberal Europe, whose leaders continued to profess concern and sympathy over the "Armenian Question"—needless to say, without having done much of anything about it. The Turks, on the other hand, had become more and more hostile to the notion of imposing European political ideas on ancient Turkish Islamic life. Thus, just as the Armenians (who had recently lost an eighth of their population to the paranoia and displeasure of Abdul-Hamid) were looking increasingly to Europe for guarantees of safety and political reform, the Turkish political and military activists were growing steadily anti-European (chiefly anti-English and anti-French), and turning more nationalistically Turkish and Islamic in their plans for a new nation. But even after the 1908 coup neither the Turks nor the Armenians had any very radical program for the old Ottoman empire, which both groups still conceived of in its traditional form, including the sultanate.

Such solemn and almost shy ambitions—the shyness of political children! In our starker and more violent century (a Lear among centuries), scarcely a political manifesto has been issued that does not have the smell of murder somewhere about it. Years after the genocide of the Armenians in Turkey during the First World War, some would say that the Armenians had been trying to secede from Turkey—and by the time of the genocide to some extent that was true. But in 1908, far from wishing to break away from, or even overturn, this backward and bankrupt "empire," they seem to have mainly wanted to regenerate it, and piously, in the manner of self-absorbed children, worried that someone might misunderstand and think they wished to do away with the office of sultan, to take that step so final in any family—parricide, regicide, sultanicide.

But time never stays still for anyone, perhaps least of all for reformer-revolutionaries. In April, 1909, after the dancing in the streets of Constantinople had died down, Abdul-Hamid (whose telegraph system had provided him with such inferior information concerning the coup d'état) attempted a last maneuver. Still in Yildiz Palace and still sultan, knowing that the Young Turks were tinged with liberalism (although very slightly so) and that any liberalism implied religious liberalism, even secularism—which had traditionally been anathema to the conservative rural Turks of the provinces—Abdul-Hamid, together with the conservative priesthood and reactionary elements in the Army, concocted a counter-revolution. For a short while, the new government was in danger of falling. Muslim dissidents gathered in Saint Sophia Square chanting, "The Holy Law is in danger!" Several Army garrisons in Anatolia, protesting that they did not wish to be governed by "college-trained officers," threatened to march on the capital. But the Young Turks still controlled the majority of the troops, and the counter-revolution was quelled.

Thus, Abdul-Hamid was finally deposed and sent into exile in Salonika, taking with him but a few retainers



"Gee, I don't know. We've never had a request before for a loan for dinner."

• •

and only four members of his harem, the rest of which was disbanded, with the women (many of them of mature age) left to be called for by parents or relatives—who now came in from remote sections of the country—in the fashion of schoolchildren being picked up at the end of term. A new sultan was installed, but merely as a figurehead. The Young Turks were firmly in power, having perhaps learned an early lesson: never to underestimate the religious conservatism and fervor of their countrymen. If Turkey should be for the Turks, then it was worth remembering that the Turks were still predominantly and passionately Muslim.

CONSIDER some snapshots of the Young Turks who ruled Turkey on the eve of the First World War. They were taken by an official Ottoman photographer and reprinted in an *Illustrated London News* of 1913:

The first man has a large head, with a round, heavy face. He is forty-one years old, but he looks much older—middle-aged. There is a fringe of dark beard around his chin, and on the whole he seems to have a sober, almost bureaucratic expression, which belies his braided uniform. He is Jemal Pasha, once a colonel in the Third Army, now Minister of Marine.

The second man is different. He is short, slender, with a decidedly Gallic look to him. He has a thin, trim mustache and dark, carefully brushed-back hair. His face is fine-boned, with intense eyes. There is something of the dandy in his appearance. He is Enver Pasha, thirty-two years old, formerly a major in the Third Army, now Minister of War.

The third man is from the same mold as the first: a round and heavy Turkish face, with ample cheeks and a bearded chin. His eyes seem more alert than Jemal's, and more concentrated than Enver's. There is something even of a professor in his gaze—but a rough-hewn, almost coarse professor. He is Talaat Pasha, forty-one years old, formerly a telegraph clerk in Edirne, now Minister of the Interior.

TURKEY for the Turks. Once the Young Turks were in charge of the country, they struggled with such noble matters as "land reform" and a reorganization of the Constantinople Fire Department. The Young Turk government also solved the long-standing problem of the roaming dog packs of Constantinople. It collected all the stray dogs of the city and shipped them to a deserted island in the Sea of Marmara, where in due course they starved to death.

Nor did the great powers now choose to sit around for very long placidly observing the new government, in the fashion of benign uncles looking upon a small child. In 1908, Austria-Hungary, with Russian approval, dived into the Turkish European provinces and extracted Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the same year, with Austria-Hungary's approval, Bulgaria declared its independence. In 1911, Italy, with the endorsement of France and England, acquired the Ottoman North African province of Tripoli. In 1912, Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria formed a loose confederacy and pushed Turkey almost completely out of the Balkans. Indeed, on the eve of the First World War Turkey's best friend appeared to be Germany.

For perhaps thirty years before the war, Germany had made no secret of its special fondness for Turkey—a fondness that could easily be explained as the desire of a belatedly colonial, modern state to exploit the considerable economic possibilities of the unindustrialized Ottoman empire. Twice—in 1889 and 1898—Kaiser Wilhelm himself had travelled by yacht to Constantinople, where he had stoutly shaken the hand of Abdul-Hamid, kissed him on both cheeks, and been shown at least a small degree of affection in return. German track had been laid down for the Berlin-Baghdad Railway. A German telephone system had been installed in Constantinople. In 1913, the year before the outbreak of war in Europe, the Young Turk government accepted a detachment of German "military advisers," under General Otto Liman von Sanders, who were attached to the Turkish Army with a view to instructing and training it in new techniques.

In the summer of 1914, however, as the World War crept closer, with the swift moves of Germany and the great mobilizations of the Entente powers, Germany was not eager to have Turkey come in on its behalf. The Kaiser felt that Turkey's armed forces were too ill-equipped and disorganized to be of much use in a military alliance. Perversely, it was some of the more ambitious Young Turks, notably Enver Pasha, who pushed the matter, for evidently they wished to be allies of mighty Germany in the great adventure that was just beginning. On August 2nd, a secret military alliance with Germany was signed, which left Turkey with only the appearance of neutrality. England then forced the issue by impounding two Turkish warships that were under construction in English yards. In retaliation, Turkey permitted two German warships in flight across the Mediterranean to seek refuge in Turkish waters. England, France, and Russia demanded the immediate disarming of the German warships and the repatriation of their crews. At first, the Young Turks hesitated, and then they announced that they had "purchased" the warships from the Germans. On October 29th, the two ships, still manned with German crews under a German commander but flying the Turkish flag, attacked Russian shipping and ports in the Black Sea, and shortly thereafter Russia declared war on Turkey. The Ottoman empire was finally in the war, on the side of Germany.

Why should the Young Turks have been so eager to bring their impoverished and backward country into the World War? It is hard to say. Economically as well as militarily, the Turks were in poor shape when they entered the war, and they were a good deal worse off when it was over. On the other hand, one might ask what rational basis any of the more advanced nations had for entering that wretched war, with its self-destructive eruption of dammed-up aggressions. Doubtless, in the dim mind of each nation there existed a kind of dream: *Drang nach Osten;* Ruling the Waves; *La Gloire;* Pan-Slavism. In the case of the Young Turks, it seems to have been a dream (albeit a vague and hazy one, like all their dreams) of a new Turkish empire, which would incorporate the Muslim population of southern Russia and also the Muslims of Iran and Egypt: a pan-Muslim empire.

In any event, with much of the civilized world resounding to such hunting calls as "On to Paris!" and "On to Berlin!," how is one to blame Enver Pasha—still a young man, full of odd bravadoes and conceits—for mounting his own cavalry charge toward "the East"? Which is to say that soon after Turkey was officially in the war Enver Pasha, Minister of War for the Ottoman empire, took passage with a small staff across the Black Sea to Trebizond; from there rode eastward into the Turkish Armenian provinces, where he rounded up all the available troops of the Turkish Ninth Army; and then headed northeast into the Russian Caucasus. Precisely where he was going, nobody knows—and nobody knew then. In the manner of Darius the Great, he was possessed of some grand intuitive "northern vision." General Liman von Sanders had strongly advised against the enterprise—whatever it might be—and he was right. Enver, at the head of a column of one hundred thousand hastily assembled Turkish soldiers, most of them still wearing summer uniforms, enjoyed a few well-acclaimed initial victories, surprising some Russian detachments and capturing several villages. But in short order the situation fell apart. The Russians reorganized and counterattacked en masse. Besides, Enver had chosen to conduct this campaign in what was now the early Russian winter, and great numbers of his troops began to succumb to frostbite and disease. By the first week in January, 1915, the Turkish Ninth Army had been virtually wiped out, and Enver—unusually subdued and sullen—returned to Constantinople.

In the middle of that month, Jemal Pasha led another Turkish army, including a company of whirling dervishes, south toward Egypt. Jemal's force reached the Suez with very little difficulty, but upon encountering the British, opposite Ismailia, they were thrown back. From the start, there was little logic anywhere in the Turkish military position, with slight vitality in the ill-equipped troops and few resources at home. The dream had apparently been of short duration and now seemed to be over. Enver, in Constantinople, went to his office each morning and, sitting behind his desk, attended to paperwork. He refused to discuss the Russian campaign with anyone. Jemal had fallen back to Syria, his army now in the role of a defensive garrison. Then, late in April, 1915, the English, assisted by a force of Australians and New Zealanders, landed at Gallipoli.

A student of the drama might say that at this point the stage was set for a variety of possible dénouements. Turkey might be swiftly forced out of the war by the Allied landing. Or the Young Turk government might be overthrown, either from outside or from within—for there was increasing dissatisfaction with the adventurous but unsuccessful pashas on the part of the conservative faction in the country, especially out in the provinces, where the lot of the poor Turkish farmer had become even worse as a result

SOCKO
ZIP
WOW
ZEST
PEP
GO
VIM
ZING
POW

of war taxation. Consider the situation for a moment: Enver and Jemal—the warriors—were on the defensive in Constantinople and Syria. The hated English were on the doorstep in the Dardanelles, where they were opposed by sixty thousand Turkish troops under General Liman von Sanders and his second-in-command, an early leader of the Young Turk movement named Mustafa Kemal. And then there was the matter of the Armenians.

For immediately after the outbreak of the war both sides had made special efforts to gain the support of the Armenians, inasmuch as the Armenian mountain plateau was considered as strategically valuable in the twentieth century as it had been in ancient times. Perhaps more so. Not only did it represent a "buffer" between Russia and Turkey but its mountainous and central position made it a key to the Black Sea, and even to the northern access to India. Furthermore, since the great oil discoveries of the eighteen-nineties Armenia's proximity to both the Russian fields at Baku, on the Caspian Sea, and the English wells in Mesopotamia had made the region an object of marked interest to most of the great powers. In the autumn of 1914, Count Vorontsov-Dashkov, viceroy of the Transcaucasian provinces, promised the Russian Armenians on behalf of the czar that if they should unreservedly support Russia in the war, then after the war Russia would grant autonomy to the six Turkish-Armenian provinces. At about the same time, in Turkish Armenia, officials from the Young Turk government appeared at a Dashnak convention in Erzurum and promised the delegates that if they should unreservedly support Turkey, then after the war the Turkish government would grant all Armenians autonomy in a "Turkish protectorate" to be made up of certain of the Russian-Armenian provinces as well as parts of the Turkish provinces of Erzurum, Van, and Bitlis.

Now, one should point out that the Ottoman law that had forbidden Armenians to serve in the Turkish armed forces (a restriction that to modern minds might seem like an exemption from death but to earlier minds often seemed more like an exclusion from manhood) had been suspended by 1912, when the Turks needed soldiers for the Balkan War. Many Armenians had then begun to serve in the Turkish Army, and a number of them had been praised for their heroism by Enver Pasha. In fact, at the time that the Young Turks at Erzurum were asking for unreserved support full conscription was in effect throughout the Ottoman empire, and Armenian men between the ages of twenty and forty-five were already serving in the Turkish armed forces. At Erzurum, therefore, the Armenians replied that those of them who were Turkish subjects would continue to behave in uniform as Turkish subjects; as in the Balkan War, they would do as they were commanded. But the Turkish officials wished for something more. They wanted the Dashnakists to recruit a special Turkish-Armenian detachment, whose purpose would be to fight the Russians on its own and liberate Russian Armenia. This the Dashnakists said they would not do.

Into our dramatic equation, then, one must add the refusal of the Armenians—not yet twenty years after the Hamidian massacres—to put together a special brigade with which to make war against a Christian country that had traditionally expressed sympathy for their cause; and one must also add what, specifically, they were quite agreeable to doing: namely, being conscripted into the Turkish Army, putting on the coarse, dun-colored uniforms and puttees, and being shipped to various barracks in Anatolia, where many of them had already begun their training.

There was another factor that one should not ignore—the so-called Armenian Volunteers. These were a loosely organized collection of irregulars—most of them Russian Armenians recruited from the Tiflis and Erevan branches of Dashnaktsutiun—who served in the early days of the war on the Caucasian front, sometimes as scouts or advance units, more often in guerrilla squads of a dozen or so men, and who engaged in raiding forays against the Turkish troops. The active number of these Volunteers rarely exceeded one thousand (not a sizable force compared to Enver's army of one hundred thousand), but they knew the terrain, and they fought well, and—perhaps more to the point in the Turkish view—they existed. As with many guerrilla operations in our own era, a situation of paranoia and rigidity seems to have prevailed in Turkish official minds whereby merely the idea of such a group—of such an unasked-for and impertinent entity—evoked a spectre of rebellious Armenian legions. The Armenians, too, recognized that these Volunteers existed; and their occasional guerrilla raids into the northern sector of Turkish Armenia were regarded by the local inhabitants, variously, as heroic or unsettling. Some photographs of these Volunteers remain, collected in a book, "The Memoirs of Rouben Der Minasian": amateur snapshots of different bands of ten or twelve men, each group posed formally and rather quaintly, almost in the manner of an eighteen-nineties football team—the men usually with mustaches and fierce expressions, wearing lamb's-wool mountain hats, and carrying bandoliers of cartridges. Der Minasian himself was one of the early leaders of this resistance movement, as were such Armenian heroes as Kevork Chavoush, Aram of Moush, and Andranik. There is a picture of Der Minasian: a man in a wool hat, perhaps twenty or twenty-two, brandishing a grenade as he kneels at the front of a group of guerrillas. There are also numerous accounts of ambushes and escapades, of Turkish platoons and sometimes companies engaged, of nighttime rides and river crossings, villages defended, supply trains looted, exchanges of rifle fire. "At the outskirts of the village of S., I ordered the people to scatter, everyone for himself. I was now all alone with my company of twenty-two, and the dying Kevork. I took stock of the situation and saw that we were securely hemmed in in a tight triangle. On one side was the village of B., crawling with soldiers. On the other side were the swollen waters of the Euphrates." Much bravery, foolhardiness, and youth.

The Volunteers had originally been formed in order to catch the eye of England and France, the two Allies who would soon be so near, in the Dardanelles, and remain so far. But the strongest impression they seem to have made was on the hard-pressed and suspicious Turks. In December, 1914, when Enver's ill-fated northern expedition had already begun to falter, a company-strength unit of Volunteers stationed in the snowbound Keri Pass on one occasion held off an entire Turkish division long enough to permit a trapped Russian force to escape. The story was not reported in the distant European press, which in any case was preoccupied with matters on the Western front. But after Enver had returned in defeat to Constantinople, in early 1915, the account began to be noised about in Turkish government circles—and was picked up by the German Embassy—that the chief reason for the failure of the Turkish advance had been "mass defections" of Turkish Armenians to the Russian side. Moreover, a short while later—toward the end of April, 1915—an "incident" took place in the predominantly Armenian town of Van, in eastern Turkey.

ACCORDING to an American, Grace Knapp, who was in Van at the time, visiting the medical mission, and who later provided a lengthy eyewitness report, the trouble arose shortly after the Governor General of the province of Van, Djevdet Bey, who was a brother-in-law of Enver Pasha, returned from the ill-starred Caucasian campaign. First, on the pretext of asking for their coöperation, he arranged for the murder of four Armenian leaders. Then Turkish troops were instructed to dig entrenchments around the Armenian sector of the town. "On Tuesday, the 20th of April, at 6 A.M., some Turkish soldiers tried to seize one of a band of village women on their way to the city," wrote Miss Knapp. "She fled. Two Armenian soldiers came up and asked the Turks what they were doing. The Turkish soldiers fired on the Armenians, killing them. Thereupon the Turkish entrenchments opened fire. The siege had begun." The Turks had artillery and around four thousand soldiers. "The Armenian force consisted of 1,500 trained riflemen possessing only about 300 rifles. . . . They began to make bullets and cartridges." The Armenians of Van held off the Turks for five weeks, until advancing Russian troops diverted the Turks' attention. Meanwhile, the Turks had massacred most of the Armenians in the surrounding villages and had destroyed much of the Armenian section of Van. "There will either be nothing but Turks or nothing but Armenians left in this city," Djevdet Bey had said on one occasion. In Constantinople, where the foreign press and diplomatic corps had little knowledge of or interest in remote eastern Turkey, the German Embassy sent this dispatch to Berlin: "The Turkish Government has informed us of an attack by armed Armenian insurrectionists on Muslim inhabitants of the town of Van. Many Muslims have been slain. The Turkish Government has been forced to take steps to put down the rebellion." The dramatic equation, whatever its seemingly random or unconnected components, appeared to be in the process of resolution.

"A DECREE went forth that all Armenians should be disarmed. The Armenians in the [Turkish] Army were drafted out of the fighting ranks, reformed into special labor battalions, and set to work throwing up fortifications and constructing roads." So reads an excerpt from what is probably the most substantial report on the Armenian genocide, "The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire, 1915-16," which was published in London in 1916 under the signature of Viscount James Bryce. Bryce, then an old man, was one of those noble establishment figures—a statesman and scholar, at one time or another Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, President of the Board of Trade, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Ambassador to Washington. He had once climbed Mt. Ararat, and had been a friend of Gladstone's. The book is an immense undertaking, running to nearly six hundred pages of case histories and eyewitness accounts, and its assembly was the work not of Viscount Bryce but of a young Oxford graduate. "I had the good fortune," wrote Viscount Bryce in a prefatory note, "to secure the coöperation of a young historian of high academic distinction, Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee, late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. He undertook to examine and put together the pieces of evidence collected." The Bryce-Toynbee report (Professor Toynbee today

Moor Haven
Wood Haven
TAX HAVEN
Ed Fisher

CUMBERLAND STATION

Gray brick, ash, hand-bent railings, steps so big
it takes hours to mount them, polished oak
pews holding the slim hafts of sun, and one
splash of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette.* The man
who left Cumberland gone, come back, no job
anywhere. I come here alone, shaken
the way I came years ago to ride down
mountains in Big Daddy's cab. He was
the first set cold in the black meadow.

Six rows of track gleam, thinned, rippling
like water on walls where famous engines steam, half
submerged in frothing crowds with something
to celebrate and plenty to eat. One engineer takes
children for a free ride, a frolic
like an earthquake. Ash cakes their hair.
I am one of those who walked uphill
through flowers of soot to zing
scared to death into the world.

Now whole families afoot cruise South Cumberland
for something to do, no jobs, no money for bars,
the old stories cracked like wallets.

This time there's no fun in coming back. The second
Death. My roundhouse uncle coughed his youth
into a gutter. His son, the third, slid on the ice,
losing his need to drink himself
stupidly dead. In this vaulted hall
I think of all the dirt poured down
from shovels and trains and empty pockets.
I stare into the huge malignant headlamps
circling the gray walls and catch a stuttered
glimpse of faces stunned like deer on a track,
children getting drunk, shiny as Depression apples.

Churning through the inner space of this godforsaken
wayside, I feel the ground try to upchuck and I dig
my fingers in my temples to bury a child
diced on a cowcatcher, a woman smelling
alkaline from washing out the soot.

Where I stood in that hopeless, hateful room
will not leave me. The scarf of smoke I saw
over a man's shoulder runs through me
like the sored Potomac River.

Grandfather, you ask why I don't visit you
now you have escaped the ticket-seller's cage
to fumble hooks and clean the Shakespeare reels.
What could we catch? I've been sitting in the pews
thinking about us a long time, long enough to see
a man can't live in jobless, friendless Cumberland
anymore. The soot owns even the fish.

I keep promising I'll come back, we'll get out,
you and me, like brothers, and I mean it.
A while ago a man with the look of a demented cousin
shuffled across this skittery floor and snatched up
the *Post-Gazette* and stuffed it in his coat
and nobody gave a damn because nobody cares
who comes or goes here or even who steals
what nobody wants: old news, photographs
of dead diesels with ashen faces
swimming into Cumberland Station.

I'm the man who stole it and I wish you were here
to beat the hell out of me for it because
what you said a long time ago welts my face
and won't go away. I admit
it isn't mine even if it's nobody else's.
Anyway, that's all I catch this trip—bad
news. I can't catch my nephew's life, my uncle's,
Big Daddy's, or yours, or the ash-haired kids
who fell down to sleep here after the war.

Outside new families pick their way along tracks
you and I have walked home on many nights.
Every face on the walls goes on smiling,
and, Grandfather, I wish I had the guts
to tell you this is a place I hope
I never have to go through again.

—DAVE SMITH

• •

is several years older than Bryce was in 1916, and is the possessor of a parallel eminence) continues, "The disarming of the civil population was left to the local authorities, and in every administrative centre a reign of terror began. The authorities demanded the production of a definite number of arms. Those who could not produce them were tortured, often in fiendish ways; those who procured them for surrender, by purchase from their Muslim neighbours or by other means, were imprisoned for conspiracy against the Government. Few of these were young men, for most of the young had been called up to serve."

From an "Address delivered in America, 13th December, 1915, by a professor from the college at X.":

"Persons suspected [of keeping arms] were arrested and taken to the Government Building, where they were subjected to the cruelest forms of torture. Usually they were bound and bastinadoed until they became unconscious. Boiling water was sometimes poured on the soles of the feet, to increase the pain of the bastinadoing. . . . At least two men of our city died under this torture. . . . They took [the blacksmith] to the Government Building. There they bound him, and four brutal men stuffed his mouth with filth, and beat him with rods all over the body until he became unconscious. As soon as he regained consciousness, they repeated the process. . . . We learned afterward that the occasion for this man's torture was that he was seen casting a 16-lb. shot, which we had ordered him to make for our college field-day sports this year. The man who saw him reported to the police that he had been making bombs."

From a "Narrative of an Armenian lady departed from C.":

"The Turkish officials searched the Armenian churches and schools of G., H., C., AQ., AR., AS., and the surrounding villages, but without finding anything incriminating. . . . After that, they arrested from the town of C. the following persons: Professor B., Mr. H., and his brother J. . . . as well as many others old and young. . . . They took them to the house of V. Agha, stripped them one by one, and gave them 300 lashes on their backs. When they fainted, they threw them into a stable and waited until they had revived, in order to beat them again. . . . After beating T. Effendi in H. and tearing out his fingernails and the flesh of his hands and feet they put a rope under his arms, dragged him to C., and threw him into prison."

From a "Narrative of a foreign resident of German nationality":

"I was called to a house one day where I saw a sheet which originated from the prison, and which was being sent to the wash. This sheet was covered with blood, and running in long streams. I was also shown clothes which were drenched and exceedingly dirty. It was a puzzle to me what they could possibly have done to the prisoners, but I got to the bottom of the matter by the help of two very reliable persons who witnessed part of it themselves.

"The prisoner is put in a room . . . and gendarmes standing in twos at both sides . . . administer bastinadoes, each in their turn, as long as they have enough force in them. In Roman times forty strokes were administered at the very most; in this place, however, 200, 300, 500, even 800 strokes are administered. The foot swells up and then bursts open, and thus the blood spurts out. . . . On the next day, or, more exactly, during the night, as all ill-treatments are carried on at night . . . the whole bastinadoing is repeated again, in spite of the swollen feet and the wounds. . . . I was then in R., but in that prison there were . . . no less than thirty prisoners, who all had their feet in such a state that they began to burn and had to be amputated. . . . A young man was beaten to death within the space of five minutes."

These accounts from the Bryce-Toynbee report were selected more or less at random. At least, they are not notably more sensational than the hundred and fifty or so other statements in the book, the majority of which were "drawn from neutral witnesses who were living in or passing through Asiatic Turkey while these events were happening, and had opportunities of observing them."

"Hello there! I'm Louise Anderson. I'd like to tell you about Sunday afternoon!"

• •

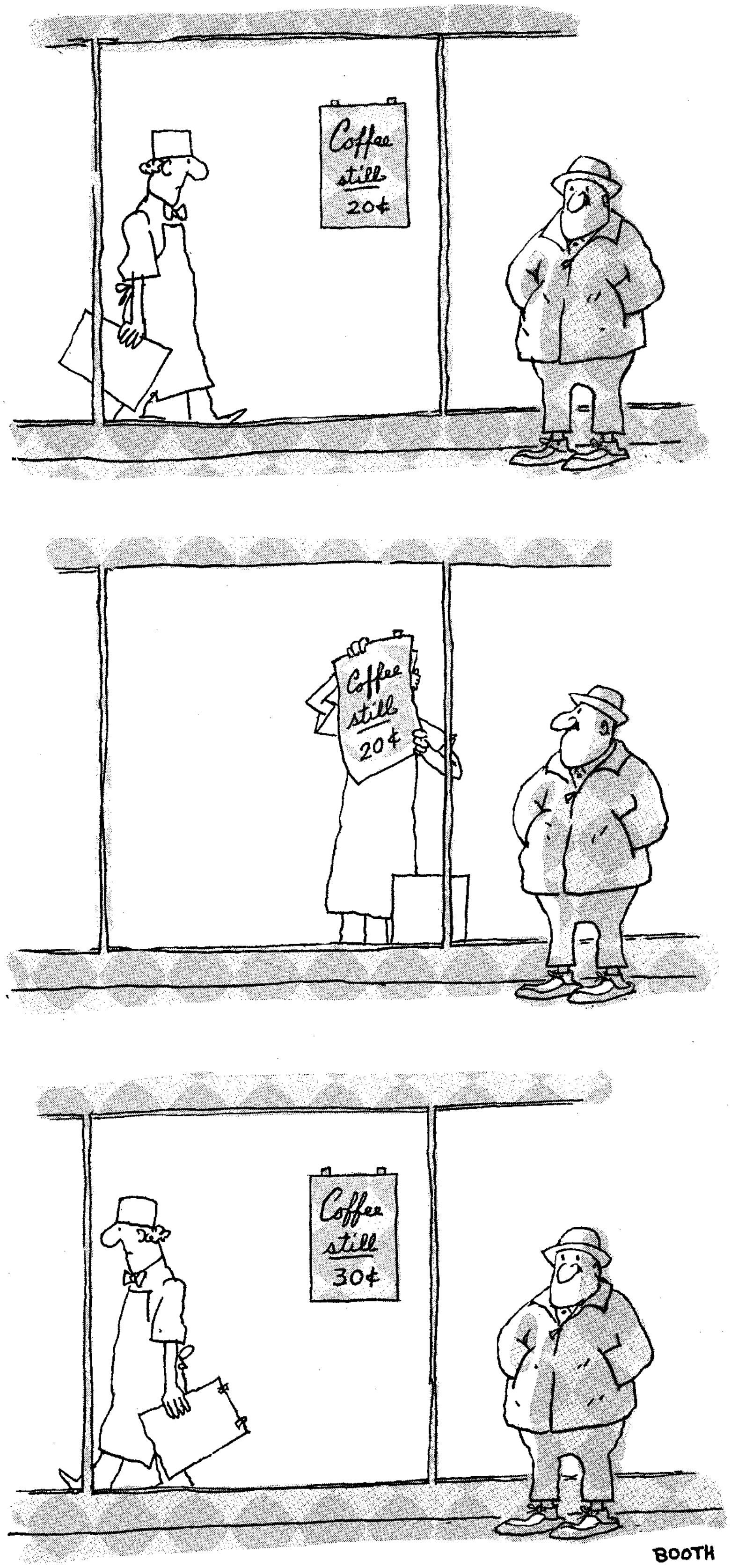
THERE is also another voice from that period—that of Henry Morgenthau, United States Ambassador to Turkey during the early years of the World War, who published his recollections in 1918. From "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story":

"In the early part of 1915, the Armenian soldiers in the Turkish army were reduced to a new status. Up to that time most of them had been combatants, but now they were all stripped of their arms and transformed into workmen . . . road laborers and pack animals. . . . They had to spend practically all their time in the open, sleeping on the bare ground. . . . They were given only scraps of food; if they fell sick they were left where they had dropped. . . .

"Let me relate a single episode which is contained in one of the reports of our consuls and which now forms part of the records of the American State Department. Early in July, 2,000 Armenian *amélés*—such is the Turkish word for soldiers who have been reduced to workmen—were sent from Harpoot to build roads. The Armenians in that town understood what this meant and pleaded with the Government for mercy. But this official insisted that the men were not to be harmed, and he even called upon the German missionary, Mr. Ehemann, to quiet the panic, giving that gentleman his word of honor that the ex-soldiers would be protected. . . . Yet practically every man of these 2,000 was massacred, and his body thrown into a cave. . . . A few days afterward another 2,000 soldiers were sent to Diyarbakir. The only purpose of sending these men out in the open country was that they might be massacred. In order that [they] might have no strength to resist . . . these poor creatures were systematically starved. Government agents went ahead on the road, notifying the Kurds that the caravan was approaching. . . . Not only did the Kurdish tribesmen pour down from the mountains upon this starved and weakened regiment, but the Kurdish women came with butcher's knives in order that they might gain that merit in Allah's eyes that comes from killing a Christian."

There is a photograph of Ambassador Morgenthau in the front of his book: a spare, elegant diplomat in his early sixties, with that look of nineteenth-century probity about him, and the same partly bald head and rimless eyeglasses one associates with his son, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Franklin Roosevelt. The Ambassador's account continues:

"Yet these happenings did not constitute what the newspapers of the time commonly referred to as the Armenian atrocities; they were merely the preparatory steps in the destruction of the race. The Young Turks displayed greater ingenuity than their predecessor, Abdul-Hamid. . . . Instead of massacring outright the Armenian race, they now decided to deport it. In the south and southeastern section of the Ottoman empire lie the Syrian desert and Mesopotamian valley . . . a dreary, desolate waste, without cities and towns or life of any kind, populated only by a few wild and fanatical Bedouin tribes. . . . The Central Government now announced its intention of gathering the two million or more Armenians living in the several sections of the empire and transporting them to this desolate and inhospitable region."



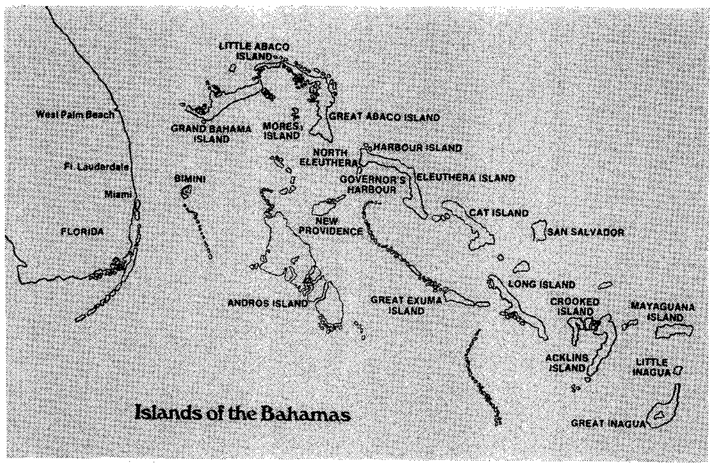
FROM the Bryce-Toynbee report: "On the 8th April [1915] the final phase began, and the process . . . was applied to one Armenian centre after another throughout the Ottoman empire. On a certain date, in whatever town or village it might be (and the dates show a significant sequence), the public crier went through the streets announcing that every male Armenian must present himself forthwith at the Government Building. . . . The men presented themselves in their working clothes, leaving their shops and work-rooms open, their ploughs in the field, their cattle on the mountain side. When they arrived, they were thrown without explanation into prison, kept there a day or two, and then marched out of the town in batches, roped man to man, along some southerly or south-easterly road. They were starting, they were told, on a long journey—to Mosul or perhaps to Baghdad. . . . They had bidden no farewell to their families. . . . But they had not long to ponder over their plight, for they were halted and massacred at the first lonely place on the road. . . .

"After the Armenian men had been summoned away to their death, there was usually a few days' interval in whatever town it might be, and then the crier was heard again in the streets, bidding all Armenians who remained to prepare themselves for deportation, while placards to the same effect were posted on the walls. This applied, in actual fact, to the women and children, and to a poor remnant of the men who, through sickness, infirmity, or age, had escaped the fate marked out for their sex. . . .

"There was an official fiction that their banishment was only temporary, and they were therefore prohibited from selling their real property or their stock. The Government set its seal upon the vacated houses, lands, and merchandise, 'to keep them safe against their owners' return;' yet before these rightful owners started on their march they often saw these very possessions . . . made over by the authorities as a free gift to Muslim immigrants, who had been concentrated in the neighbourhood in readiness to step into the Armenians' place."

In some areas—for instance, in cer-

Why anyone would want to fly beyond us is beyond us.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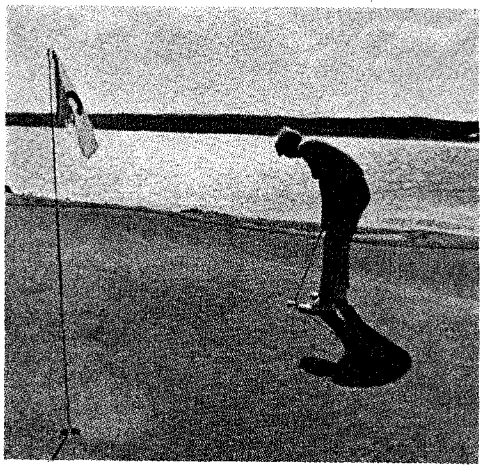
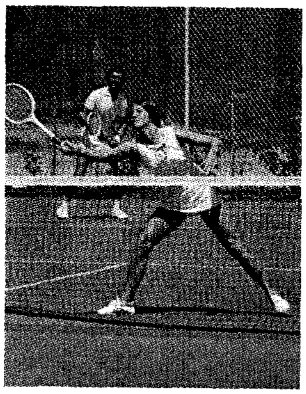
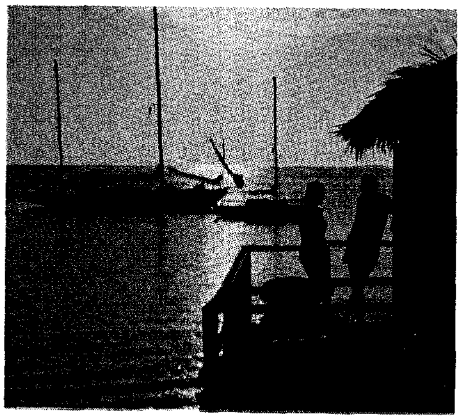
LITTLE INAGUA
GREAT INAGUA
Islands of the Bahamas







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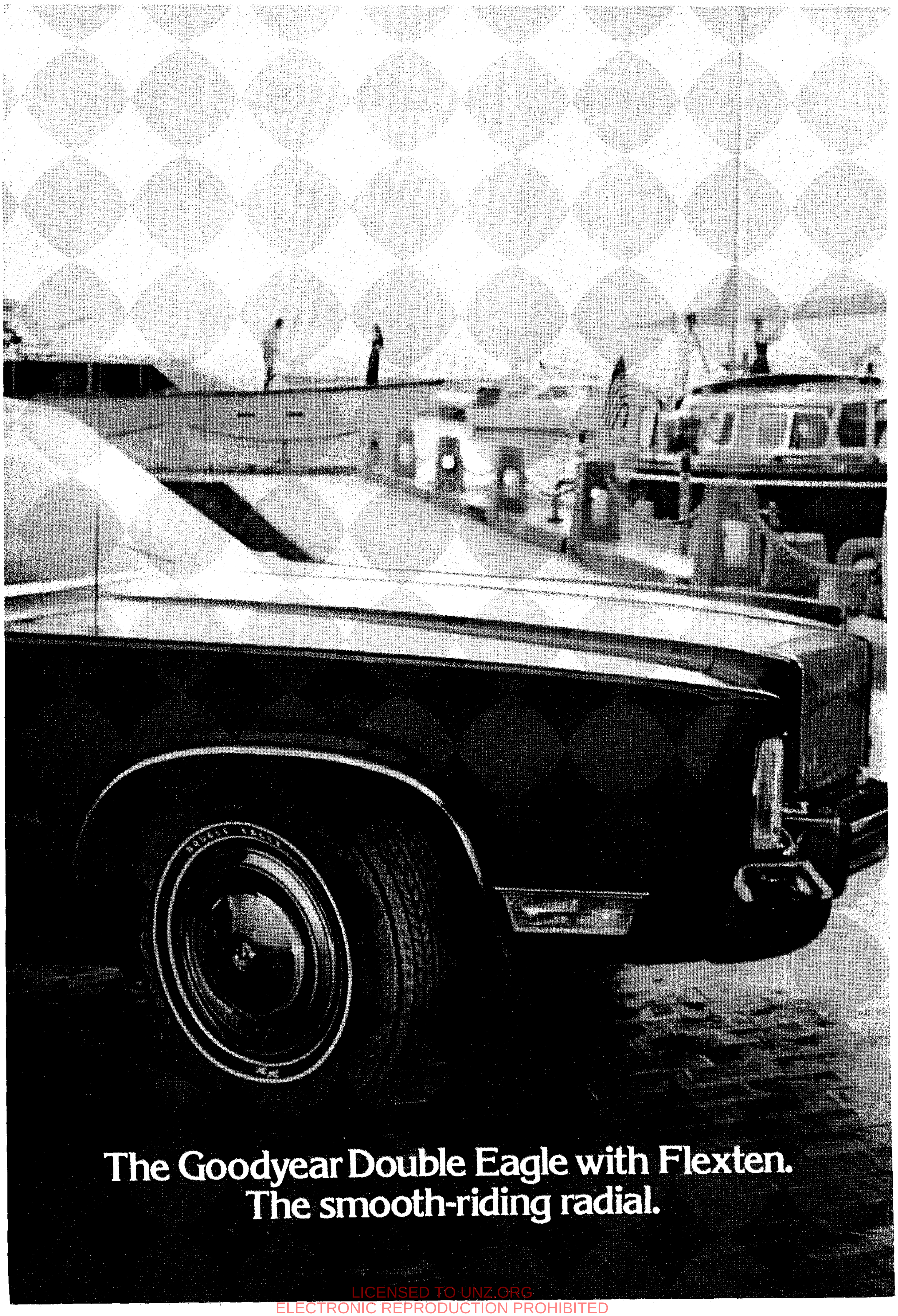
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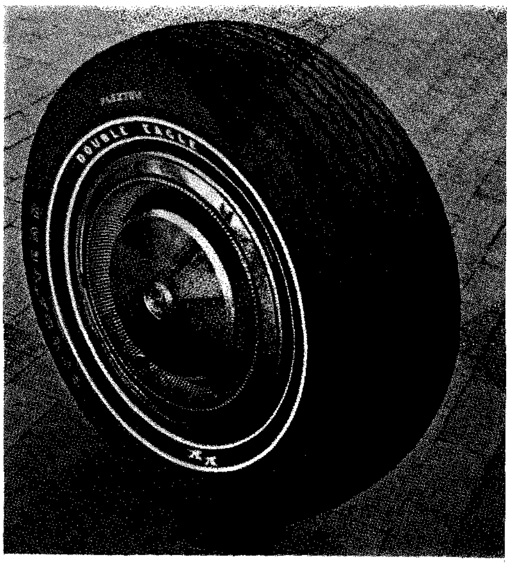

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THE TALKIES

tain towns in the province of Bitlis—there was little pretense of deportation; most of the inhabitants were massacred instead.

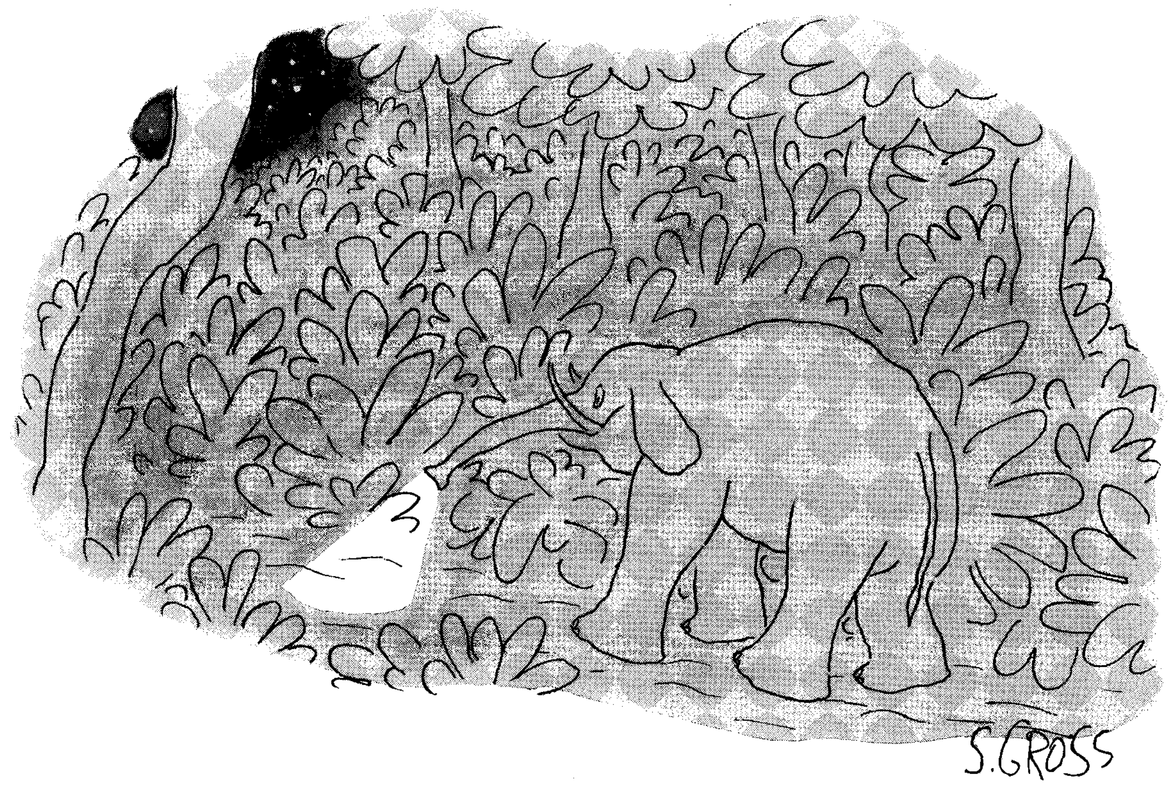
From a “Statement by a German eyewitness . . . communicated by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief”:

“In Harpoot and Mezré the people have had to endure terrible tortures. They have had their eyebrows plucked out, their breasts cut off, their nails torn off; their torturers hew off their feet or else hammer nails into them just as they do in shoeing horses. This is all done at nighttime, and in order that the people may not hear their screams and know of their agony, soldiers are stationed round the prisons, beating drums and blowing whistles. . . . Harpoot has become the cemetery of the Armenians.”

The sufferings of the deportees were of a different order.

From a “Report by Fräulein M. [a Swiss resident in Turkey], dated 16th November, 1915”:

“I have just returned from a ride on horseback through the Baghtché-Osmania plain, where thousands of exiles are lying out in the fields and on the roads, without any shelter and completely at the mercy of all manner of brigands. Last night about twelve o’clock, a little camp was suddenly attacked. There were about fifty to sixty persons in it. I found men and women badly wounded—bodies slashed open, broken skulls and terrible knife wounds. . . . In another camp we found thirty or forty thousand Armenians. I was able to distribute bread among them. Desperate and half-starved, they fell upon it. . . . I often saw them break down under their burden, but the soldiers kept on driving them forward with the butt-ends of their rifles, even sometimes with their bayonets. I have dressed bleeding wounds on the bodies of women that had been caused by these bayonet thrusts.”



From a “Report by Fräulein O. [another Swiss resident] on a visit to the exiles’ camp at Mamouret, 26th November, 1915”:

“We saw thousands of tiny low tents, made of thin material. An innumerable crowd of people, of all ages . . . looking at us partly in surprise, partly with the indifference of desperation. A group of hungry, begging children and women were at our heels: ‘*Hanoum*, bread! *Hanoum*, I am hungry.’. . . Soon the immense procession was moving on. Some of the most miserable were left behind (others rested there already in the newly-dug graves).”

From a “Report by Fräulein M. on a visit to the exiles’ camp at Islohia, 1st December, 1915”:

“It had rained three days and three nights. . . . Many women had their feet frost-bitten; they were quite black and in a state for amputation. The wailing and groaning was horrible. . . . Though I had seen much distress before, the objects and the scenes I saw here defy description. A frailly-built woman was sitting by the roadside with her bedding on her back, and a young baby strapped on at the top of it, and in her arms she had a two-year-old child—its eyes were dim and it was at its last gasp. . . . The filth in and around these tents was something indescribable. On one single day the burial committee buried as many as 580 people.”

The Berlin-Baghdad Railway, a joint German and Turkish enterprise, had been only partly completed, and the Anatolian portion ran from the suburbs of Constantinople southeast as far as Aleppo, on the edge of the Syrian desert. There were breaks in the line at both the Taurus and Amanus ranges. The use of the railroad to deport Armenians began in June, 1915. The Armenians were packed into cattle cars and transported to the railheads, driven across the mountains on foot, and then taken by rail to Aleppo. Owing to a lack of engines and cattle cars, and the movement of troops up and down the small line, the Armenian deportees were frequently halted along the way and compelled to wait by the roadside for weeks, until new transportation could be found for them.

From a “Narrative of a journey . . . by a physician of foreign nationality, who had been resident in Turkey for ten years”:

“At the first large station a sight burst upon my view which, although I knew and was prepared for it, was nevertheless a shock. There was a mob of a thousand or more people huddled about the station and environs, and long strings of cattle-trucks packed to suffocation with human beings. It was the first glimpse of the actual deportation of the Armenians. . . . There was no confusion, no wailing, no shouting, just a mob of subdued people, dejected, sad, hopeless, past tears. . . . At the station of K., as I looked across the fields to the river, I heard the Turkish commander say: ‘Yes, I have 30,000 here under my charge.’ Then I looked as far along the river as I could see, and it was one mass of improvised blanket tents.”

From a “Letter, dated . . . 22nd November, 1915, from an American traveller”:

“We began to pass one train after another, crowded, jammed with these poor people, being carried away. . . . At every station where we stopped, we came side by side with one of these trains. It was made up of cattle-trucks, and the faces of little children were looking out from behind the tiny barred windows of each truck. [At one station] the Armenians told us that they had been in the station for three days with no food. The Turks kept them from buying food. . . . One woman gave birth to twins in one of those crowded trucks, and crossing a river she threw both her babies and then herself into the water. . . . A German officer was on the train with us, and I asked him if Germany had anything to do with this deportation, for I thought it was the most brutal thing that had ever happened. He said: 'You can't object to exiling a race; it's only the way the Turks are doing it which is bad.' "

From a "Report from Dr. D., dated . . . 8th September, 1915":

"In P., the exiles are encamped in the open fields. . . . No protection is provided for them. . . . I have no knowledge of how many deaths have taken place. . . .

"The whip and club are in constant use by the police, and that upon women and children too. . . . A woman with a fractured thigh at the station was being helped by friends intending to bring her to the hospital. A commissary of police came along and ordered her to be dragged back into the carriage. . . . Soldiers' families are . . . said to be exempt from deportation, but in countless cases they are swept away with the rest. The men . . . are serving in the Turkish Army as loyally as any, and their families . . . are driven off in this inhuman manner."

From a "Letter from Dr. E., dated 27th October, 1915":

"Half a mile from the station I found two old women who were crawling about on hands and knees, too weak to walk; they had been carried off on a wagon, ostensibly to go to a village, but, once out of sight of the gendarmes, the driver had dropped them in a field and hurried away. . . . [They] looked forward to certain death by starvation, nor could we see any other future for them. A few miles farther on, we found a little heap of clods . . . and near it a bundle of rags full of a child's bones. The skull, with the scalp still clinging to it, was lying a yard or two away. Evidently there had been a hasty burial, and the dogs had come and torn the grave to pieces and devoured the body. That same day we found another dead body by the roadside—an old woman wrapped in a torn quilt; also a woman about forty years old sitting alone by the road, miles away from any city or village, with feet bare and swollen, almost pulseless, and evidently crazed from terror and exposure, muttering something about Turks who were coming to cut her throat, about her people who had left her behind. . . ."

WHILE the Armenians were thus being killed across Turkey in the middle months of 1915, either by massacre or by starvation, what of the great powers, notably England and France, whose attention the Armenian activists had so wishfully tried to attract? These Allies, it seemed, had their hands full with the war. The Dardanelles campaign was at a standstill. Ambassador Morgenthau wrote, "When it at last became definitely established . . . that the traditional friends of Armenia—Great Britain, France, and Russia—could do nothing to help that suffering people, the mask began to disappear. In April I was suddenly deprived of the privilege of using the cipher for communicating with American consuls. The most rigorous censorship was applied to letters. Such measures could mean only that things were happening in Asia Minor which the authorities were determined to conceal."

In the spring and summer of 1915, at the height of the Armenian deportations, the two principal foreign presences in Constantinople were Morgenthau himself and Baron Hans von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador. Wangenheim, a career diplomat, regarded it as his main mission to keep Turkey in the war and so worked hard not to offend the Young Turk leaders. Generally, he passed on to Berlin without comment the Turkish government's prima-facie declarations that there was nothing much amiss in the Armenian provinces, that reports of massacres were exaggerations, and that such trouble as had occurred had been provoked by Armenian rebelliousness. When, in June, Talaat Pasha acknowledged to a German Embassy official that the mass deportations were not based alone on "military expediency" (as had previously been claimed), Wangenheim wrote to Berlin, "Talaat Bey has . . . openly stated that the Porte wished to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the war to make a clean sweep of their enemies at home without being troubled by foreign diplomatic intervention." On July 7th, he pointed out again that the methods by which the Armenian deportations were being carried out "show that the Government is really aiming at the extermination of the Armenian race in the Ottoman empire." One of his stronger protests appears to have been a memorandum addressed to the grand vizier after the deportations had been in progress for nearly three months, in which he deplored the bad impression created abroad, and, in a kind of postscript, asked the Turks to watch out for "the manifold interests of German commerce and of the German welfare institutions in those provinces where the expulsion of Armenians is now being carried out."

Morgenthau in this period evidently felt different concerns, and conducted himself with less sense of diplomatic correctness—even with a certain largeness of spirit. "Two missionaries had just called upon me, giving the full details of the frightful happenings at Konia," he wrote. "After listening to their stories, I could not restrain myself, and went immediately to . . . Talaat. . . . I began to talk about the Armenians at Konia. I had hardly started when Talaat's attitude became . . . belligerent. His eyes lighted up, he brought his jaws together, leaned over toward me, and snapped out: 'Are *they* Americans?' In a moment Talaat said . . . 'The Armenians are not to be trusted. Besides, what we do with them does not concern the United States.' "

Morgenthau's "Story" continues:

"I find in my diary on August 3d 'that Talaat is the one who desires to crush the poor Armenians.' He told me that the Union and Progress Committee had carefully considered the matter in all its details and that the policy which was being pursued was that which they had officially adopted. . . . 'Why are you so interested in the Armenians, anyway?' he said on another occasion. 'You are a Jew; these people are Christians. The Mohammedans and the Jews always get on harmoniously. We are treating the Jews here all right. What have you to complain of?'

" 'You don't seem to realize,' I replied, 'that I am not here as a Jew but as American Ambassador. . . .'

" 'We treat the Americans all right, too,' said Talaat. 'I don't see why you should complain.' "

Morgenthau had numerous meetings with the Young Turk leaders—espe-

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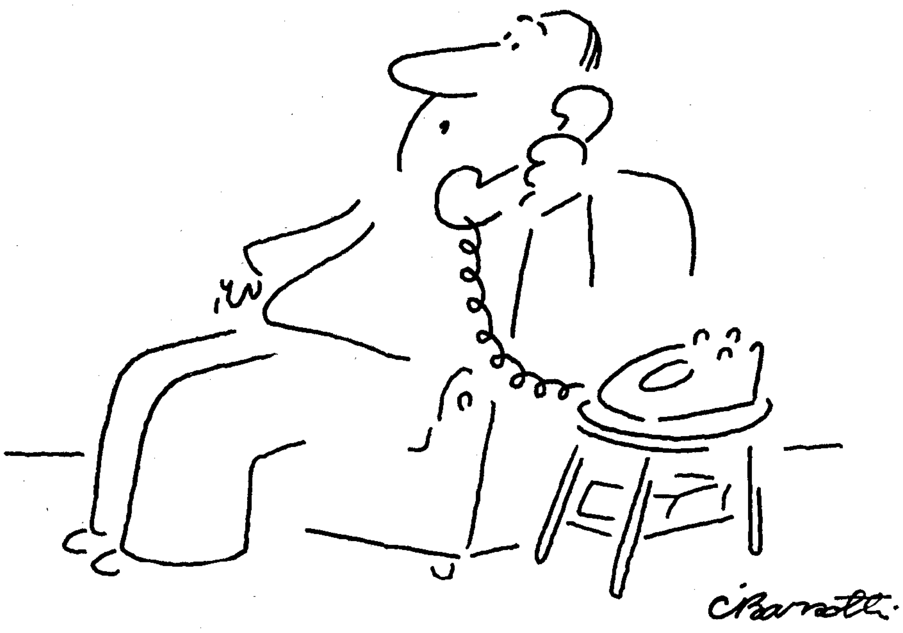


"I'd like to place a person-to-person call, operator, to— oh, just anybody."

• •

cially with Talaat, the Minister of the Interior, whom he regarded as having become the most powerful figure in the government:

"I might as well have been talking to a stone wall. . . . 'These people,' he said, 'refused to disarm when we told them to. They opposed us at Van and at Zeitoun, and they helped the Russians. There is only one way in which we can defend ourselves against them in the future, and that is just to deport them.'

" 'Suppose a few Armenians did betray you,' I said. 'Is that a reason for destroying a whole race? Is that an excuse for making innocent women and children suffer?'

" 'Those things are inevitable,' Talaat replied. This remark to me was not quite so illuminating as one which Talaat made subsequently to a reporter of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who asked him the same question: 'We have been reproached,' he said, according to this interviewer, 'for making no distinction between the innocent Armenians and the guilty; but that was utterly impossible, in view of the fact that those who were innocent today might be guilty tomorrow.' . . .

"I argued for a long time along these and similar lines. 'It is no use for you to argue,' Talaat answered. 'We have already disposed of three-quarters of the Armenians; there are none at all left in Bitlis, Van, and Erzurum. The hatred between the Turks and the Armenians is now so intense that we have got to finish with them. If we don't, they will plan their revenge.' . . .

"Talaat's attitude toward the Armenians was summed up in the proud boast which he made to his friends: 'I have accomplished more toward solving the Armenian problem in three months than Abdul-Hamid accomplished in thirty years!' "

Morgenthau also attempted to put pressure on the Turks through the German Ambassador:

"As soon as the early reports [of the massacres] reached Constantinople, it occurred to me that the most feasible way of stopping the outrages would be for the diplomatic representatives of all countries to make a joint appeal to the Ottoman Government.

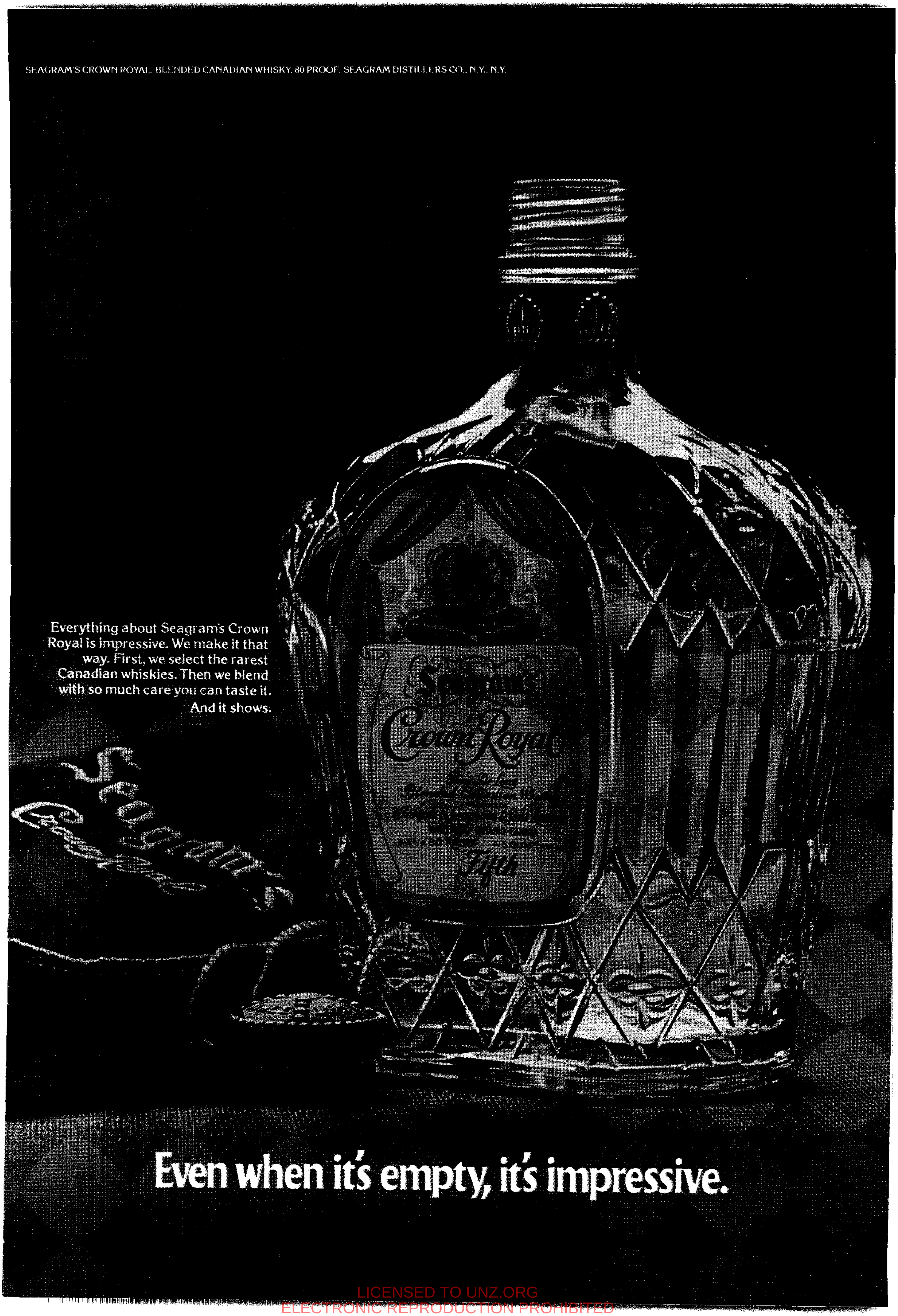
"I approached Wangenheim on this subject in the latter part of March. His antipathy to the Armenians became immediately apparent. He began denouncing them in unmeasured terms. . . . 'The Armenians,' said Wangenheim, 'have shown themselves in this war to be enemies of the Turks. It is quite apparent that the two peoples can never live together in the same country. The Americans should move some of them to the United States, and we Germans will send some to Poland and in their place send Jewish Poles to the Armenian provinces—that is, if they will promise to drop their Zionist schemes.'

"Again, although I spoke with unusual earnestness, the Ambassador refused to help the Armenians. Still, on July 4th, Wangenheim did present a formal note of protest, but he did not talk to Talaat or Enver, the only men who had any authority, but to the grand vizier, who was merely a shadow. . . . [His protest's] only purpose was to put Germany officially on record. . . . Callous as Wangenheim showed himself to be, he was not quite so implacable toward the Armenians as the German naval attaché in Constantinople, Humann. . . .

" 'I have lived in Turkey the larger part of my life,' he told me, 'and I know the Armenians. I also know that both Armenians and Turks cannot live together in this country. One of these races has got to go. And I don't blame the Turks for what they are doing to the Armenians. I think that they are entirely justified. The weaker nation must succumb.' "

THROUGH most of 1915, the deportations continued. From a multitude of eyewitness reports, it is possible to determine that the first convoys started from the Armenian mountain town of Zeitoun, in Cilicia, on April 8, 1915 (almost two weeks before the allegedly provocative "rebellion" in Van), and thereafter steady streams of deportees were driven from the various Armenian centers of the Ottoman empire south toward the desert. According to the Bryce-Toynbee report, there is no record of any interruption or cessation of this mass movement until November 6, 1915: "On that date, an order from Constantinople reached the local authorities, at any rate in the Cilician plain, directing them to refrain from further deportations; but this applied only to the remnant of the local Armenian residents, and the masses of exiles from the north and the northwest who were still painfully struggling across the barriers of Taurus and Amanus were driven on remorselessly to their journey's end." This was either along the wayside or, finally, in the dry and barren deserts of the south, where—for example, outside the desolate and malarial village of Der-el-Zor, which was virtually uninhabited—an evolving twentieth-century institution (borrowed from the Spanish practices of 1896 in Cuba as well as from the British in the Boer War) made its appearance: the concentration camp.

In the first phase of the over-all process, Armenian men had been drafted into the Turkish Army, then disarmed in the labor battalions and massacred, and the men who remained in the towns and villages had also been disarmed, sometimes imprisoned and tortured, and then either killed by the gendarmes or marched out to be massacred by the Kurds. In the second phase, the remainder of the Armenian population, which meant mostly women and children and older men, had



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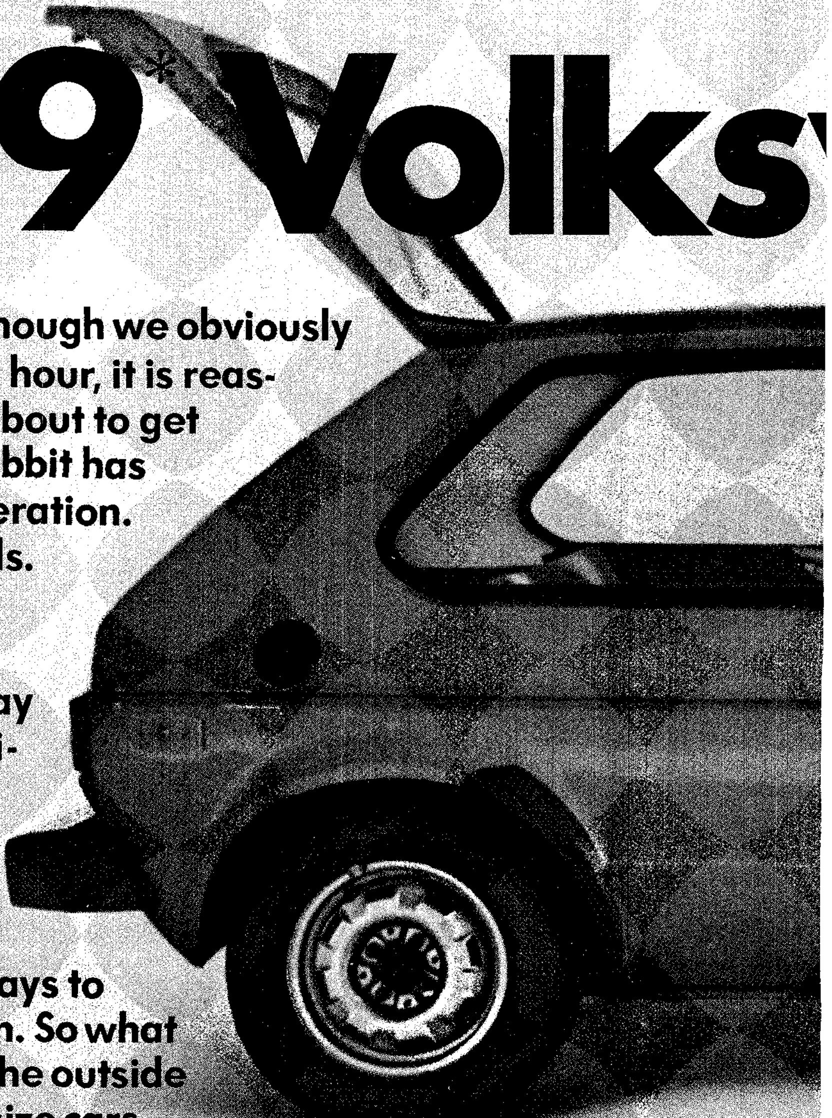

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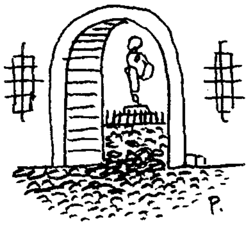
been either packed in cattle cars on the Berlin-Baghdad Railway or driven south on foot across the mountains.

From the Bryce-Toynbee report:

"From the moment they left the outskirts of the towns, they [the deportees] were never safe from outrage. The Muslim peasants mobbed and plundered them as they passed through the cultivated lands, and the gendarmes [in charge of the convoys] connived at the peasants' brutality. . . . When they arrived at a village they were exhibited like slaves in a public place . . . and every Muslim inhabitant was allowed to view them and take his choice of them. . . . The gendarmes themselves began to make free with the rest. . . .



"There were still more horrible outrages when they came to the mountains, for here they were met by bands of 'chettis' and Kurds. The 'chettis' were brigands recruited from the public prisons. . . . When these Kurds and 'chettis' waylaid the convoys, the gendarmes always fraternised with them and followed their lead. . . .

"It depended on the whim of the moment whether a Kurd cut a woman down or carried her away into the hills. . . . But while the convoy dwindled, the remnant had always to march on. The cruelty of the gendarmes towards the victims grew greater as their physical sufferings grew more intense. . . . The passage of rivers, and especially of the Euphrates, was always an occasion of wholesale murder. Women and children were driven into the water, and were shot as they struggled. . . .

"The last survivors often straggled into Aleppo naked. . . . [Others] were transported to Aleppo by rail. . . . At Bozanti, the railhead west of Taurus, and again at Osmania, Mamouret, Islohia, and Kotma . . . vast and incredibly foul concentration camps grew up, where the exiles were delayed for months, and died literally by thousands of hunger, exposure, and epidemics."

The third phase began with that remnant of the Armenians which reached Aleppo, for Aleppo was the point upon which all convoys converged, and those few who had survived the deportations that far were soon marched off again, southeast, into the Syrian desert.

From "Armenia and the Near East," by Fridtjof Nansen, High Commissioner for Refugees under the League of Nations, published in 1928:

"At Meskne on the Euphrates, east of Aleppo, where the Armenians were starved to death in one of the great concentration camps, 55,000 people, according to Turkish figures, lie buried. It is estimated that during 1915, 60,000 deportees were sent to Der-el-Zor on the Euphrates; and the majority of them disappeared. On April 15, 1916, 19,000 were sent in four batches to Mosul, three hundred kilometres across the desert; but only 2,500 arrived. . . . Some of the women and girls had been sold to Bedouins on the way; the rest had died of hunger and thirst. In July, 1916, 20,000 were deported to Der-el-Zor; eight weeks later, according to the testimony of a German officer, only a few artisans were left."

In 1912, the Armenian patriarchate in Constantinople had estimated the Armenian population in Turkey at two million one hundred thousand. This was considered a fairly high figure, since the patriarchate traditionally inflated its membership rolls. After the war, the Turks retroactively released their own pre-deportation figures, which placed the Armenians at one million one hundred thousand—an implausibly low figure. According to the several religious and relief agencies that looked into the situation, the most likely total for the number of Armenians in Turkey before the war fell somewhere between the two statistics. Thus, the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief in 1916 estimated the prewar Armenian population of Turkish Armenia at a million eight hundred thousand. Statistics from 1916 show that there were about a hundred and fifty thousand Armenians in Constantinople and Smyrna who, owing mainly to their visibility, were not subjected to deportation; approximately a hundred and eighty-five thousand Armenians, mostly from the province of Van, who accompanied an invading Russian force when it withdrew to the Russian Caucasus in 1915; approximately eight hundred thousand Armenians, the majority of them in clearly moribund condition, who were uncovered by relief agencies in the concentration camps of the desert and elsewhere across Turkey.

Thus, it is possible to say, not precisely but with a general respect for accuracy and plausibility, that in the course of the 1915-16 massacres and deportations close to one million Armenians—more than half the Armenian population of Turkey—disappeared; which is to say, were killed, outright by police or soldiers, or by roadside mas-

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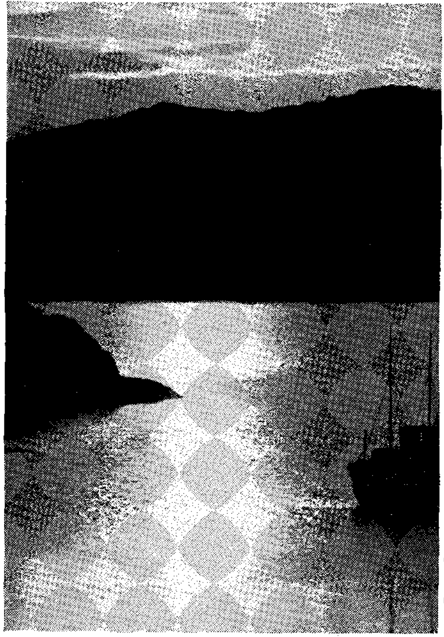

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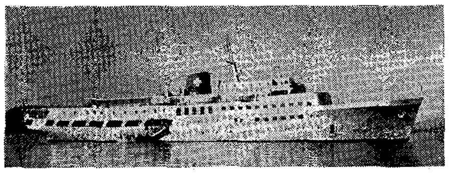

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sacres, or by forced marches, or by starvation, or by sickness, or by conditions in the concentration camps.

On August 31, 1915, Talaat Pasha declared to his German allies, "*La question Arménienne n'existe plus.*"

WHAT was one to make of such a story? I use the word "make" in the sense of "to fashion or create;" or perhaps, in this instance, "to re-create," for there was no point in claiming either that nothing—no myth or dream—had been made of the Armenian story up to now or that what had been made had been in any way useful to the Armenians or to the world. For could one say that self-pity had been useful? Had anger been helpful or creative—this special anger of the Armenians, sometimes wild and childlike, as in the case of men such as Sarkis, for whom the Turks (turned into devils by one set of myths) had been stuck in the Armenian belly like a lump of hot coal; and sometimes an anger ingrown and self-deceiving, as I supposed was felt by men such as my father, for whom the slaying of their forebears (perhaps Christified by the same set of myths) represented such pain and mortification that they could never turn their faces to it?

On the other hand, was it in the end possible for any citizen of the twentieth century—this century of genocide, and bloodshed, and napalm-bombing, and police interrogation—to find some particular meaning in one example of political terror and mass murder as opposed to other examples of political terror and mass murder; in one instance of genocide as opposed to other (smaller? larger?) instances of genocide? Was it not perhaps, finally, more to the point, more useful, to adopt the realism of the era one lived in, and to say, with the grave modesty of someone who has discovered a major truth at no pain to himself: Such is life. Such surely are the facts of life and the human condition—of the universal context of pain and misery. Has there not always been torture and mass murder?

It was easy for the soul to cry "No" to any quick agreement with this view, for souls—certainly souls on American diets—are notoriously hopeful and idealistic, ready to identify with the optimistic affirmation of the Ascension, reluctant to fasten much attention on the process of the Crucifixion. But in this matter one's reason also answered "No." For, although there were certain exceptions, certain obscurities and dark passages in history which precluded one's making a universal law on the subject, nonetheless it seemed generally untrue that life had been precisely, or even approximately, "such," or that there had "always" been such torture and killing. At least, in this one respect it was untrue: in the scale and deliberateness of the killing.

Serious students of the epidemiology of modern violence, such as Hannah Arendt, have written amply and cogently on the increase in mass violence which has taken place in the twentieth century as the energies of technocracy and of the technocratic mind have been added to man's ancient propensity for aggression and murder. It was banality, Dr. Arendt noted—the methodology of an advanced bureaucracy—that made possible the extent of the slaughter of the Jews in Germany, and not necessarily some spurt in mankind's inherent wickedness.

There is reason to believe that this harnessing of modern technology to political mass murder began with the instance of the Turks and the Armenians. Or, if it did not actually begin on such-and-such a date, at such-and-such a place (for one should be wary of asserting such "firsts"), then one can say at least that the Turkish massacres and "deportations" of the Armenians were the most notable early example of the employment of modern communications and technology in the acting out and realization of political violence.

For, clearly, the entire production—or orchestration, if one will—of the Armenian genocide was based on the imperfectly utilized but definitely perceived capacities of the modern state for politically restructuring itself, which were made possible by the engines of technology. In due course, to be sure, Hitler's Germany was to perfect the process of railway deportation and to develop the gas chamber and the crematoria, and Lenin's and Stalin's Russia was to evolve further the institutions of the concentration camp and secret surveillance—as most modern nations now, in scientific concert, have advanced the techniques of efficiently administered torture by the use of electric current. But in virtually every modern instance of mass murder, beginning, it appears, with the Armenians, the key element—not the only element but the key element, which has raised the numerical and psychic levels

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lso, you receive the photograph of an individual child that project, his or her name and address, and the vilege of corresponding on a one-to-one basis. The ld will answer your correspondence and you will get original letter and a translation. If the child is unable write, staff workers or family members help.

pproximately 82% of your monthly $15 sponsorship ment currently is sent to the project and is pooled with ids from other sponsors helping children in the same ject.

We try to have a sponsor for each child, and ask spon-s to make regular monthly payments, but for the lfare of the children, the available funds are divided ally among all the children in a specific project.

f you wish to send a special gift to the child you nsor, the entire amount is forwarded, along with your tructions for use of the gift. In case these instructions not appropriate to the child's best interest, other uses be suggested to you by the child care worker.

pecial gifts must be limited to $10 at one time, unless u wish the money to be used for savings, a special educa-nal benefit, or a special need for the child or family.

nd Raising And Administration

We spend 9.5% of our total income to find new spon-s for the children, and 8.7% for general administration. r child care program administration costs 5.8% and vides for workers who supervise and assist the projects, ng with the cost of photographs, correspondence, nslations and postage.

Because of income from contributors who are not nsors, and other resources, not all of these expenses st come out of your sponsorship payments, and so we able to send 82% of your monthly gift to the child's ject.

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CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL ACTIVITIES
For the Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1974

	Percentage of Total Income	Amount
INCOME:		
Public support:		
Sponsorship contributions	80.3%	$23,011,723
Other	11.3	3,229,105
Bequests	1.2	359,261
Total Public Support	92.8%	$26,600,089
Other support:		
Contributions from Christian Children's Fund of Canada	6.1%	$ 1,736,485
Grants from foreign governments	—	10,723
Total Other Support	6.1%	$ 1,747,208
Total Support	98.9%	$28,347,297
OTHER INCOME:		
Investment income	1.2%	$ 351,110
Gain (loss) on investment transactions	(0.4)	(110,748)
Gain on sale of property	0.3	80,342
Miscellaneous	—	(2,588)
Total Other Income	1.1%	$ 318,116
TOTAL INCOME	100.0%	$28,665,413
EXPENSES:		
Program services:		
Assistance to homeless children	10.9%	$ 3,119,215
Family support and services	64.8	18,568,962
Program administration	5.8	1,671,533
Total Program Services	81.5%	$23,359,710
Supporting Services:		
Management and general	8.7%	$ 2,504,971
Fund raising	9.5	2,712,574
Total Supporting Services	18.2%	$ 5,217,545
TOTAL EXPENSES	99.7%	$28,577,255
EXCESS (DEFICIENCY) OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES	0.3%	$ 88,158

This summary was prepared from the report of the independent certified public accountants.

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of the deed above the classic terms of massacre—has been the alliance of technology and communications: interior communications, such as permit concerted action on the part of a government and its agents, enabling the "net" to be widely cast and the casting of it to be part of a unified procedure; and what is by no means the lesser system of exterior communications, whereby the facts about these objects of government action (these "victims," or "rebels," or "freedom fighters," or "anarchists") are communicated to witness-populations, although they have usually been transformed to the convenience of the government that controls the system. This transformation has the effect of disconnecting the victims from the rest of the world, and even from their own people.

Was the Armenian story, then, a fable of communications, a parable of the failure of language? At this stage, one might acknowledge the obvious: that it was a story composed of a multitude of parts. It was a story of unresolved hostility (the Turks) and of a prolonged national psychic depression (the Armenians); a story of misconceived brotherhood (the Turks and the Armenians) and of bravery and pain and the reduction of personality through terror; a story, also, at least by indirection, of the moral ambitions and ambiguities of the great European Christian democracies; and, not insignificantly, a story, running as a generality—indeed, one might call it a bloody river linking the great murderous events of our century—of the intrinsic weakness, perhaps a weakness identical with that of human nature itself, of the modern system of communications, in which in recent eras virtually all nations have at some crucial point acquiesced.

Acquiescence. What if the witness-clients of the worldwide communications systems had not acquiesced in 1915 and 1916, when letters from schoolteachers and missionaries first began appearing in the Zurich and Basel papers? It is a question impossible to answer, and perhaps pointless, ignoring, as it does, the profound unseriousness of human beings everywhere, and their insistently parochial concerns. What if? Would the English and the French have returned to the Dardanelles? Would a Crusade of Zurich schoolteachers have departed for the Golden Horn? What if? Perhaps one might say that it had been a challenge to a small, unreliable element of the human spirit—a challenge that was never taken up, that was put forward again later, and again, and again, and has still not been taken up. According to documents presented at the Nuremberg trials in 1945, Adolf Hitler, in a discussion with Hermann Goering about the imminent invasion of Poland, asked, "Who still talks nowadays of the extermination of the Armenians?" It was another question without an answer.

BUT if it was possible, and perhaps necessary in a rationalistic sense, to view the Armenian genocide from a political level, even from the rather cool perspective of a student of technology and communications, maybe this was something of a luxury for an Armenian—even a part-Armenian, like me. Somehow it begged the question. For the question was: What—beyond the journalistic facts—had happened to the Armenians? All along, in my search for Armenia and the Armenian ethos, I had found that Armenians—in their books or in their statements, in their cups or, sometimes, matter-of-factly on the street—always came back to this matter of the "massacres," of the "genocide." It would have been cruel or trivial to align this refrain with the standard simile of the broken record: the sounds of a needle that would not, could not, lift itself out of a particular, twisted groove. One knew that this fixation came from something deep, as deep as trauma. One knew that the question (What had really happened?) was not answerable entirely in terms of history or politics, or even of technology or communications, of fixing blame on this side or that side. In the end, one guessed, it was not even answerable mainly in terms of how many had been killed, as if the sheer numerical dimensions of the act (a million dead!) might somehow explain the particular condition of the survivors. This last was not an irrelevant statistic, but it referred backward more than forward, more to the dead than to the living. One hoped that if the question was to be answered at all, it was to be answered for the living.

Ever since I began this journey to Armenia, my father's presence had hovered by me, by no means always approvingly. I had seen his face in dreams and in museums, and had come to find that natural. He was my father. I felt a presence—no, more than that, an invocation—of fathers everywhere around me. What had Sarkis said that afternoon, almost in pain? "Your father was an Armenian. You must respect him." It lingered in

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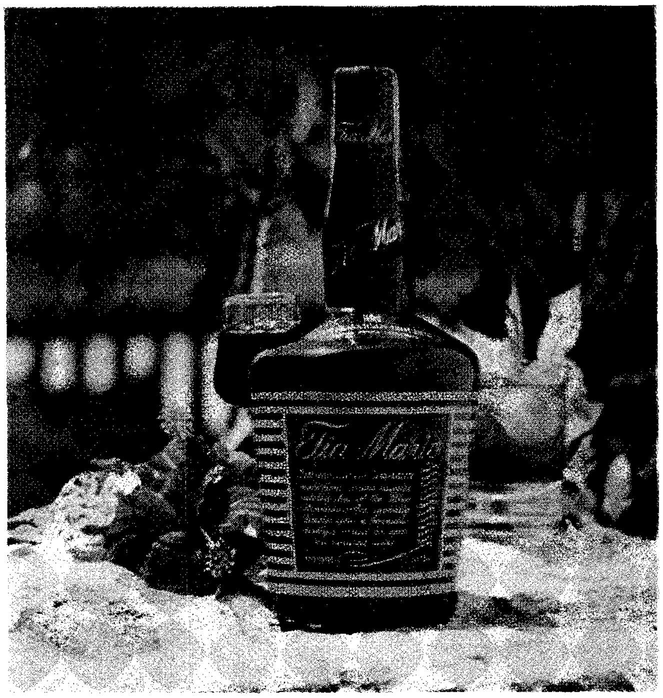

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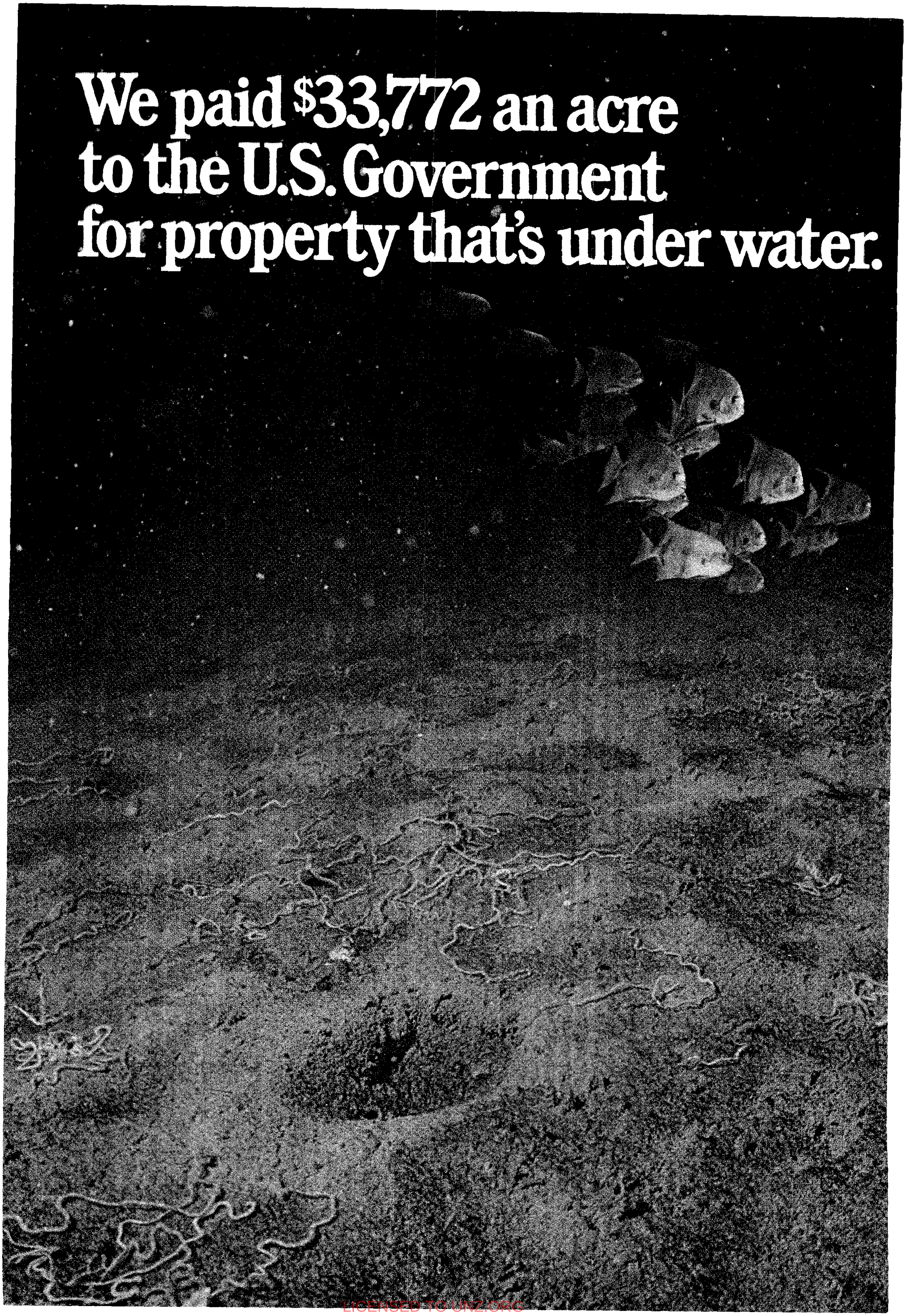

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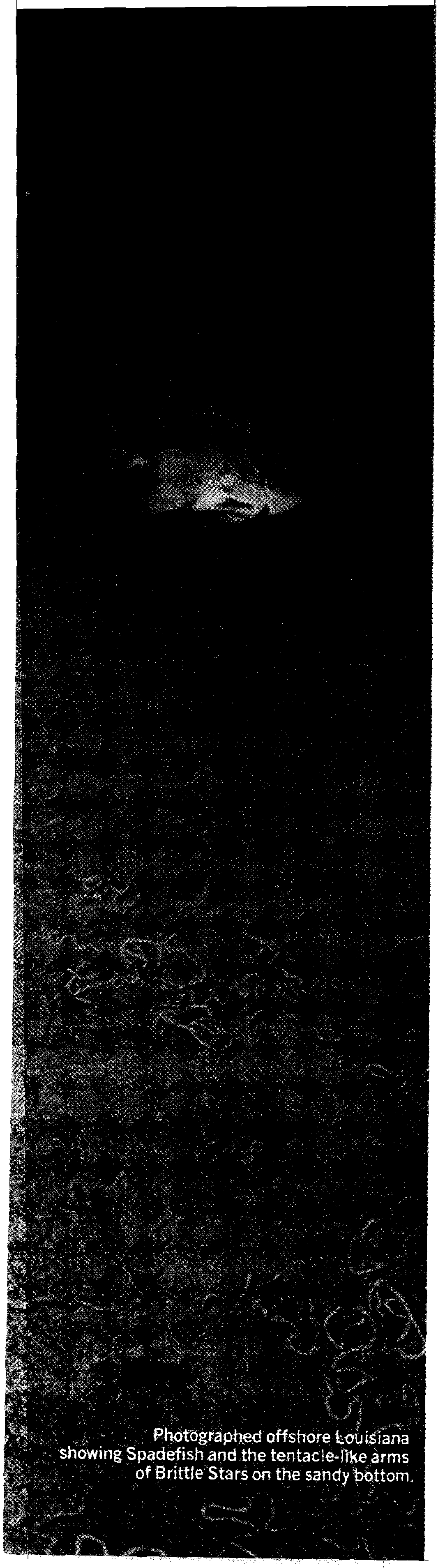

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my mind. Fathers and sons. Phrases echoed in my head: "My father had committed no crime." And "We were innocent, we were helpless."

A picture began to form of yet other fathers and other sons. I thought of all the Armenian fathers who had been drafted into the Turkish Army in that year of 1914: men, who were fathers, in dun-colored uniforms, shipped away from their towns and later killed; fathers sent to prison or else massacred along a roadside. How many Armenian children had seen their fathers killed? Or—worse, perhaps—had watched their mothers and sisters brutalized to death, or close to death, in their fathers' absence? In that one traumatic period, how many Armenian sons had felt betrayed by their fathers' absence—for what do children comprehend of reasons and explanations, what does a child understand in his soul of a father's nonappearance in a time of need?

Abraham, the father, threatened his son Isaac with a knife stroke—an act of demonic or holy passion, a massacre. Jesus was killed out of hate, but first He was brutalized with the torture of crucifixion. And then the Son spoke: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

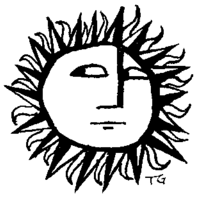
Betrayal breeds hatred, but how does a son hate his father? How does a son knowingly hate a father who sired him, protected him, and only then (and for the rest of the son's life) abandoned him as the result of his own murder? Or knowingly hate a mother whom he has been compelled to watch being reduced to a subhuman level?

The Turks, yes. It was possible for an Armenian to hate the Turks. But here one noticed something interesting. For the Turks had never accepted this hate. Unlike the Germans after the Second World War, who had (albeit with difficulty and disclaimers) acknowledged the fact of war crimes and war guilt toward the Jews, who had even fashioned grisly shrines out of Auschwitz and Dachau, and had held trials of their own, the Turks had made no official admission of guilt or criminality toward the Armenians.

Where else might the hatred go?

Toward the self: self-hatred. One hesitated to advance so simple an explanation of such a complicated subject; still, that was what it seemed to come down to. One thought of the wailing or hand-wringing quality of many Armenians—especially the older men, but also the sons—whose physical gestures seemed directed more against themselves than against the alleged object, the Turks. The diatribes against the Turks—tantrums, as it were, carried down now through three generations. Wasn't the surest way of tormenting an angry child as follows: to leave it alone, ignored in its rage?

Self-hatred. "We were innocent, we were helpless." The fact that had emerged from a study of the Armenians in Turkey at the beginning of the First World War was that they had been neither entirely innocent nor altogether helpless. Where there had been any possibility of resistance—at Van, at Zeitoun, at the small settlement of Mousa Dagh, which had been near enough to the Mediterranean coast for a French warship to intercede briefly—the Armenians had fought with skill and courage. Nor had the guerrilla operations of the Armenian Volunteers been on the level of prankish afternoon escapades of Constantinople rug merchants. The majority of the Armenians in Turkey, one realized, had been put on the defensive not so much by actual disarmament (that had been the final stroke) as by the cumulative years of mental and social depression which had led to the disarmament—disarmament at the hands of their brothers the Turks.



Did not suicide studies of various European nations in the Second World War reveal that in periods of resistance, or of the greatest danger, the suicide rate fell? In periods when resistance dwindled, when the enemy occupation became more entrenched, men again began to kill themselves—the ultimate act of self-hatred. After five hundred years of living as "*giaours*" ("infidels") or "*raya*" in a Muslim society, the kings of Nairi had been gradually changed into the likeness of Artin, the inn clerk. And these Artins had one day looked in their mirrors and detested what they saw.

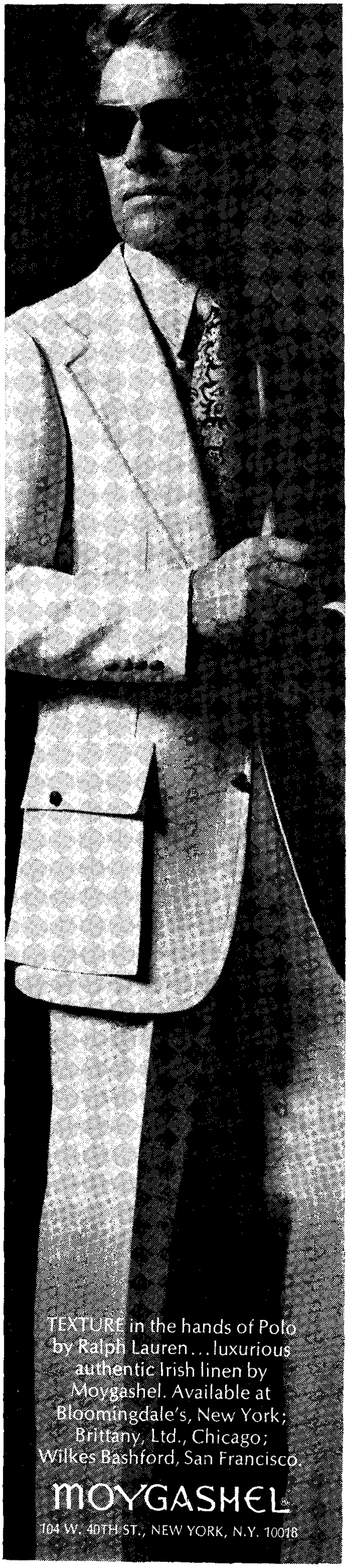
For the first time in my life, I thought I saw my father clearly. Some little while ago, I had seen how his face, with its coolness and authority, its supposed impassivity, concealed within it the silent, helpless fury of that man in the blue velvet hat. But it had taken me this long to understand where the fury had been directed: at himself, Dikran Kouyoumjian. I thought, This proud and sensitive man—how he must have hated being born an Armenian in England, not so much because of being condescended to by the English (although there was bound to have been that) as because of being himself marked, or feeling marked, by the collective guilt and self-hatred proceeding from a race that had been hated unto death. For that was the curse of genocide: death took the victims, but over the survivors settled a mark, a "fallout," of having been hated unto death.

I thought of the struggle, all the wriggles, he had made throughout his life to avoid being Armenian, to escape from this "collective unconscious." His detached manner. The mask of not caring about, not bothering about, his racial past. Not even writing about it—the "it," after all, being his identity, the one solid piece of wood that any writer has.

I wondered how many Armenian sons had felt abandoned by their fathers: abandoned into nothing more than their Armenianness, that racial psyche of guilt, of anger without an object and always disguised as something else—braggadocio or saturnine lament, darkness or light. Such a *waste*, it seemed. I thought, If only he could have told me about this! Then what? What would I have done? I realized I would have done nothing, except to be more afraid. Besides, he hadn't known it himself.

AND so one afternoon, with the sun pale and glowing in the gray-blue sky, my wife and I drove out once again with Sarkis in the borrowed limousine toward the plain of Ararat. It was our last expedition, although none of us had said so. Sarkis sat behind the wheel of the car, driving quite slowly—or so it seemed—past fields that were now yellow everywhere, fields of rock and yellow grass. Once, we stood in line for perhaps fifteen minutes behind three bullock carts, which gave Sarkis occasion to display his patience and to discourse on the necessary mechanization of rural life. Back in the hotel, our suitcases had already been lifted down from the top of the tall cherry-wood armoire and were waiting to be filled.

It had been my idea that we should drive out in this direction for a final look at Ararat. Sarkis had said that there was a little village along the way which we should examine—or perhaps it was a church within a village. My wife sat close beside me and held my hand. I knew she was genuinely sorry to leave. "I remember this road so well," she said at one point. I thought, Yes, I remember it, too, but differently—as if I had been different when I last went down it. For it was the road to the Monument, which we had vis-



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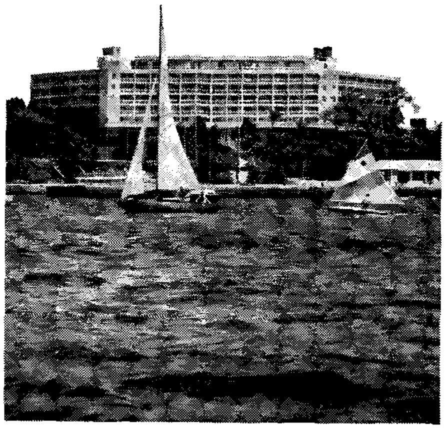

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ited on our first day in Erevan: the Monument on the plain of Ararat. Had Sarkis known that I wished us to go there again? Had I wished us to go there again? I thought the answer to both questions was yes.

Sarkis blinked in the glare of the sun. He seemed uncommonly vulnerable then: a creature blinking.

"Would you like my sunglasses?" I said.

Sarkis shook his head. "No, thank you. I *must train my eyes.*"

In front of us, perhaps a mile away, some red buses were parked.

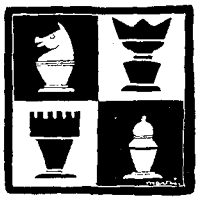
"See, we are at the Monument," said Sarkis.

"Let's stop here," I said.

"If you wish," said Sarkis.

I felt a nearly unbearable closeness to Sarkis just then, so that I wanted to touch him. No, it was more than that: an intimacy. But what is intimacy? I was intimate with my wife, but I wished to embrace Sarkis. As I looked at him, I could see the pores of his face sweating—this alien face that I wished to embrace. I could feel my wife's hand tighten its grip on mine.

Sarkis parked our car beside the red buses, and we walked up the incline and then out across the open field toward the familiar structure of angled columns, slanting together, in the middistance, almost like an incomplete metal tepee. Sarkis walked ahead of us. To the right of us—a moving, shifting cluster of white shirts and bare legs—a group of schoolchildren formed a circle of their own in the field. Were they standing? Listening? Their voices, like the cries of tropical birds, floated across the silence. In the far distance, Ararat (that primeval monument) rose from the open plain. Again I thought, We are in the middle of nowhere.



The snow gleamed white around the peak of Ararat. Ararat . . . Urartu. What a noble fantasy it was to have conceived of waves lapping beneath the peak of Ararat. I thought suddenly of Viscount Bryce, who, in the eighteen-seventies, at the age of thirty-eight, had climbed to the summit. Afterward, two members of his expedition reported that they had found several pieces of wood—"possibly driftwood, for which there was no logical explanation, owing to the barrenness of the summit." Bryce, however, had refrained from stating that the wood had been left over from the Ark. "A spectacular view is afforded from just below the main peak of Ararat," he wrote, "and in every respect it is a most inspiring and exhilarating climb; although if it was here that Noah rested his Ark we shall have need of further proof." A measured man, Viscount Bryce—not one to jump to hasty conclusions about driftwood on mountain peaks.

I heard Sarkis's voice in front of me, talking once more to my wife about the Monument: "Each time I come here, I marvel at the ingenuity of our Armenian architects. Look how these great slabs lie at an angle without support! See for yourself—there is nothing holding them up."

I thought, How strange to finally meet one's past: to simply meet it, the way one might finally acknowledge a person who had been in one's company a long while. So, it's you!

I was standing by myself beneath the overhanging slabs of the Monument, looking into the fire. I remember thinking that if I had had a flower in my hand or in my pocket I would gladly have thrown it into the fire, but that I hadn't remembered to pick one. My eyes went out to the open fields beyond the fire, the fields of yellow flowers. I thought that it didn't matter about the flower; I thought suddenly that I was home. It was the flattest, simplest, almost lightest of feelings. I thought, So this is what it's all about.

And then I felt my father's hand in mine. It was so strong a feeling that today I can almost (but not quite) recover that imaginary touch. But what I remembered about it was not the "touch"—I had felt that before, at many moments in my life. One of the key memories of my childhood had been a nearly tactile recollection of being pulled by the hand (were we running? walking?) by my father down an unremembered street—an unremembered time except for the pull of the hand, even his face out of sight, his expression unknown, only his arm extending from a dark overcoat.

But I knew that this time it was different, and as I stood there I knew that it would always afterward be different (as it has been). For the hand I felt was not pulling me; it was the hand of a man which I had briefly held in my own one afternoon in New York, the hand of my father dying. His hand had been so frail in mine that afternoon, so frail, and even small—smaller than mine—and I remember how the feel of this hand had been such a shock to me then (more than his fading speech, or pale features, or struggle of recognition): this hand of my father, who was releasing me, releasing himself from me, and me from him (as if either thing were possible between fathers and sons). And I had not known how to grip him back. But there his hand was again. I felt that I held it in mine. I felt that somehow I had brought him here—to this place. I didn't know what else I felt or knew, but I wept, large tears streaming down my face. I wasn't even sure for what. Nor did it feel bad. On the contrary, it felt quite natural.

"I knew that you would be overcome before you left," said Sarkis, who had come up beside me. I could see my wife looking at me, at the tears that were on my cheeks. Sarkis clasped me by the shoulder. "No Armenian can stand here," he said, "and not be moved by the suffering of the Armenian people."

I could feel Sarkis's arms around me, his warm bulk against mine. I thought, Kinsman, brother . . . so be it. I thought, We Armenians sweat a lot.

"Did you bring flowers?" I asked.

"Of course," said Sarkis.

My wife and I each took a yellow flower from his hands and tossed it into the fire, which consumed the flowers in its orange flame.

The three of us walked together, slowly, away from the Monument, along the narrow path that led across the yellow fields. The schoolchildren seemed to be playing far in the distance, arms and legs moving, their voices unheard. My wife had her arm in mine. Sarkis was talking of the last year his father had been alive, when he and his brothers carried the old man onto the plain of Ararat and the old man spent the afternoon asleep in the field.

I wondered if in early spring the whole valley was filled with flowers. I wondered if the snow at the top of Ararat ever melted. It seemed strange that there should always be so much life and death side by side. I thought that, although I could never explain it, it was true that I had somehow brought my father here. I thought, How long and circuitous the voyage has been that brought all of us here—Armenians forever nearly sailing off the edge of the earth.

AND then we left: one morning, early, with the sun slowly rising above the rim of the olive-green hills.

The hotel porters were scrubbing the well-worn floor of the lobby as if one of the archangels were shortly to arrive. Such seamen's labor! Vartan

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appeared to bid us goodbye. His mood was even more matter-of-fact than usual, but one guessed that he had arisen an hour or so earlier than he normally did, and was making his clarity of vision a present to us. He asked if we had heard that the Armenian soccer team had just achieved first place in the Soviet Union.

No, we hadn't—although, now that I thought of it, there had been much shouting late the previous night down the hotel corridor where the television set was kept.

"Yes," said Vartan solemnly. "Last evening, we defeated the Ukraine. Now we are No. 1." He could hardly suppress his pleasure, and I wished we might exchange cigars or all rush off to a crowded tavern and have several drinks, for in my present mood it seemed indeed a wonderful piece of news—a fortuitous piece of news. Somehow it answered well: the Ararat team was No. 1.

"Of course, they won't stay up there," said Vartan. "They play Moscow next weekend."

Of course. We shook hands with Vartan, shyly, like parents leaving a boy at school. Vartan seemed to become younger with each moment that the short ceremony extended. Finally, he clutched his briefcase, almost waved it as a talisman against the leave-taking process. "Have good luck in your journey!" he called.

"I hope you stay No. 1," I said inanely.

Vartan grinned like the Cheshire Cat and vanished.

SARKIS took us out to the airport. He wore the familiar brown suit and clutched two packages: a book and a colored calendar he had bought for us—in return, perhaps, for some all too inconsequential gifts we had presented to him the day before. There was an exchange of addresses, with that formality which comes upon people who have been unexpectedly close and are now parting. I kept wanting to say, "Something important has happened to me here." But it seemed too imprecise—and also too important—to speak about on that basis. I talked instead of the "good times" we had had—the interestingness of the visit, and so on. The streets and pink stone apartment houses of Erevan sped by outside the car window. There were suddenly so many things I wanted to say to Sarkis, for I had found out in my soul that we were both Armenian, which I knew in a certain sense was neither here nor there but in another sense was nearly everything; and now he was staying here in this hard and unsafe place, and I was going home—to another home—sailing softly in my soft boat to my calm American harbor, where "starvation" and "disease" were words one read in newspapers, and "murder" was what one watched on television, and "massacre" was a synonym for what happened in athletic contests. Clearly, I was no different from my countrymen. On the other hand, I had found out that I had many different countrymen.

"Look!" said Sarkis, pointing to a sombre brick office building under construction. "We are always working."

"Sarkis, it's a fine place here," I said.

"I knew you'd be proud of it," he said.

It was true. I was proud.

IN the airport, a different reality intervened. Our Aeroflot plane was bound for Beirut, where we were to change for a flight to Istanbul, and then New York. Now, in the little Erevan airport, which decidedly had the air about it of a Balkan border crossing in wartime, well-armed soldiers in gray uniforms and Armenian passengers, mostly in peasant costumes, mingled with one another, body pressing against body in the crowded chamber, all somehow bound together in the modern police ritual of Search and Examination. Everywhere on the gray concrete floor the suitcases of these passengers had been flung open. Articles of clothing were scattered as in cartoons of department-store bargain sales. The Armenian peasants scrambled about on the floor picking things up, stuffing them back, taking more out. The soldier policemen walked about in the disorder. They, too, were Armenians.

A young man stood next to us in line—by no means a peasant, either, but wearing a quite proper business suit, and clutching two suitcases, several enormous and grotesque dolls, a paper bag filled with pastries, and a large gift-shop oil painting of a sunset, the sun setting over Lake Sevan. After spilling out the contents of his suitcases, the soldiers produced knives and slashed open the fabric lining at the top and bottom of each suitcase. The young man was compelled to pry off the heads of the two dolls he was carrying; having done that, and now holding the two heads in his arms, he pushed the painting toward a soldier, who took his knife and proceeded to remove the picture from its frame, and the canvas from the cardboard backing.

When we reached the inspection point, our American passports were produced and briefly examined, and (so strange it seemed to someone who grew up in the drama and myth of the Cold War) we were let by without any search. Except for our book satchel, which weighed an unusual amount and was opened. Books on the Crusades and Abdul-Hamid and the Turkish massacres were blandly riffled through and returned. Two volumes remained on the counter: "A History of Russia," by Sir Bernard Pares, and "Twenty Letters to a Friend," by Stalin's daughter, which my wife had been reading, and which now stared up at us—burglar tools uncovered in the trunk of our car. A stern young Russian officer came along and picked up the books. "We will hold these," he said. I nodded agreeably, quite icy with tension.

Behind us lay the litter of clothes upon the floor. The young Armenian with the two doll heads was trying to join his picture frame back together—a fairly hopeless task. An old woman bent over several empty suitcases, stuffing all sorts of clothing back in. It was a miserable sight, a miserable and hateful process, and there seemed to be something evil in our having been even partly exempt from it: power politics once again working their will upon common humanity. Sir Bernard Pares and Svetlana Alliluyeva had been slight hostages to fortune compared to that knocked-about sun setting over Lake Sevan.

AS we walked out toward the airplane, we could see Sarkis standing in a knot of people just outside the airport building. There were gray-uniformed soldiers in front of the small crowd. Sarkis waved and called out something, which was lost in the noise of the plane engines. We waved back, and kept walking—across the runway and up the steps of the aircraft. The noise of the engines was very loud. The snow on Ararat gleamed in the distance. Sarkis still waved, his small, stocky, brown-suited figure planted beside the small stone building, waving, a hand waving. Going, gone.

OUR leave-taking had seemed oddly abrupt and disjointed, but perhaps it was truer to life that way, or, at least, truer to itself.

In the plane, my wife asked me, "Are you sad to leave?"

"No," I replied.

I had embraced this stranger Sarkis

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as my kinsman, and had felt it, or had thought I felt it; and had come to comprehend things about my father that I had not known before; and had seen churches and refrigerator factories; and had heard Armenian spoken at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. And now it was time to get back.

My wife said, "How do you suppose the story ends?"

The Armenian story? Far below us now, and swiftly receding, could be seen the outline of Erevan: smoke rising from one or two factories; the buildings pressed together as if in a large village. Of course, it was more than a large village; the soccer team was No. 1. I thought, Perhaps if the Armenians have a good enough soccer team they will forget the wretched Turks.

We were flying toward Ararat now, its peak nearly level with our airplane, perhaps ten miles away. It seemed exciting that we would pass so close to Ararat. Then, suddenly, we banked—a steep bank that clattered some loose objects in the rear of the cabin. Somebody behind us said something with the word "Turkish." Of course, we were avoiding the Turkish border. Turkish air space—what an odd concept! Ararat, with its driftwood and radar.

"Where are we heading?" my wife asked.

"I think east toward Azerbaijan and then south."

Our airplane sped high above the dark-green ridges of the Caucasus. Below, there seemed to be nothing except trees and rock outcroppings and, here and there, the slender brown line of a country road. From this perspective, the region appeared utterly wild and empty of all life. And Armenia, one realized, was so small that by then we had almost surely passed beyond it—a tiny island in the ocean of the Soviet Union. It was hard not to think that here was a strange place for the Armenians to have ended up—squeezed into this rock-strewn, harshly beautiful, relatively infertile northern sector of the old Urartian perimeter, as subject-citizens of yet another great autocratic empire. On the other hand, I remembered something that Sarkis had said one afternoon as we tramped around the ruins of an ancient Armenian church—the remains of walls and cornices tumbled, as usual, about the ground by unnamed invaders, or pillagers, or natural forces. "Tell me, my friends, where are the Lydians and Phrygians today?" he called cheerfully, standing on an overturned slab of basalt. "Where are the mighty Assyrians and the Cappadocians?" In some ways, doubtless, history was like a game of musical chairs, although it was hard to tell whether the Lydians, Phrygians, etc., had sat down too early or too late. But I also remembered what Sarkis had said, in a different mood, only the evening before, when, as we walked across the square, I asked him if his colleague Kevork had received any news yet about his son. Sarkis had shaken his head. Then, pointing to Lenin's statue ahead of us, which seemed suddenly obtrusive in the gray twilight, he had said simply, almost casually, "Try to understand, we have many necessary modern advantages this way. You might say it is a bargain that Armenians have made with the world—perhaps not always knowing we were making it."

Probably that was so, I thought—although when I remembered the scene at the airport it seemed a heavy dosage of reality for radish-growers, distinguished astronomers, soccer players, and even bargainers to live with. In any event, Armenians had certainly not reached their present geographical or political situation as a result of any *Armenian* grand design. Stated simply, what had happened was this. A large number of the survivors of the Young Turk massacres—roughly a hundred and eighty-five thousand of them—fled north to the protection of the Russian Caucasus. There they joined with the Russian Armenians in the Transcaucasian provinces, chiefly in Tiflis, Erevan, Elizavetpol, and Kars, to form a scattered Armenian population of around two million. For much of the previous century, the czarist government had expressed at least a public concern for the Armenians in Turkey, and at the beginning of the war it had declared a willingness to grant autonomy to the territories of the Turkish Armenians. By mid-1916, Russian troops had advanced well into the now nearly desolate provinces of Turkish Armenia, reaching a line as far west as Trebizond and as far south as Bitlis. Then, having benefitted militarily from the help of the Armenian Volunteers, the czarist government dissolved them, and it became clear that Russia intended to annex rather than liberate Turkish Armenia.

But early in 1917 the Romanovs were overthrown. Under the new Provisional Russian government, the provinces of Turkish Armenia were given a civil administration, with many posts being filled by Armenians. Refugees began returning to Erzurum, Van, and Bitlis. However, in the fall, when the Bolsheviks took power, the tide turned once more. Lenin wanted to take his new government out of the war, and Russian forces everywhere began to fall back. In March, 1918, Lenin signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk with the Central Powers and Turkey, which, among other things, permitted the Turks not only to regain the Turkish-Armenian provinces but also to reoccupy three northern Armenian districts that the Russians had taken in 1877. As the Russian troops withdrew from the Turkish front, with Russian soldiers heading homeward in thousands, a Turkish army corps marched north again, pushing well into the Caucasus, and by early April of 1918 had moved almost to the old prewar boundaries.

Centuries of powerlessness under the Turks and years of political anti-establishment activities in czarist Russia and the Ottoman empire had not produced a very sizable cadre of Armenian governing experts and administrators. Even so, in May of 1918, while the Turkish army corps continued to push northward, the Armenians concentrated themselves in the province of Erevan and announced the formation of an independent republic—as did the Georgians to the northwest, and the Muslim Azerbaijanis to the east. Starvation was widespread in the Caucasus then, because grain shipments by railroad from the Ukraine had ceased, and it was perhaps especially harsh in the less fertile areas of the new Republic of Armenia. To make matters worse, the Armenians, now virtually alone in their battle against the Turks, had also to fight the Azerbaijanis, who had formed an alliance with their fellow-Muslims. Clearly, it was not a propitious time or place for the founding of small independent states. Some of the alternatives were not especially appealing, however; for instance, when a combined Turkish and Azerbaijani force captured Baku—then a Bolshevik-Armenian enclave in Azerbaijani territory—General Halil Pasha tactfully kept his Ottoman units from entering the city for twenty-four hours, while the Azerbaijani troops and the citizenry massacred the fifteen or twenty thousand Armenians who had remained behind.

Still, when the First World War ended, in the autumn of 1918, the Turks were compelled to relinquish Baku and to fall back from their recent advance. The Armenians believed that

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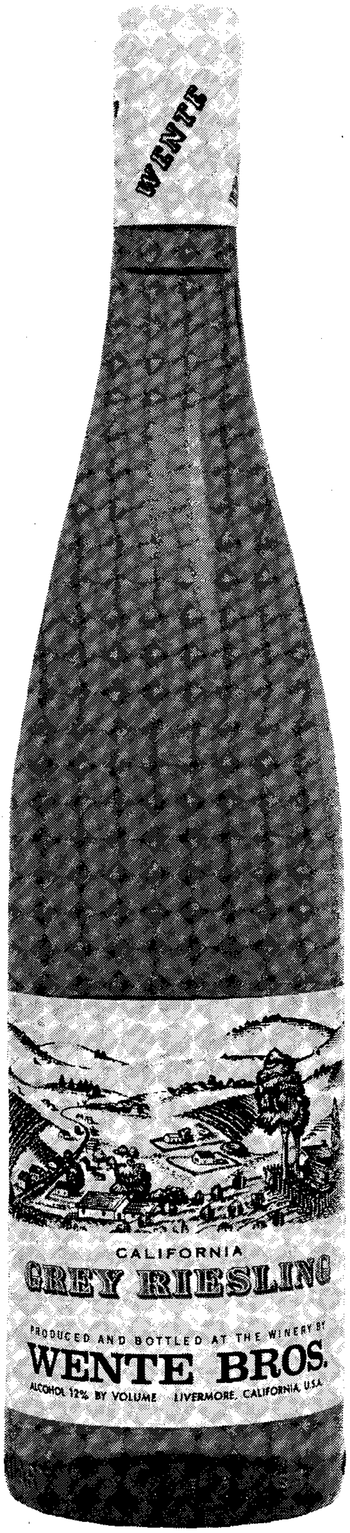
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their time had finally arrived. An Allied fleet steamed into the Bosporus and anchored off Constantinople. The incumbent sultan, Muhammad VI, was in effect an Allied puppet, willing to accept Turkey's partition if he could hang on to whatever was left. When the European powers began assembling in Paris for the peace conference, the Republic of Armenia dispatched emissaries from Erevan to Paris, where, joining with a delegation of émigré Turkish Armenians, they sought to persuade the Allied delegates to create—from the expected dissolution of the Ottoman empire—an independent Armenian state that would include not only the provinces of the Armenian plateau but also Cilicia, and would receive protection from the Turks by being mandated to one of the great powers.

But even as the Armenians lobbied in Paris for their new nation—spreading out their maps before President Woodrow Wilson, who on several occasions had expressed himself in favor of an autonomous Armenia stretching from the Caucasus to the Mediterranean—the situation changed again. For the victorious Allies had overplayed their hand in parcelling out defeated Turkey to the British, the French, the Italians, and the Greeks, with the result that an intense new Turkish nationalism had been aroused, personified by the "hero of Gallipoli," Mustafa Kemal. While the delegates in Paris and, later, in San Remo deliberated on their reapportionment of the Ottoman empire, Lenin, in Moscow, and Kemal, who had raised a rebel army in Anatolia and got himself elected president of a new Nationalist government, reached a private understanding of their own. The Soviets were given a free hand to overthrow the independent Transcaucasian republics. The Turks were given a free hand to regain Turkish Armenia. In addition, Kemal's Nationalist Army was provided by the Bolsheviks with much-needed weapons and funds to help in removing the European powers—especially the Greeks—from Turkey. By the fall of 1920, the Turks had moved north across the Armenian plateau to a frontier that included Ararat—the border that exists today. The Red Army then entered Erevan and, using the Turkish threat as a lever, "sovietized" the two-year-old Armenian Republic. In March of 1921, the Treaty of Moscow was signed by the Soviet Union and Turkey, formalizing the arrangement. It was a fait accompli, and was accepted by the European powers. In 1922, as a kind of coda to Europe's involvement with the "Armenian Question," Kemal's freshly armed troops pushed the Greek occupying army to the sea at Smyrna, which was set on fire, and there approximately a hundred thousand Greeks and Armenians were killed as Allied warships sat in the harbor.

I thought, In some ways, this has been the most miserable of stories. It made one weep for the hopes of the Armenians: those Armenians who for so many years had trafficked with the liberal sentiments of the West, attending like children to the "interestedness" of certain politicians and missionaries, watching the great nineteenth-century wave of nationalism confer nationhood on states and provinces whose own ethnic "unity" had long been fragmented. For Armenians what else had it been but an illusion, a political dream whose bridge to waking life was mainly this—the inconsistent support of the powerful constitutional democracies of Europe and America? On the other hand, what folly it had been to expect anything else of the world than what had happened! What a persistence of dreaming! Or perhaps in the end it had been a matter neither of folly nor of, let us say, victimization, for there was something quite grandly human in the Armenian experience, with its misfortunes, and pride, and survivorship, and hope: the hope of something better to come, periodically dashed. If the Armenians had been lately afflicted with self-hatred, they had also throughout their existence (like certain children) been afflicted with hopefulness. In some ways, this was probably an affliction like any other, not easily cured.

Far down, below the scattered clouds, there were endless green mountains and, in the distance, a lake and plumes of smoke. Then clouds obscured the ground.

THE plane whistled through the hazy air. I slept a long time, or so I thought. At one point, my wife said to me, "Didn't it seem a bit strange leaving Sarkis behind there?"

"It's his home," I said.

"I know," she said.

"They have hydroelectric stations and computer factories and oranges," I said. "Politics always change."

"I think I know that, too," she said.

ANOTHER time—perhaps it was only moments after the first question, or maybe it was an hour later—my wife said, "Do you know why I wished they hadn't kept those two books?"

"They cost money."

"No. In the Svetlana book there was the oddest reference to your father. I was going to show you."

The air in the cabin was warm and heavy. It all felt like part of a dream: I was half waking, half asleep.

"I didn't know they knew each other," I said. "What was it?"

"It was about your father's book 'The Green Hat.' Her mother read it shortly before she committed suicide, and Stalin claimed that it had brought about her death. Had you heard that?"

No, I hadn't. I thought, How queer everything is sometimes—how unutterably *queer*. It was probably true—Stalin supposing his wife to have been corrupted by a modish, English, nineteen-twenties novel. My father's novel. A picture came into my mind of Arak trudging through the snow toward old Melikian's house. Armenia at the dawn of the Jazz Age. I thought of Sarkis standing in front of the airport building waving his hand.

"Do you think your father knew about the Stalin story?" my wife asked.

"No, I don't think so," I said.

FOR some reason, I remembered the old women in the market shed, and the piles of radishes. I thought of a certain phrase in Mandelstam's "Journey to Armenia"—a reference to the Armenians' "inexplicable aversion to anything metaphysical." The full quotation is as follows: "The Armenians' fullness with life, their rude tenderness, their noble inclination for hard work, their inexplicable aversion to anything metaphysical, and their splendid intimacy with the world of real things—all of this said to me, You're awake, don't be afraid of your own time, don't be sly."

Down below, the clouds parted. There was sea—the bright blue of the Mediterranean. We were coming in to land.

WE stayed a few days in Istanbul—new Constantinople. Each morning, the sun came up glowing across the Bosporus, which lay a half mile or so below our window: a river of black water filled with little craft, and dozens of ferryboats that crossed incessantly from bank to bank, and sometimes the massive, quiet shape of a Russian tanker returning empty to the Black Sea.

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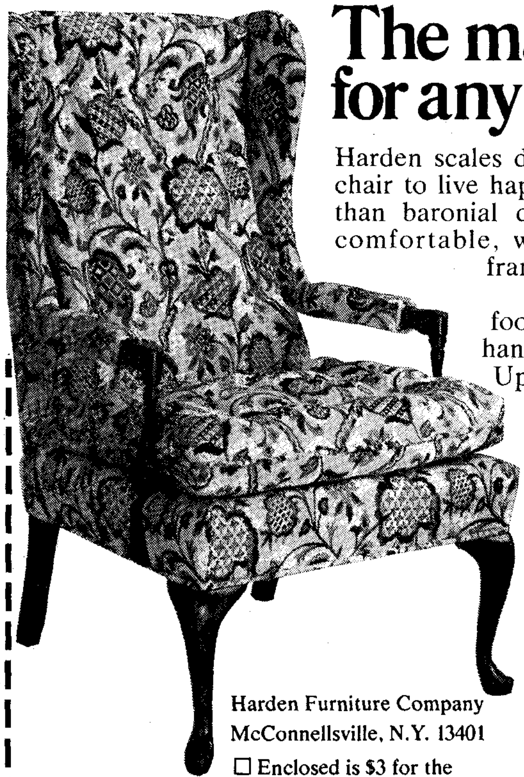

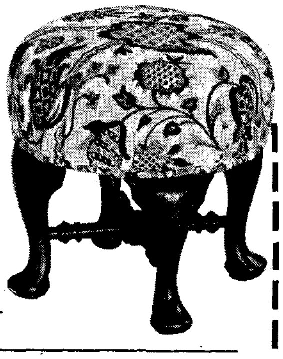

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shore of Asia—house-crowded and tree-lined. About two miles upriver, a great new bridge now connected the two sides; it was a graceful green construction, with two tall towers and curving suspension cables. There was talk in the hotel of traffic problems during the rush hour. A little way downriver, right at the edge of the water, stood the gray stone expanse of the Dolmabagdshe Palace, that ponderous, frilly nineteenth-century strudel of a royal edifice which had been built for the Ottoman sultans by the Armenian architect Balian. "The Armenian architect Balian." It said so right in our Turkish guidebook. And if that was not exactly the only reference to Armenia or Armenians visible in standard Turkish touristic publications, it was nearly so. With the exception of an occasional inclusion in a list of the "polyglot mixture of ancient races" that had once inhabited "pre-Turkic Asia Minor," the name, the presence, the idea of Armenians appeared to no longer exist in modern Istanbul. It was not so much that there was no sense of an Armenia here (in this nation that contained the classic home of the Armenians), for in political terms that was comprehensible; it reflected a political fact. What seemed less comprehensible and much harder to accept was the extent to which the Armenian connection had been erased. The slate had been wiped bare, as though by an act of will—or, if not absolutely bare, then as close to absolutely bare as was possible.

The first afternoon, I remember, we drove past an old church, so unmistakably Armenian, with its conical roof, that we asked our Turkish guide if we might stop. "It's a Greek church," he said. "I know it very well. It is of no interest."

My wife said, "It looks Armenian."

"There is nothing Armenian around here," the guide said. "It is Greek." And he drove on.

Later, we went back on our own. On the ancient stone above the church entrance, part of the Armenian lettering had been literally erased—rubbed off. But not all of it. The church itself was closed, and around the back a new apartment house had been built in such a way as to wall off the side entrance and the stained-glass windows. Two men in rough clothes were playing cards at a table in the alley. One of them looked at us quizzically.

"Armenian church?" my wife asked.

One of the men shook his head and

said something in Turkish. The other man scowled and got to his feet. We left the alley.

"I didn't like that," my wife said as we walked down a more crowded street.

"He didn't understand us," I said.

I don't think that either of us thought he hadn't understood us.

Once, I knew, Istanbul had been filled with Armenian churches and with Armenians. Armenians had formed a key element in the life of the great city—especially, perhaps, as artisans and craftsmen. I had read how in the late Byzantine period, when the western arch of Justinian's Saint Sophia collapsed, an Armenian architect had been called in to study the problems of stress and geometry, and undertake the restoration. Later, when Muhammad the Conqueror captured Constantinople, the people he summoned to build up his new capital were the Armenians and the Greeks, and also the Arabs.

For centuries (regardless of their political position), Armenian artisans had been masters of tilework, of stonecutting, masters at working with things—perhaps that anti-metaphysical instinct that Mandelstam had spoken of. How strange, then, to be in Istanbul and learn that it had never happened. "Observe this unusual tilework," another guide remarked, pointing to some beautiful orange and blue tiles that adorned a sixteenth-century mosque.

"Who made the tiles?" a fellow-tourist asked.

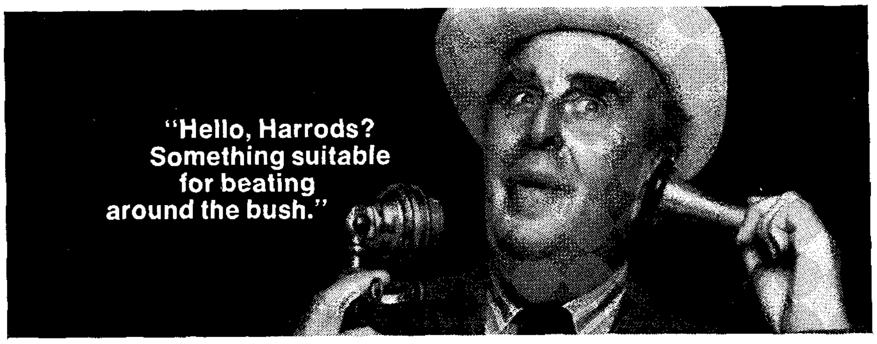
"Turkish craftsmen," said the guide. "There were some Arab tilemakers, too."

On the outside of the mosque stood several twenty-foot columns of basalt, each elaborately, even obsessively, adorned with stone-cut designs that were the familiar geometric figures we had observed on so many old Armenian churches—even the smooth, eroded shapes of grapes and pomegranates I remembered from the fallen cornices at Garni and Zvartnots.

"Who did the stonework?" I asked.

The Turkish guide was middle-aged and accommodating. He gazed upward, examining the designs, which he had surely looked upon each day. "Turkish stonecutters from Anatolia," he replied.

In a sense, all this felt unreal, and almost comical. I realized that I had travelled a long distance from my previous disdain of most things Armenian to my present barely suppressed chauvinism in Istanbul. Perhaps too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far. (Had I really become offended by that remark about Anatolian stonecutters?) On the other hand, I felt something faintly evil in the air. Or perhaps it was this: As an Armenian, for the first time I had a sniff, a scent, of what it was like to be hated for being Armenian. Because what was it except hatred to say that a people did not exist?

ONE morning, we went to visit another Armenian church. There were a few Armenian churches listed in the phone book. We picked one out, wrote down the address, and asked a driver to take us there. He seemed surprised and then amused that we should want to go to such a place. "Much better Greek church near the hotel," he said. He was a young man with a friendly manner and explained that he wished to save us trouble.

We went anyway, and on our arrival I could appreciate the driver's preference for the Greek church. We were in a shabby part of town, a place of narrow, dirt-strewn streets and few people. The Armenian church seemed run-down and derelict: cracked walls, no paint, few ornaments of any kind. Although it was evidently still in use, it seemed like an abandoned shell; there was something of the look of a cave about it. Next door, however, there was an Armenian school, its courtyard swarming with children. I had grown accustomed in Erevan to seeing large numbers of Armenians, and these Armenian faces in Istanbul seemed surprisingly familiar. Indeed, these children were like children everywhere—energetic, shy, curious. In broken French and English, they asked about the Beatles and Bob Dylan. We replied in kind. Then an Armenian priest appeared. I told him we were Armenians from America. He seemed vague and unresponsive, and led us away from the children into a tiny office, where he sat down behind a small, bare desk and, from its lower drawer, produced an electric hot plate and a jar of instant coffee and a saucepan, which he proceeded in silence to assemble into three cups of coffee.

The coffee made and sipped, I tried to ask him routine questions about the school. The priest's English was not bad, but his desire for conversation seemed slight. Talking with him was like interviewing a government official on a sensitive subject. I wondered what the sensitive subject was. On his desk was a small plastic Turkish flag, and behind the flag were two photographs—one of Mustafa Kemal, the other of the present Turkish president. What I had wanted to ask him, or somebody, was: What was it like to be an Armenian in Turkey now? Was it hard? Was it easy? Was it routine? My wife pointed to the flag on his desk and asked him if he felt more Turkish or more Armenian. The priest had been talking in a slow monotone about the school curriculum, and changed neither the rhythm nor the subject of his discourse. When he finished, he sipped his coffee.

I finally asked him, "Well, how is it being an Armenian in Turkey today?"

The priest looked pained, or else confused. He gave a sort of smile, and a sort of shrug. He replied something in such a low voice that I couldn't hear it and asked him again.

He looked across at me. "I am sorry, but I have the answers only to other questions," he said.

After leaving the Armenian priest, with his Turkish *drapeau de la patrie* and his photograph of Kemal, I felt depressed, although I knew that this was a foolish response. After all, I lived in America and was American. He lived in Turkey and was Turkish. All the same, there were some differences. Earlier, I had wondered how even in Abdul-Hamid's time Armenians could have chosen to continue living in Turkey. And what in hell's name was any Armenian doing here now? I thought of Erevan, with its inelegance and dust, its rocks and factory smoke and pink stone apartment buildings, its Stalinist graves, its airport police, its decided lack of anything as lovely as the Bosporus at sunset, and thought, Well, at least you were on some kind of solid ground there—you were somebody there.

BACK in our hotel, we had arranged to have drinks with some American acquaintances: friends of a New York friend—two professors of English who had taught for many years at the American college up the Bosporus. It was a pleasant, even romantic time in the late afternoon, the garden smelling sweetly in the still air, the coolness of the shade settling around us. It was easy to imagine at such a moment why Constantine had chosen to place his new Rome here, why the failing Byzantines had stayed on and on and on, why Sultan Muhammad had taken care not to destroy too much on his arrival.

We chatted of this and that. The expatriate professors seemed politely interested in our travels but obviously

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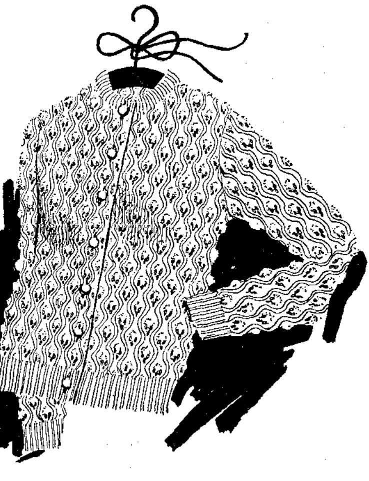

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perplexed as to why even an Armenian should wish to sojourn in Soviet Armenia. It was a bit like trying to explain living in Chicago to a Bostonian. "Of course, the Armenians were once a sizable population in Istanbul," said one of the professors, a man in his fifties—thin, sparely elegant, tweedy, perhaps himself a Bostonian.

"There doesn't seem to be much evidence of them here anymore," I said.

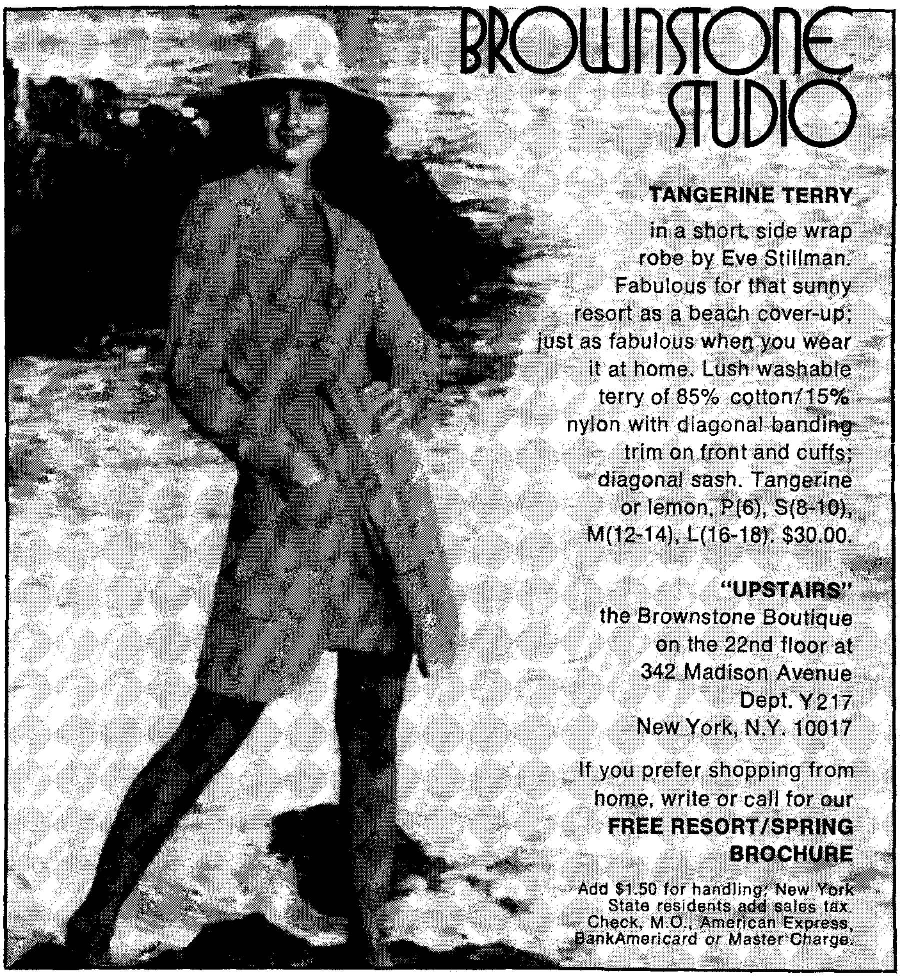
"Yes, it's a pity," he said. "But you must understand the Turkish point of view. The Armenians were a great nuisance to the Turks, and, after all, the country belonged to them. Those things are probably brutal, but they're life."

"They were a nuisance? How?" my wife asked sharply.

The professor smiled. "Well, I'd have imagined you'd know that by now. It's surely in books. I mean that the truth which seems to emerge from those dreadful massacres is that the Armenians basically provoked them, you know—more than anyone would admit to at the time."

"That's true," said the other professor—a younger man, with glasses and a seersucker jacket. "I have several Armenian friends here, and they all readily agree to that. They say, 'On account of the crimes of selfish revolutionaries, we were nearly wiped out.' Actually, you know, even the massacres weren't quite as terrible as they were made out to be."

We all had a fight—one of those dispirited, civilized fights in which the other side is terribly cool and conversational and doesn't care very much. "My dear fellow, as I'm sure you know," the older professor kept intoning, ever calmer and more controlled. Our side verged on shrillness and disarray. I heatedly quoted statistics, doubtless with the air of someone making them up on the spot. "Yes, that's very interesting," said the other professor, gazing out toward the water. Finally, my wife said, "I think you're both fools for sitting here on your damned Bosporus and not knowing what really happened." It was one of those scenes that cause people at other tables to begin to turn their heads and the waiters to become unusually attentive. The two American professors (our new friends) became ever more cultivated and ironic. "Damned Bosporus?" said the older man slowly and quizzically, as if the point at issue were now an attack on an innocent body of water. "My dear, I'm not sure I really care to argue on that level." Well,



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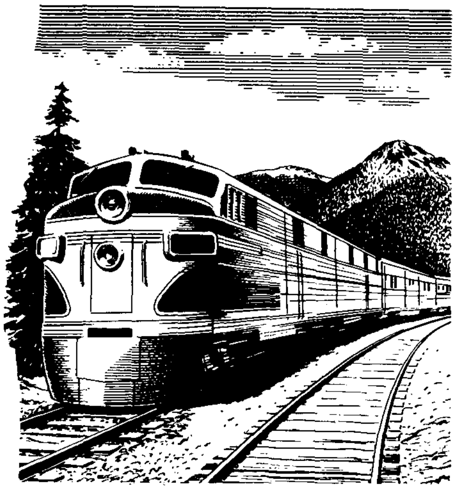

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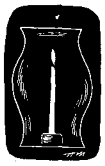
no. In the end, nothing of further interest was said; no views were exchanged. We somehow patched the "disagreement" together on the surface, and ordered the additional, unwanted drinks in order to show that we were all chums, and gulped them down, and said goodbye. "Be certain to say hello to Henry back in New York!" the tweedy professor called, disappearing into the twilight. Yes, we'll be certain to, we said. Civilization triumphs.

Upstairs in our room, my wife said, "No wonder so many Armenians sound so shrill."



"You mean, because 'nothing happened'?"

"Because the Turks don't admit to anything. And nobody else still gives a damn. There's no release."

It never seemed more true than there in Istanbul. The Armenians were once a great nuisance. The sounds of a dance band floated up to us from the hotel gardens. The lights along the Asia Minor coast began to glow—yellow reflections in the dark Bosporus, where two large cruise ships had lately moored, their masts lit up like Christmas trees. The sky above and around us was a dark blue, growing darker: still and deep and almost transparent. The bell of a ferryboat clanged far away. I thought of what I had seen and read about, trying to hold on to at least the texture of what it was. Actually, you know, even the massacres weren't quite as terrible as they were made out to be.

Yellow flowers burning in a metal bowl. The music of a South American song throbbed lightly against the windowpanes—a girl's voice and guitars.

THE next day, I couldn't stand the thought of touring any more Turkish mosques. The younger of the two professors had telephoned in the morning with a suggestion that we might wish to be introduced to a friend of his—a Mr. Dermejian, an elderly Armenian, although brought up by Turkish foster parents, educated at Oxford, a gentleman of many cultural interests, most charming, a connoisseur of Iranian art. Somehow, I could not abide, either, the thought of meeting Mr. Dermejian, for all his cultural interests and charm. I imagined that he, too, wore English tweeds, or else a Magdalen College boating blazer. I could see his pale, soft hands resting on an old Iranian chessboard. My dear fellow, you must understand, the affair was blown quite out of proportion.

Instead, without having any conscious plan in mind, I walked over to the Istanbul phone directory and began flipping through the pages to the letter "K." Kouyoumjian: my father's family name. Indeed, there were four or five Kouyoumjians listed, and that didn't surprise me, for it was a common Armenian name and I had heard that there were still a number of Armenians living in Istanbul. There was even a Dikran Kouyoumjian—my father's exact name. On impulse, I picked up the phone and asked the operator for the number.

Against my ear I could hear the other phone ringing, ringing. Then a click. A man's voice answering in Turkish.

"Hello," I said, wondering if I should hang up, wondering what would happen next.

The man's voice changed. "Hello," he said with an educated but imperfect English inflection.

I explained that I was an Armenian from America. That my father's name had been Dikran Kouyoumjian. That although we surely weren't related in any way, I had seen his name in the phone directory and had called to say hello.

"But you must come over," he said.

We talked briefly of the Kouyoumjian family. "There was a distant branch in Bulgaria, then England," he said. "Perhaps your father was connected to that one."

I said, "Yes."

"You and your wife must come for tea," he said.

In the hot midafternoon, we drove down one of the main boulevards, crowded with traffic, then through a network of narrow side streets, also crowded, into another shabby section of town. Our driver—the same sweet young Turk who had taken us to the Armenian church and elsewhere—let us off on a narrow, unkempt street lined for the most part with small, dark shops; it had scattered newspapers and orange peelings on the pavement, and all manner of filth in the gutters. At the end of the street there was a modest four-story apartment house of crumbling brown stucco. Some urchins played inside the lobby, or what had once been a lobby. Kouyoumjian was on the fourth floor.

He opened the door—a pleasant, quiet, slightly smiling man of perhaps fifty. His hair was thinning to the point of baldness, but otherwise he seemed in good trim. In fact, he had the appearance of a fairly successful professional man, or else a small-shop owner. He was an engineer, he said—

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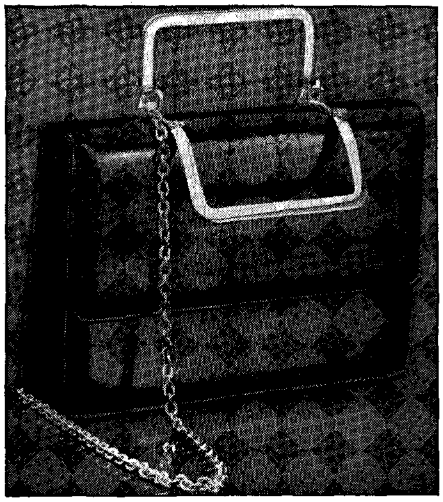

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an electrical engineer. His apartment, sheltered from the grubbiness of the street, seemed composed and well furnished. There were chests and tables, rather massive but highly polished. A bowl of cut flowers stood on a mantelpiece. There were some pinkish crystal glasses in a glass case which made me think for a second of Sarkis's house outside Erevan, with its Czech glassware and well-polished furniture.

On the table in the main room there was an array of English books: "Lord Jim," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Pride and Prejudice," a thick Oxford dictionary.

I said, "Are you studying literature?"

"I am trying to learn English in order to emigrate to Australia," Kouyoumjian said. "I have been studying for three years." He looked at us shyly, as if we might not understand, or approve.

I thought, Everything becomes clearer. An Armenian still in Turkey—my father's namesake, even. Dikran Kouyoumjian, of Istanbul, with the orange-leavings and mosques and recorded-prayer minarets of this finally Muslim city outside his windows, and, inside, the domestic talismans of the Armenians: the clean, polished furniture, the cut flowers, the careful displays of glassware. And now, at last, the escape route: Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, and Jane Austen. Australia.

"Are you sorry to be leaving?" I asked.

"It is no good here anymore," Kouyoumjian said. "I think it has probably not been good here for Armenians for a long while, but it is difficult to know these things when it is your home." Then "But I love Istanbul." It seemed such a heartfelt statement, almost as if he were saying it to himself. "My father always loved Istanbul," he went on. "It was he who brought us back here, after the war. I think that was a mistake, for we had been living in Paris, but he said he loved this city. He loved to drive down toward the coast in the spring and see the orchards and flowers." Then "I think he thought it would get better here after the war."

Kouyoumjian smiled. He seemed not to be a tough man. One imagined that the tough Armenians in Turkey had been killed long ago, or else had extricated themselves. No, he was a modest man, but in a difficult position; he was trying for something difficult. "Sometimes I become afraid when I think of leaving. You see, I am fifty-

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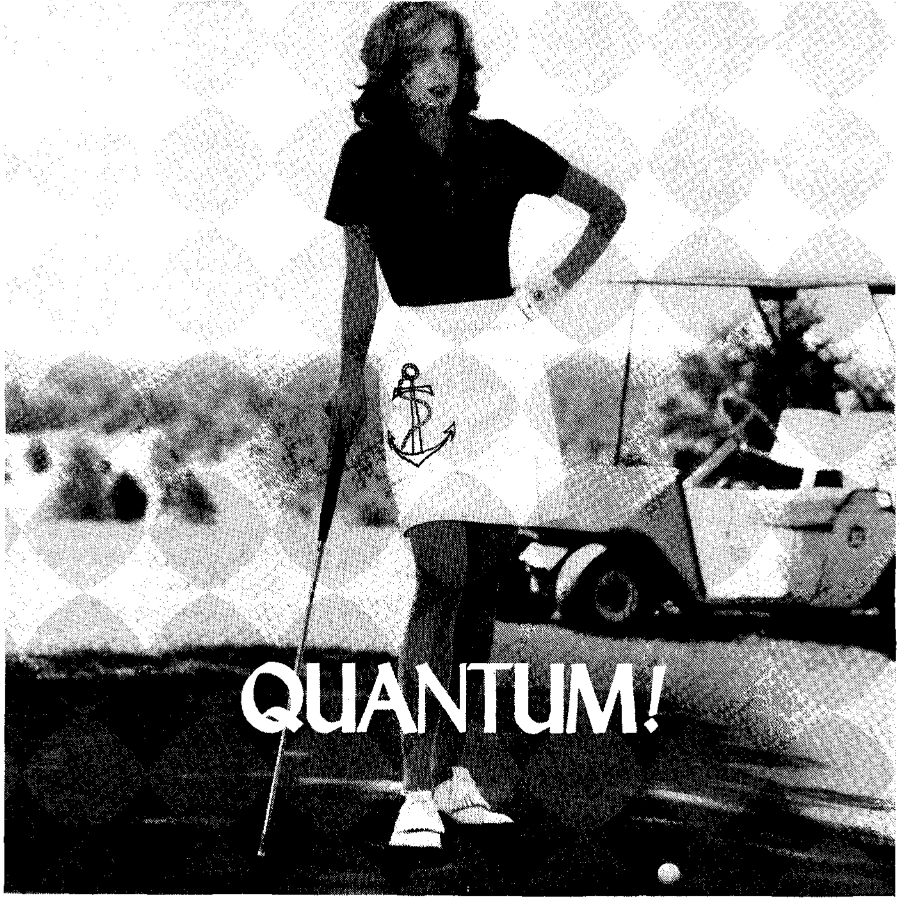

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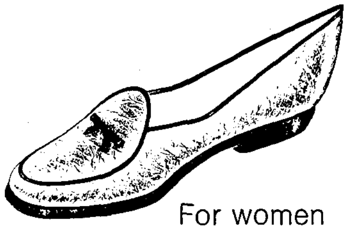

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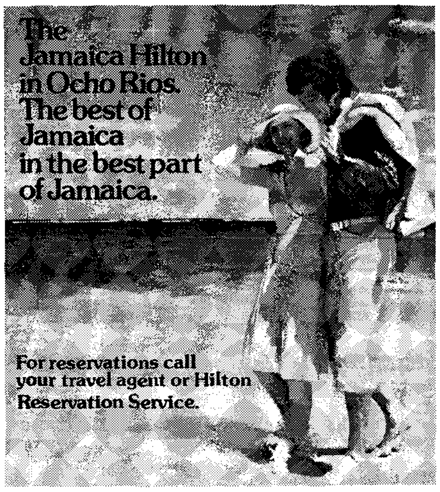
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one years old and have a nice business here. Also, the Turks will let me take no money with me. It is a fact that they want all the Armenians to leave Turkey. They want no trace of Armenians in Turkey anymore—and most of the Armenians have already gone. I think there are only about fifteen thousand remaining. But they will not let us take anything with us. They will not even let us take what we can get for selling our possessions. In Australia, I must start again with nothing."

"What finally made you want to leave?" I asked.

"Because it finally made my heart sick," he said. "You know, under the old sultans they called us '*giaour*' and kept us down. Today, they still do the same thing. 'Father, what is "*giaour*"?' my daughter said when she first went off to school. 'Are we "*giaour*"?' It is true—for a while I thought things became better. But I was deluding myself. Lately, there has been a growth of Muslim feeling here—especially in the countryside, which is where it usually starts. A while ago, do you remember, there was an incident in America: a crazy old Armenian in California shot two Turks in a hotel. There was a trial about it over there. But here Turkish mobs took to the streets. You could see that they had been officially encouraged. In Erzurum, they hanged two Armenians as reprisal, and beat many others. In Istanbul, they were prepared to hang perhaps a dozen, but they thought it might be noticed, and so instead they beat them savagely, and one of the Armenians can no longer see. I think I finally despaired of life getting better here for our children."

Kouyoumjian's wife entered the room, carrying a tray of tea and little European cakes. She was a quite tall and handsome woman, fair-haired, with her hair piled up—seemingly European. In fact, she was French, and spoke English haltingly. "I worry, too, how we will do in Australia," she said. "But I hear they are kind there. I am glad that Dikran reads all these books. He says, 'I may not speak much English, but I speak fine English.' "

"How has it been, living all these years side by side with the Turks?" I asked.

"There has been no trouble," said Kouyoumjian.

"We have many Turkish friends," said his wife, as if it would be disloyal to suggest otherwise.

"The Turks are nice people, gentle

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people," said Kouyoumjian. "But sometimes they have a craziness. A crazy feeling comes over them."

"Is it only crazy?" I asked. "It isn't that they hate Armenians?"

Kouyoumjian looked into his teacup, then over at his wife. "I suppose there is some truth in that," he said.

In some ways, it was a charming and hospitable moment—the four of us seated in that small, carefully tended apartment, sipping tea and eating cakes, while Dikran Kouyoumjian discoursed on the good and bad points of life for an Armenian among the Turks. But it was also a bit eerie, as if something were being left out—not so much unsaid as unthought, beyond thought. One knew that a curse had been placed on the Armenians in Turkey, and here we were—in Turkey, smelling the curse. It hovered over Kouyoumjian's cut flowers and plate of little cakes. It waited on the outskirts of our conversation. But no one would name it. Perhaps it was unnamable.

My wife asked if they had other children. It turned out that they had a son about twenty-two years old, who had already gone to Australia. One could see that Kouyoumjian was very proud of his son. "He trained here as an engineer also," he said. "He did very well in the national examinations here, and on the strength of his final score he was given a good job in an important company. But then the man looked at his name—clearly an Armenian name. The man said that he was sorry but he had made a mistake—the position was already taken. This happened once again—in fact, I think more than once—and then my son decided to go to Australia. He has a job in an engineering firm in Sydney."

So that was it, I thought. The young were at last going to extricate the Armenians. I looked at our host and his shy French wife—Dikran Kouyoumjian, with his pleasant face and polite, uncertain manner, his engineer's skill, his volumes of Conrad and Jane Austen on the tabletop, his pink crystal glasses, and bald head, and many friends among the Turks—and thought, How could you have come back from France when they didn't want you here, when they so didn't want you? And then I thought, I bet that your son is tall and impatient, and that you can't tell him anything.

I had one more question, which I wanted to phrase courteously, with due respect. In the end, I simply said, "But why did it take you so long to leave?"

Kouyoumjian looked at me as if he

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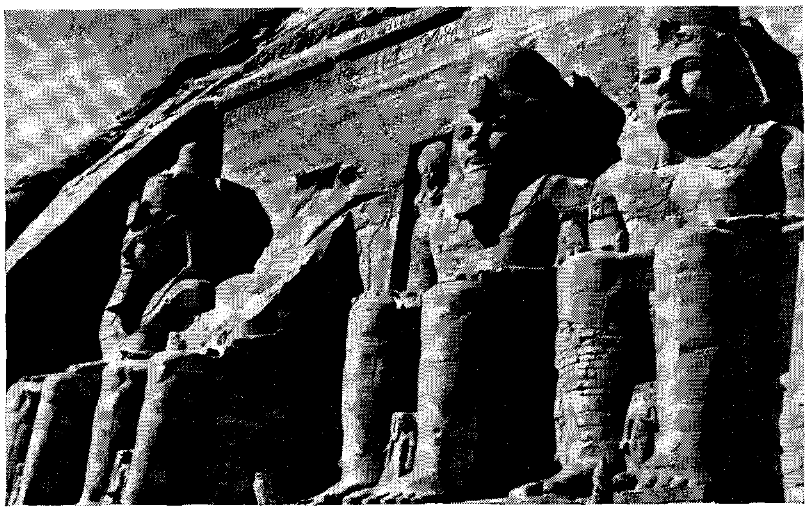

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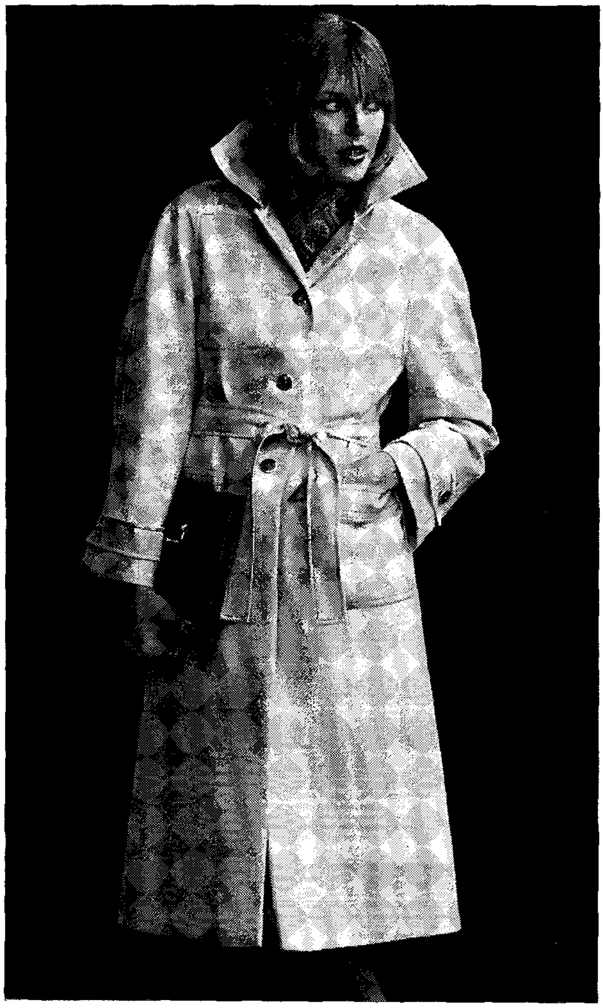

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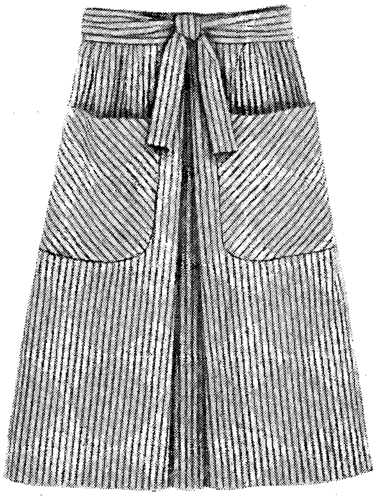

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were uncertain what I meant. Then he reached over and touched my arm in the Armenian manner, and leaned back in his chair. "I could give many reasons for why I stayed so long—my business here, our children in school, perhaps the hopes we had right after the war. I have thought about such things often since my son left, for now I have to follow him. A middle-aged man following his son. I think the reason I stayed so long was this—that it was home."

Kouyoumjian's wife stood up and moved behind her husband, her hands on his shoulders. "I've never known any people to care so much about their *homes* as the Armenians," she said, as if neither approving it nor disapproving it. A fact of life.

"But soon we are going away," said Kouyoumjian. And just then he seemed not at all uncertain, not regretful, or even modest: a decent man, a decent middle-aged man following his impatient son; perhaps even shortly to be released from something—an unnamable curse.

At the door, Kouyoumjian extended his hand and shook mine with sudden firmness. "Someday, I hope I will travel to America," he said. "I hear Armenians are happy there."

"As happy as anyone else," I said.

Then he said, "If you have a chance, you should drive down toward our coast. Not on the coast but before the coast there are such flowers, such fruit! Truly, there is a sweetness there. We try to make a motor trip each spring." He waved goodbye.

And so we left. Kouyoumjian in his shirtsleeves, hand outstretched. Kouyoumjian sailing close to the edge of the earth. Behind him, the teacups and half-eaten cakes and "Pride and Prejudice" on the table. We left crowded, shambly, half-elegant Istanbul—the One Great City—with its Bosporus, and curving mosques, and jostle of shipping; the blue-black Bosporus, with its banks of trees, and great green bridge, and tankers gliding by in the twilight.

We never went south toward the flowers and fruit.

BACK in New York, some time later, my wife said one evening, "Then does the Armenian story end with Kouyoumjian going to Australia? With Sarkis in Erevan, waving behind the police? Here in America?"

It seemed to me that probably the only point to the "Armenian story" was that it continued. As with other aspects of nature—a waterfall, a rock—there was no way to gauge the merit or demerit of its existence, but the persistence was worth noting. Ultimately, there was bound to be a kind of nobility in this persistence.

BACK in America. An Armenian American traveller returned from a voyage among the Armenians—in some ways like the proverbial Indian who has been brought up by white men and who years later makes and returns from a visit to his old tribe. *Where do you stand now, sir? Are you with us or with them?* Alas, by then the alternatives are mostly rhetorical.

The texture of my life is American. My kin are the Armenians. Sometimes like brothers, other times like cousins—even distant cousins. At times, I wish we were closer, but it is not always a sincere wish. We are as close as we will be.

I often wonder what it really is to be *Armenian* in our world—what message it is that we Armenians carry down from our own journey through the centuries. One hears of "Armenian culture"—at least, from Armenians—but it is surely not that. Or the smoky gravity of the Armenian Church. Or even mercantilism—the "trading instinct." For Armenians have turned out to have no greater racial bent for commerce than most other educated peoples have—certainly not since the Western nations discarded the pretense of dressing up their shopkeepers as hearty yeomen (nature's noblemen) and joined the group.

Armenians were a— one cannot quite call them a "nation," but at any rate they were a presence long before the world conceived of nations and nationhood in the modern fashion. They are a presence even now—scattered about the globe, or gathered once again, as in tiny Soviet Armenia, in the province of yet another ambitious empire. Armenians, or some of them, at times profess a passion for this nationhood—this organism like the ones from whose madness and pride the Armenians have suffered as much as any people. But perhaps in the end the message of the Armenians is more particular than mere persistence. Perhaps, if there exists a deeper possibility in the psyche of this ancient, sturdy, and minor race, it is this: the capacity of a people for proceeding *beyond* nationhood. For to be a nation—a member of a modern nation—is to inherit territory, and pride in property, and to be connected to collective dreams of quite impossible grandeur and savagery, fertility and hatred. To be an

Armenian has meant that one has been compelled by circumstance to rise above or fall below—or, anyway, to skirt—these so-called imperatives of nationhood and property, and thus has been free to attempt the struggle of an ordinary life, and to dream more modest dreams, and to try to deal with one's dreams as best one could. Oh, it is true that for some years Armenian dreams were in a most dreadful tangle. The kings of Nairi enmeshed in liberal political adventures. The kings of Nairi dreaming dreams of grandeur, adrift in foreign courts. Mountain kings with crowns of branches and palaces of rock. Such unmetaphysical kings! But this much seems to be also true: there is a good chance now that the clearheaded, impatient young will begin to set their fathers free.

I HAVE thought often about my father since our journey, although I no longer dream about him as much. Once, I remembered a dream of his that he had told me long ago—I think the only dream I ever heard him describe. And then it was with rather gruff perplexity, for it was during the last year of his life, when he slept strangely—frequently sleeptalking, or waking in starts. It had been about *his* father. "You know, he was just as I remembered him as a boy," my father said that morning. "Except his hair was white—but very thick. He wore a frock coat and steel-rimmed spectacles. He stood at the end of our road speaking to me, calling. But he was speaking in Armenian, and I couldn't understand a word."

Sometimes I think it is as if a circle, once broken, had been completed or recompleted. What circle? We were kin to begin with.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

(*This is the last part of a three-part memoir.*)

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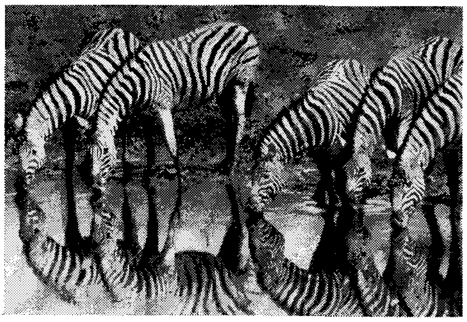

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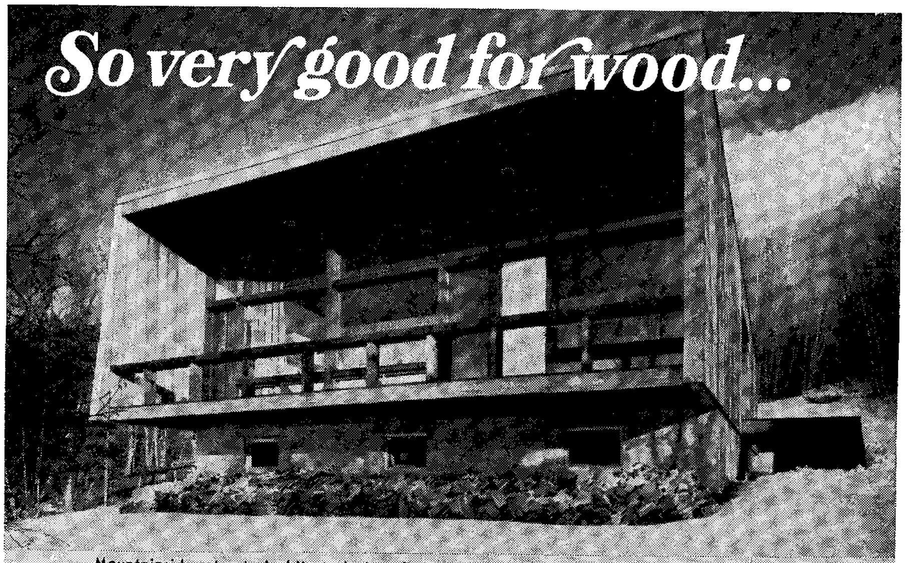

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THE THEATRE

THE THEATRE

FROM THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S YACHT

I FEEL no hesitation in saying again what I've often said before: that the first act of "Private Lives"—now happily in residence at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, in a splendid revival starring Maggie Smith and John Standing—is as nearly perfect as any act of any comedy in English. A tradition among idolaters of Coward holds that the marvellous feat of composing this act was accomplished over a single weekend; Coward's close friend, Lord Jeffery Amherst, had tiresomely fallen ill in Shanghai, in the course of a holiday journey they were making around the world, so Coward decided to occupy a few idle hours with a spot of writing. (One hears often enough of works of art that have been brought to an end by an unlucky interruption—the gentleman from Porlock, and the rest—but perhaps an essay could be written about unlucky interruptions that, far from terminating works of art, have helped to bring them into existence.) A clue to the nature of the flawless first act of "Private Lives" is offered the moment the curtain rises. We note that the setting is scrupulously symmetrical; a plumb line dropped from the middle of the proscenium arch would split it into halves. Now, set designers ordinarily seek to avoid symmetry, as providing too little to entertain the eye, but in the case of "Private Lives" the stage architecture has obviously been decreed by the playwright; it is a necessary part of the action of his play, and therefore of the highest importance practically as well as symbolically. What we see is, it turns out, precisely what our comedy is about: the hilarious consequences when two people attempt to share equally in a single strong emotion, at no matter what cost to themselves and others.

The setting is the façade of a luxurious hotel in Deauville, sometime in the late twenties. Open French windows lead from a pair of identical suites onto a terrace divided in two by small trees in tubs. The terrace overlooks the harbor, where the Duke of Westminster's yacht is riding at anchor in the summery moonlight. (The harbor is, in effect, the auditorium of the theatre; *we* are on the Duke's yacht, if we are anywhere.) Each of the suites is occupied by a honeymoon couple. Amanda and Elyot, divorced for several years, have unwittingly arrived at the same hotel on the same night for the same reason: to celebrate the beginning of new marriages. Modestly, immaculately, the conversations between each of the couples march toward the moment when Amanda and Elyot, alone on the terrace, meet and discover that they are as much in love as ever. The words they speak come close to having the cadence of music; one's ear is as much ravished by the reverberatory silences between words as by the words themselves. We lean forward in our seats, awaiting a familiar exchange as we might await a familiar phrase in an étude:

AMANDA: China must be very interesting.

ELYOT: Very big, China.

AMANDA: And Japan—

ELYOT: Very small.

Coward was an exceptionally astute judge of his work, and within a few years of having written "Private Lives" he was able to say of it, "It is a reasonably well-constructed duologue for two experienced performers, with a couple of extra puppets thrown in to assist the plot and to provide contrast. There is a well-written love scene in Act One, and a certain amount of sound sex psychology underlying the quarrel scenes in Act Two. As a complete play, it leaves a lot to be desired, principally owing to my dastardly and conscienceless behavior towards Sibyl and Victor, the secondary characters. These, poor things, are little better than ninepins, lightly wooden, and only there at all in order to be repeatedly knocked down and stood up again. Apart from this, 'Private Lives,' from the playwright's point of view, may or may not be considered interesting, but at any rate, from the point of view of technical acting, it is very interesting indeed."

Maggie Smith and John Standing are just the sort of experienced performers that Coward was writing of. (In the first production, Coward took the role of Elyot, and Gertrude Lawrence took that of Amanda. Fortunately, there is a phonograph recording of portions of the scenes between them; after almost fifty years, how thrillingly they play!) The hapless ninepins are nimbly enacted by Remak Ramsay and Niki Flacks, a skillful weeper. The handsome Art Deco sets are by Anthony Powell, the costumes are by Germinal Rangel and Beatrice Dawson, the lighting is by H. R. Poindexter, and the direction is by John Gielgud. One irritating and wholly unnecessary mistake in the production is the miking of the performers' voices. The last thing a cast of this quality requires is phony amplification. As Hal Prince has eloquently argued, listening intently to actors, especially at the start of a performance, is a crucial part of our establishing a relationship with them. To have their voices dumped on us electronically is to alienate us from them in the damnable name of everything-made-easy. Down with canned sound!

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

On the Mounds

THE Circle Company, an Off Off Broadway group, which has moved from its old quarters on upper Broadway to what used to be the Sheridan Square, last week opened an elaborate production of a dim and insubstantial play by Lanford Wilson called "The Mound Builders." The title refers to the ancient tribes of American Indians that built those mysterious mounds in southern Illinois, and the play is about the misadventures of an archeological expedition sent from the University of Illinois to investigate them. The investigators are a professor, a colleague of his in the archeology department, and a group of girl students (who never appear, although they are spoken of occasionally and unkindly). Other characters are the colleague's pregnant young wife, the professor's wife and daughter, and his sister, once a famous writer and at present a sharp-tongued wreck drying out after a long bout with drink and drugs. The action switches back and forth between two periods of time. At one corner of the stage, the professor dictates into a tape recorder a commentary on photographic slides taken during the past summer; then the more personal events of that summer are played by the other characters. The plot is as filled with incidents as, God knows, it is filled with lantern slides. And with forebodings: as was true of Mr. Wilson's "Hot l Baltimore," there is a bulldozer lurking in the wings—again the agent of the ruthless present, determined to destroy the past.

There is no doubt that Mr. Wilson can write for actors—the lines are speakable, and there are a number of good, funny ones—and especially for those actors directed by Marshall W. Mason, who has staged most of Mr. Wilson's plays. The actors on hand do well, but—as in all the plays by Mr. Wilson that I've seen, except for "Lemon Sky"—the characters are thin and predictable in a literary kind of way, and rarely seem based on any firsthand observation, or even on memory, which may be a fancy way of saying that although I found "The Mound Builders" easy enough to watch, I didn't believe a word of it. Mr. Mason's production is at times subtle and shrewd, but more often it just seems cluttered with visual and aural effects—a dark stage lighted only by an open refrigerator or a flashlight, mysterious mechanical noises from the tape recorder, birdcalls and whistles and the splashing of water from a nearby lake, and, finally, those damn slides. But all this *son et lumière* seems merely camouflage for a conventional and sentimental play with a few redeeming scenes. Among the competent actors are Trish Hawkins, Tanya Berezin, Jonathan Hogan, and John Strasberg. —EDITH OLIVER

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Afternoon temperatures ranged from 12 at Minot, N. D., to 76 at Fort Myers, Fla.

Some other reports: Anchorage missing, Atlanta 37 heavy rain, Boston 37 cloudy, Buffalo 31 light snow, Chicago 30 clear, Cincinnati 39 clear, Cleveland 35 cloudy, Dallas 56 clear, Denver 33 light snow, Detroit 38 partly cloudy, Honolulu missing.—*Columbia (S. C.) State.*

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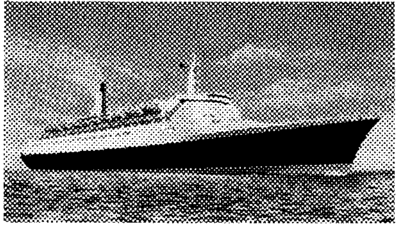

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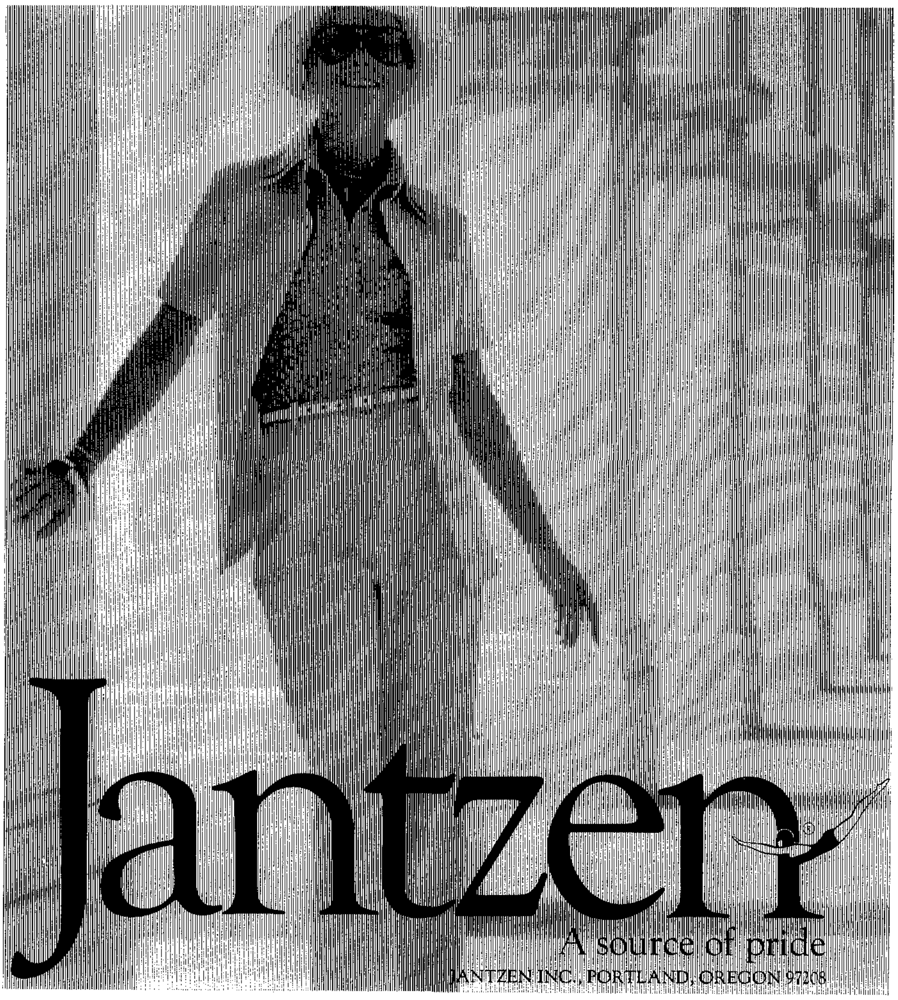

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Beverly Hills as a Big Bed

WHEN George (Warren Beatty), the hairdresser hero of "Shampoo," asks Jackie (Julie Christie), "Want me to do your hair?," it's his love lyric. George massages a neck and wields a blower as if he would rather be doing that than anything else in the world. When he gets his hands in a woman's hair, it's practically sex, and sensuous, tender sex—not what his Beverly Hills customers are used to. Their husbands and lovers don't have professionally caressing hands like the dedicated George's. Some ideas for films are promising, some are cocksure audacious, but a film about the movie colony featuring the lives of the rich, beautiful women who have a yen for their handsome hairdresser is such a yummy idea that it almost sounds like something a smart porno filmmaker would come up with. Exploited for gags, it might have been no more than a saucy romp, a modernized "Fanfan the Tulip," and that may be what audiences expect—maybe even what some audiences want. But the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. "Shampoo" is light and impudent, yet, like the comedies that live on, it's a bigger picture in retrospect.

The attention George gives women is so exciting to him and to them that he's always on the go. He works in a fashionable salon, commutes to his assignations on a motorbike, and tells himself and his girl, Jill (Goldie Hawn), that they'll settle down as soon as he gets his own shop. The movie deals with his frantic bed-hopping during the forty-odd hours in which he tries to borrow the stake he needs from Lester (Jack Warden), the shyster tycoon who is married to Felicia (Lee Grant), a rapacious customer. Lester is also keeping Jackie, George's old girl friend, who is Jill's closest friend. "Shampoo" opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, when the hero's life has begun to boil over. The characters whirl in and out of bed with each other through Election Day and Night, watching the returns at a party at The Bistro, acknowledging Nixon and Agnew's victory by seeing in the dawn at another party, and preparing for the new era by shifting partners. The picture is a sex roundelay set in a period as clearly defined as the Jazz Age. (It's gone, all right, and we know that best when we catch echoes from it.) Maybe we've all been caught in a time warp, because the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights, when people had not yet come down from their euphoria about the harmlessness of drugs, is already a period with its own bubbly potency. The time of "Shampoo" is so close to us that at moments we forget its pastness, and then we're stung by the consciousness of how much has changed.

"Shampoo" is set in the past for containment, for a formalized situation, just as Ingmar Bergman set his boudoir farce, "Smiles of a Summer Night," in the operetta past of the "Merry Widow" period. What the turn-of-the-century metaphor did for Bergman the 1968 election, as the sum of an era, does for "Shampoo." The balletic, patterned confusion of "Shampoo" is theatrical, and Los Angeles—more particularly, Beverly Hills, the swankest part of it, a city within a city—is, indisputably, a stylized, theatrical setting. But a bedroom-chase construction isn't stagey in Beverly Hills: "Shampoo" has a mathematically structured plot in an open society. Los Angeles itself, the sprawl-city, opens the movie up, and the L.A. sense of freedom makes its own comment on the scrambling characters. Besides, when you play musical chairs in the bedrooms of Beverly Hills, the distances you have to cover impose their own comic frenzy. As in a Feydeau play or some of the René Clair and Lubitsch films, the more complicated the interaction is, the more we look forward to the climactic muddle and the final sorting out of couples. The whirring pleasures of carnal farce require our awareness of the mechanics, and the director, Hal Ashby, has the deftness to keep us conscious of the structure and yet to give it free play. The plot isn't arbitrary; it's what George, who can never really get himself together, is caught in. The mixed pairs of lovers don't get snarled at the same parties by coincidence; they go knowing who else is going to be there, wanting the danger of collisions.

"Shampoo" expresses the emotional climate of the time and place. Los Angeles has become what it is because of the bright heat, which turns people into narcissists and sensuous provocateurs. The atmosphere seems to infantilize sex: sexual desire is despiritual-

OUT
IN
KEEP ON TRUCKIN'
ZIEGLER

ized; it becomes a demand for immediate gratification. George's women have their status styles—money and sun produce tough babies—but George, the sexual courier, servicing a garden apartment as ardently as a terraced estate, is a true democrat. The characters are all linked by sex—and dissatisfaction. They're passionate people from minute to minute. They want to have something going for them all the time, and since they get it only part of the time, and it doesn't last long, they feel upset and frustrated. They're so foolish, self-absorbed, and driven that the film can easily seem a trifle—and at one level it is—but it's daringly faithful to the body-conscious style of life that is its subject, and it never falls into low farce by treating the characters as dumdums. They're attractively, humanly, greedily foolish, and some of their foolishness is shared by people much more complex. The movie gets at the kink and willfulness of the Beverly Hills way of life (which magnetizes the whole world), but it doesn't point any comic fingers. It's too balanced and Mozartean for that.

The scenarist, Robert Towne (Beatty, who shares the screenplay credit, contributed ideas and worked on the structuring with him), has brought something new to bedroom farce. The characters have more than one sex object in mind, and they're constantly regrouping in their heads. No one is romantically in love or devoted in the sense in which Bergman's characters are in "Smiles of a Summer Night." "Shampoo" isn't about the bondage of romantic pursuit, it's about the bondage of the universal itch among a group primed to scratch. Ready and waiting, the characters keep all possibilities open. This variation on the usual love comedy is the trickiest, funniest, truest-to-its-freeway-love-environment ingredient of the movie. Except for George, who doesn't plan ahead, everyone is always considering alternatives. It's a small, rich, loose society, and its members know each other carnally in a casual way; it's in the nature of things that they take turns in the one big bed that is their world. Since the characters hold multiple goals, when they look depressed you're never sure who exactly is the object of their misery. The actors are much more free than in the confines of classic farce. They're free, too, of the stilted witticisms of classic farce: Towne writes such easy, unforced dialogue that they might be talking in their own voices.

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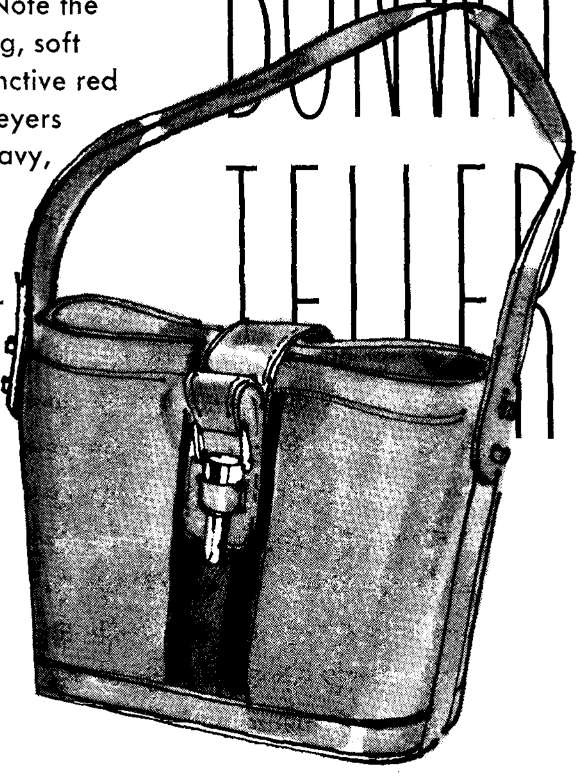

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lant, or more magical than in her role as Lester's kept woman, who hates her position because she never gets to go anywhere with him. Jackie is coarse and high-strung (a true L.A. combo); she's a self-destructive winner, and Julie Christie plays her boldly, with a moody ruthlessness that I find uncanny. This is the first time Christie and Beatty have acted together since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," and each of them gains. Julie Christie is one of those screen actresses whose every half-buried thought smashes through; she's so delicate an actress that when she plays a coarse girl like Jackie there's friction in each nuance. On the stage last year in "Uncle Vanya" she was a vacuum; in "Shampoo" she's not only an actress, she is—in the high-class-hooker terms of her role—the sexiest woman in movies right now. She has the knack of turning off her spirituality totally; in this role she's a gorgeous, whory-lipped little beast, a dirty sprite.

Goldie Hawn, who began to come into her own as a screen actress in last year's "The Sugarland Express," is probably going to be everything her admirers have hoped for. As the hysterical young Jill, she isn't allowed to be too hysterical; Hal Ashby doesn't let her go all frilly and wistful, either. She used to be her own best audience; now that she has stopped breaking up infectiously, we're free to judge her for ourselves. She has calm moments here—we see Jill's mind working without Goldie Hawn's goldfish eyes batting—and I think it's the first time I've noticed that she has a speaking voice. (She's always been a screamer.) She looks great in her baby dolls and minis, and it's a relief that her Jill doesn't have a mini baby-doll head. Lee Grant, who worked with Ashby in "The Landlord," the film of his that "Shampoo" most resembles (though he was a beginner then, with nothing like the assurance he shows now), is such a cool-style comedienne that she's in danger of having people say that she's good, as usual. But she carries off the film's most sexually brutal scene: Felicia comes home late for an assignation with George and discovers that while he was waiting for her he has been occupied with her teen-age daughter (Carrie Fisher), and she *still* wants to go to bed with him. She wants it more than ever. As her husband, Jack Warden is the biggest surprise in the cast. He's both a broad cartoon and an appealing character. Lester is triply cuckolded—George commutes between Lester's mistress and wife and daughter—and he's a heavy contributor to

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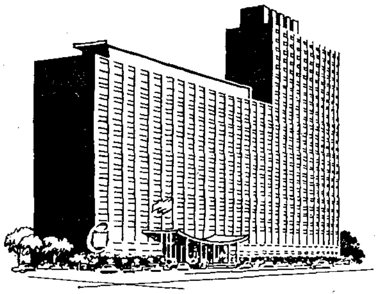

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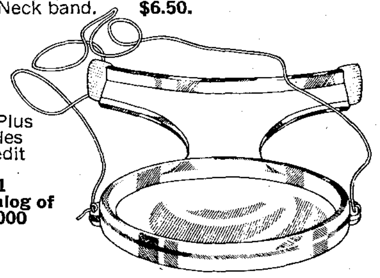

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the Nixon-Agnew campaign, for business purposes. And yet he has more depth than anyone else in the movie. He's ready to investigate anything: invited to join a nymphs-and-satyrs bathing orgy, he considers getting into the water as he would a new investment, and thinks, Why not? Warden shows us Lester's pragmatic ruminations; we see that he's a business success because he's learned to make compromises in his own favor. While Nixon is on TV making his victory speech, Lester and George have it all out, in a final confrontation scene, and the astute Lester realizes that, despite the wear and tear on George's zipper, the hairdresser is no threat to him.

The central performance that makes it all work is Beatty's. George, who wears his hair blower like a Colt .45, isn't an easy role; I don't know anyone else who could have played it. Because of Beatty's offscreen reputation as a heterosexual dynamo, audiences may laugh extra hard at the scenes in which Lester assumes that a male hairdresser can't be straight, but that joke is integral to the conception anyway. Beatty makes George's impulsive warmth toward his customers believable. An uncomplicated Don Juan, George gets pleasure from giving pleasure. He doesn't smoke tobacco or dope; he doesn't pop pills; outside of soft drinks, the only beverage he takes in the whole film is a little white wine. George doesn't need to be raised high or brought down, and he has nothing to obliterate. Maybe when he's older, if he's still working in someone else's shop, he'll be embittered, and he'll be one of the garden-variety narcissists who must have attention from women (and secretly hate them). But at this point in his life, jumping happily to oblige any woman who wants him, he has the pagan purity of an adolescent. At the start of the film, George is in the middle of the whirligig, but by the end the game has moved on, and he's left behind, dreaming of a simpler life and longing for a sexual playmate from the past. "You're the only one I trust," he tells Jackie. The others are upward-mobile and moving fast, and they live as if upward mobility were a permanent condition. George wants something to hang on to, and he can't get it, because he's too generous. He lives in constant excitation, and so he's the closest to exhaustion. George is the only one of the characters who isn't completely selfish; he's the only one who doesn't function successfully in the society. The others know how to use people, but George, the compleat

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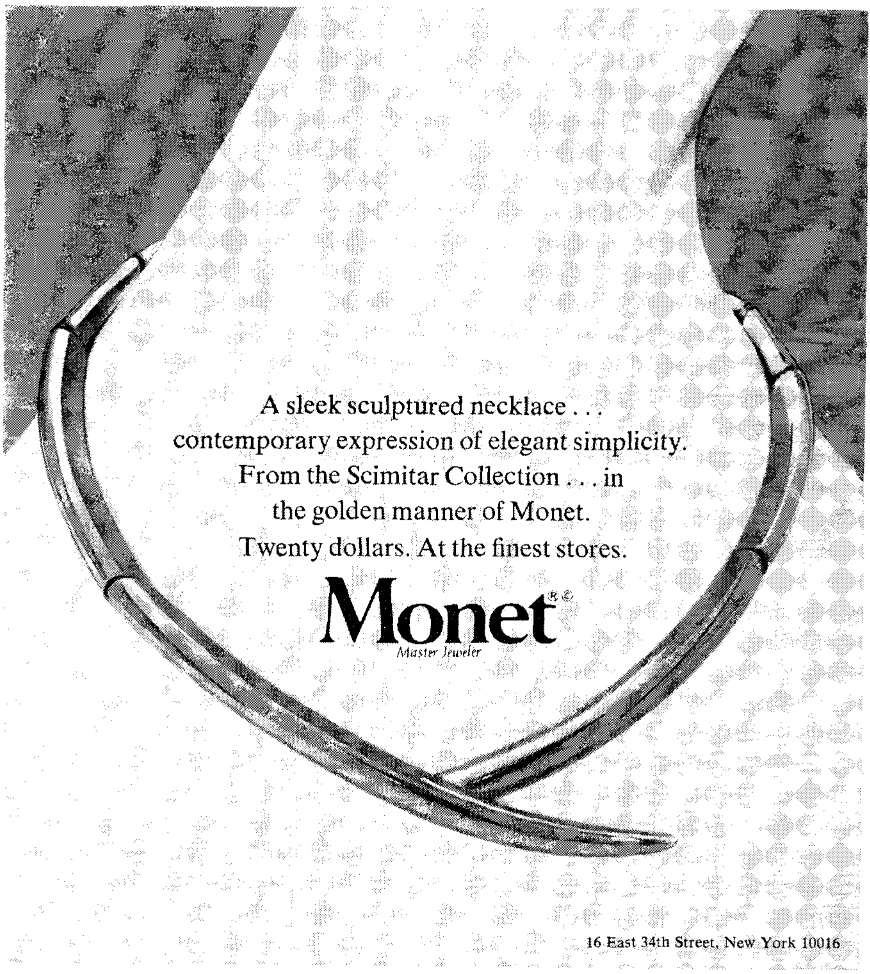

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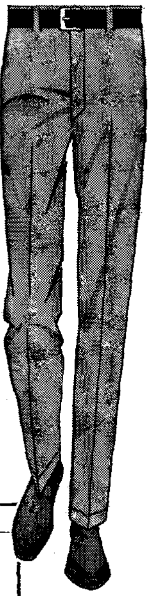

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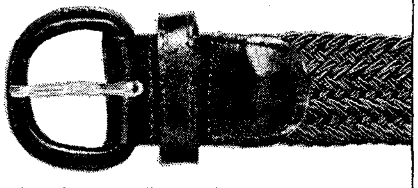

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lover, does everything for fun. Making love to a beautiful woman is an aesthetic thing with him, and making her look beautiful is an act of love for him. He's almost a sexual saint.

"Shampoo" doesn't seem inspired the way Renoir's roundelay "Rules of the Game" does. It doesn't have the feeling that one gets from the Renoir film—that the whole beautiful, macabre chaos is bubbling up right this minute. And "Shampoo" is not as lyrical—or as elegantly moldy to the taste—as parts of Bergman's "Smiles." It doesn't give the lunatic delight of "Bringing Up Baby," which in its homegrown, screwball style also suggested an equivalent of Restoration comedy. But it's the most virtuoso example of sophisticated, kaleidoscopic farce that American moviemakers have ever come up with. And, as in "Rules of the Game," the farce movement itself carries a sense of heedless activity, of a craze of dissatisfaction. In this game, George, who loves love too much to profit from it, has to be the loser. He's a fool (that's why Lester doesn't have him beaten up), but he's a pure fool (and Lester can appreciate that). George isn't a negligible dramatic creation. For the moviemakers, he's the foolish romanticism of youth incarnate, but some people may see him as a jerk and resent him. To them, possibly, the new romantic hero would be a cynical stud who gets it all and wins out. In its own way, "Shampoo" is a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. People who are living the newer forms of the "Blow-Up" style, or want to, won't like this view of it. "Shampoo" may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't; to lift a line from "The Earrings of Madame de . . . ," it's "only superficially superficial." Was it Osbert Sitwell who said that life might be considered a comedy only if it were never to end? "Shampoo" tosses the fact of death into the midst of the beauty shop; we suddenly learn that Norman (Jay Robinson), the languid, pettish proprietor, whom we'd assumed to be strictly homosexual, has just lost his teen-age son in a car crash. It's an artifice—reality intruding upon the clowns at their revels, death as an interruption to the babble and trivial bickering of the beauty-salon world. But it's needed, and it's the right death—the accidental death of someone young, the only event, maybe, that can't be converted into gossip.

There are minds at work in this film: three principal ones—Ashby, Beatty, who produced it (it is his second production; the first was "Bonnie and Clyde"), and Towne. Hal Ashby says that he had fifty or sixty jobs (starting when he was ten years old) before he landed as a Multilith operator at the old Republic Studios in L.A., and decided he wanted to become a director. As the first step, he went to work in the cutting room, where he spent the standard eight years as an apprentice before he was allowed (by feudal union regulation) to edit a film. Afterward, he edited Norman Jewison's "The Cincinnati Kid," "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming," "In the Heat of the Night," and "The Thomas Crown Affair," and then, in 1968, Jewison, who was supposed to direct "The Landlord," arranged with the moneymen to turn it over to Ashby. ("Shampoo" should cause "The Landlord" to get the attention it deserves.) His new film is only his fourth ("Harold and Maude" and "The Last Detail" came between), but he's developed quickly. Ashby's control keeps "Shampoo" from teetering over into burlesque. His work doesn't have the flash of an innovative, intuitive film artist, but for the script Towne has prepared, Ashby, the craftsman who serves the material, is probably the only kind of director.

Robert Towne didn't write a screenplay a director can take off from. "Shampoo" is conceived for the movies, and it's porous, yet the development of the themes is completely conceived. It isn't the basis for a director to work out his own conception; it *is* a conception. (Tall, his long face dark-bearded, Towne appears in one party shot in "Shampoo," looking a little like Albrecht Dürer.) It's more apparent now why Towne collided with Polanski over his script (also an original) for "Chinatown." He provided a script that culminated—logically—with the heroine's killing her lover-father in order to save her daughter. A Gothic-minded absurdist, Polanski didn't see why he shouldn't end it with the death of the heroine and the triumph of the father, who had raped the land, raped his daughter, and would now proceed to corrupt the child he'd had by her. Towne doesn't pull everything down like that. It has taken a while to get a fix on his talent, because he's not a published writer, and because he didn't receive credit for some of the films he worked on, and didn't take blame for others ("The New Centurions"). His earliest screen credits are for "Villa Rides" and "The Tomb of Ligeia,"

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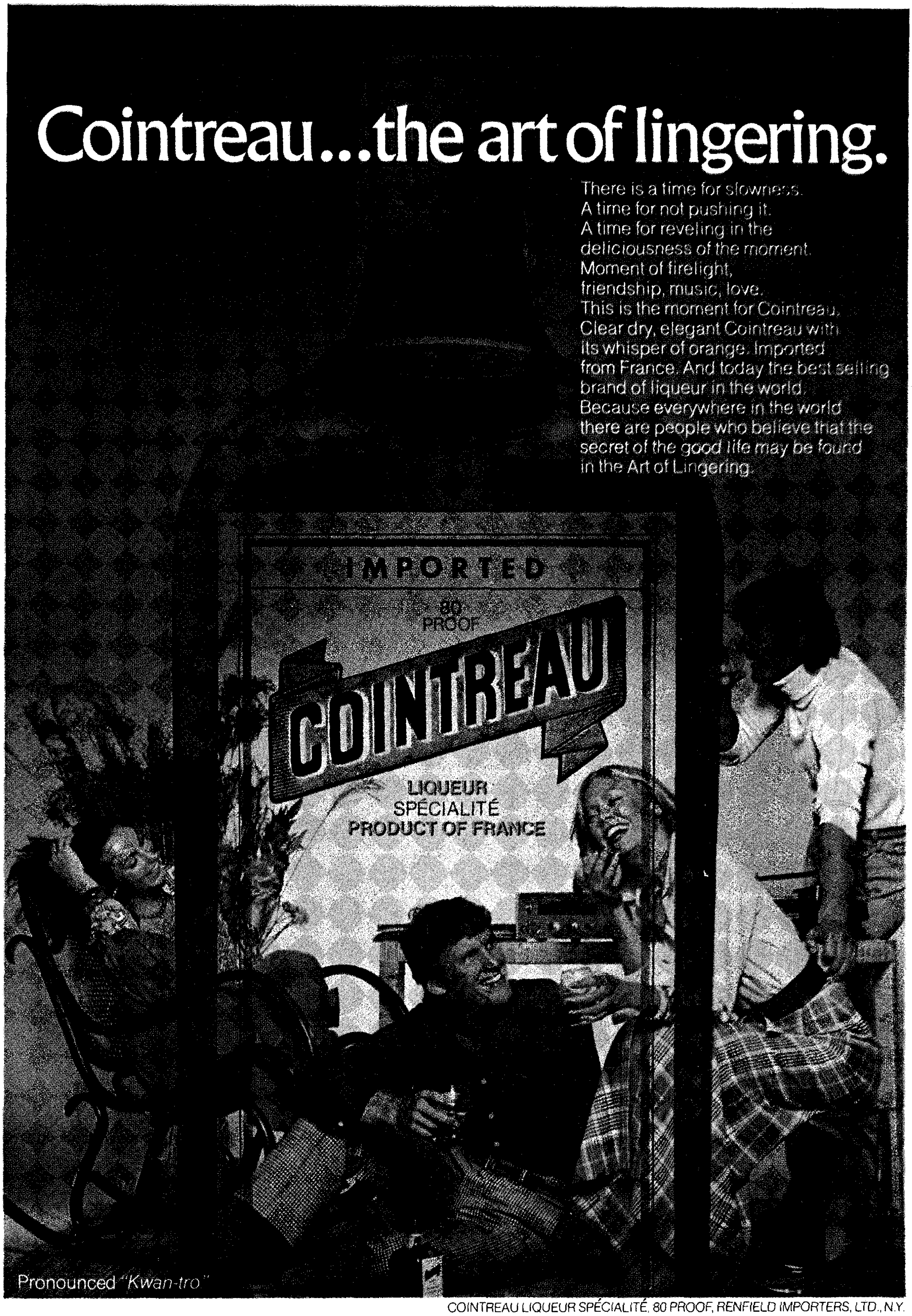

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but even before those, in 1964, he wrote an episode for TV's "Breaking Point," called "So Many Pretty Girls, So Little Time," about a Don Juan. Beatty brought him in to do the rewriting on "Bonnie and Clyde" (he was listed as "Special Consultant"), and when Coppola accepted his Academy Award for the screenplay of "The Godfather" he acknowledged Towne's contribution (he wrote one scene and tinkered with a few others). Towne also did a major rewrite on "Cisco Pike" (the film has certain similarities to "Shampoo") and on "The Yakuza," which hasn't opened yet, and he wrote the script (an adaptation) of "The Last Detail."

Towne's heroes, if we can take Gittes, of "Chinatown," and George, here, as fair examples, are hip to conventional society, and they assume that they reject its dreams. But in some corner of their heads they think that maybe the old romantic dream can be made to work. Gittes is basically a very simple man. He wants the woman he loves to tell him the truth about herself; the truth is very important to him. And George is even simpler. Towne's heroes are like the heroes of hardboiled fiction: they don't ask much of life, but they are also romantic damn fools who ask just what they can't get. His characters are so effective on the screen because they have sides you don't expect and—a Towne idiosyncrasy—they tell anecdotes, mostly inane, backslapping ones (Jack Nicholson has several in "The Last Detail" and "Chinatown," and Jack Warden gets off a real puzzler). With his ear for unaffected dialogue, and with a gift for never forcing a point, Towne may be a great new screenwriter in a structured tradition—a flaky classicist. —PAULINE KAEL

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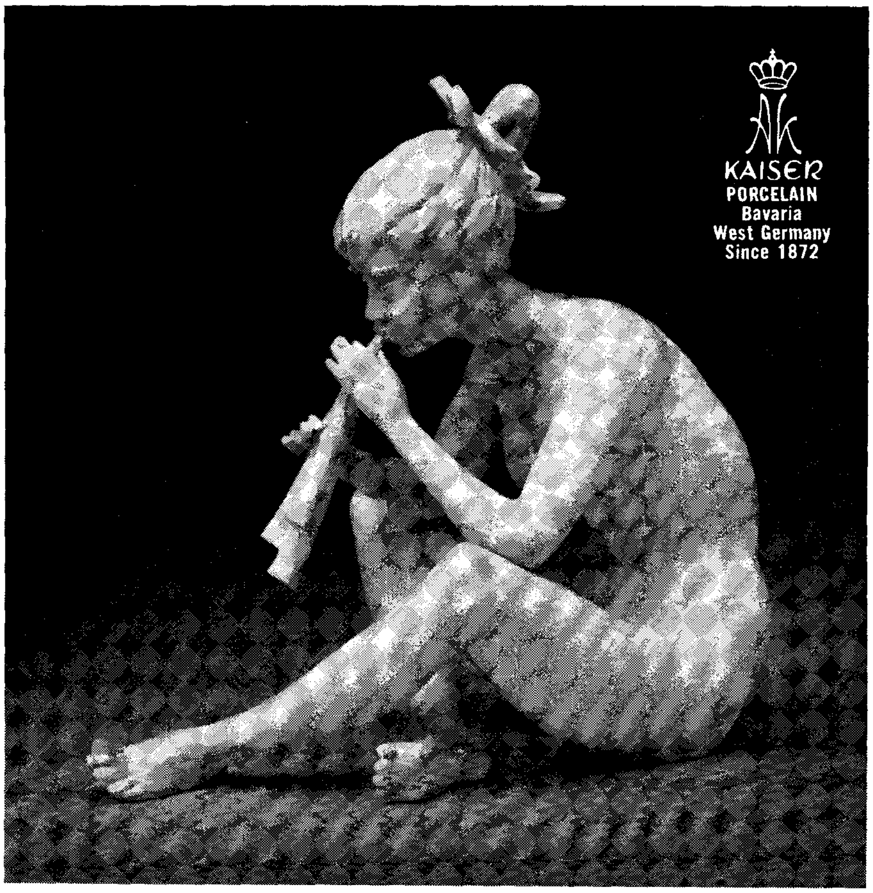

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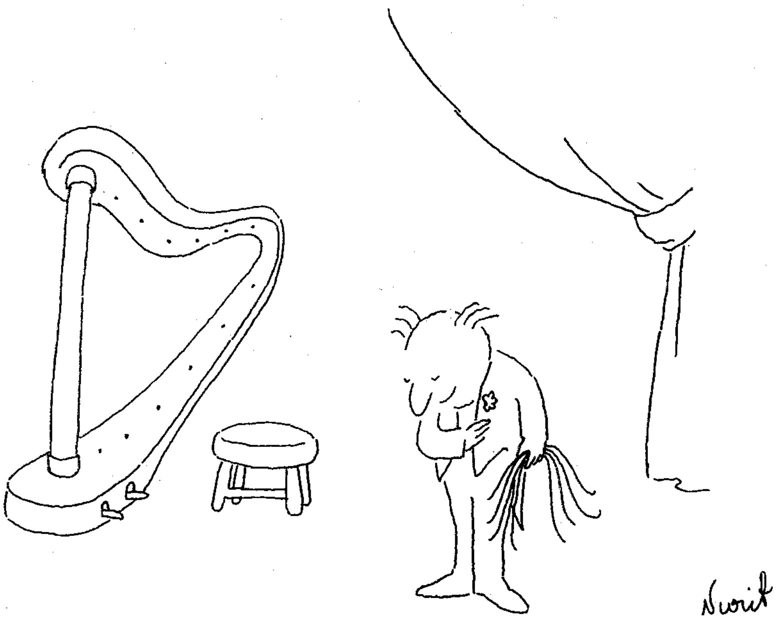
U.S. JOURNAL: NEW ORLEANS

ON THE POSSIBILITY OF HOUSTONIZATION

A FEW years ago, a friend of mine who lives in New Orleans predicted that Mardi Gras would someday be held in the Superdome. Two dollars general admission, three-fifty reserved seat, not inclusive of meal and beverage—the meal being a variety pack of New Orleans specialties reheated in microwave ovens under contract with the Marriott Corporation. Buses would deliver tourists from the airport to the Superdome and back again without subjecting them to more than a few moments' exposure to the damp New Orleans air that tends to frizzle the hairdo and take the crease out of trousers. The spectacle would include, in one section of the giant arena, a selection of authentic New Orleans citizens frolicking drunkenly in colorful carnival costumes—with instant replays of the most entertaining antics and details of the most bizarre costumes presented on one of the six twenty-two-by-twenty-six-foot screens of the Superdome's revolutionary television gondola. In order to prevent the damage that might be done to the Superdome's upholstered seats if spectators were permitted to scramble for the trinkets that are traditionally thrown from parade floats by members of Carnival krewes, a souvenir packet of assorted beads and doubloons would be provided for each ticket holder before the parades began. Included in the packet would be an official certificate attesting to the fact that the bearer had participated in a pre-Lenten blowout in The City That Care Forgot.

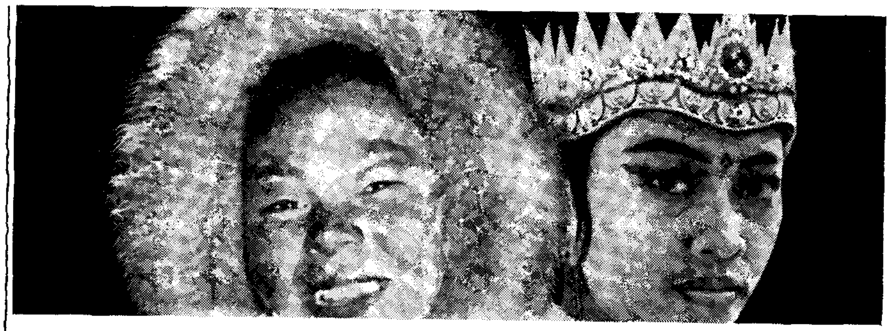
My friend's prediction had been brought on by the announcement that, because of the fire hazards and safety hazards involved, Carnival krewes would no longer include the narrow streets of the French Quarter in their parade routes. Safety being a basic element of sound American management, the rerouting of the parades from their most dramatic passageways may have struck him as another step in a process of obliterating whatever cultural distinctions remain between New Orleans and the United States of America. I suppose thoughts of that same process had entered my mind whenever I returned to New Orleans to find more of the old five- and six-story office buildings of the business district replaced by glassy high rises—the most conspicuous being One Shell Square, which might have been lifted over from downtown Houston intact by a crane that some Houston outfit like Brown & Root would probably consider of middling size, and the new Marriott Hotel, which has the kind of décor that might result if the assignment to simulate a "New Orleans-type-Riverboat-style-Gay-Nineties-like-interior look" were given to a decorator who specialized in Second Avenue singles bars. The French Quarter in the past decade has experienced an extraordinary enhancement of real-estate values along with the decrease in funkiness that might have been expected to accompany it—a lot of the buildings in the center of the Quarter now being too valuable to live or work in casually. (One way to interpret the recent efforts to regulate a particularly noisy street band that has been accused of blocking customers from the antique stores and art galleries of the most expensive shopping street in the Quarter is that merchants tolerate such disturbance in inverse proportion to the rent they are paying.) When my friend made his prediction, of course, the Superdome was only eight or nine scandals into its construction. Now, still a few months short of completion, it is already the symbol of New Orleans that dominates the skyline and appears on the cover of the telephone directory—a symbol associated not with shellfish and the river and brass bands but with Super Bowl Weekend, that final distillation of American masculine Big Shotism. The Superdome's managers now speak of it as an "urban-event center," in which practically any activity can take place in a "controlled atmosphere" or a "manageable environment"—both of which have been traditionally (some would say gloriously) less evident in New Orleans than in most American cities. A gigantic domed stadium was sold to the voters of Louisiana partly as a vehicle for New Orleans' leaping past Houston to regain its old role as Queen City of the South, and visiting dignitaries taken on tours of the Superdome are told that the Astrodome would fit inside of it—a boast that may bring some faint cheer to those architecture critics who have been hoping that the Astrodome would be put inside *something*, but brings uneasiness to those who fear that the only way for a city to outdo Houston is to become more like Houston. It is possible, in fact, for someone standing between the Superdome and One Shell Square to conjure up a theory that what may be happening to New Orleans is not Americanization but Houstonization.

In New Orleans, theories tend to wilt like trouser creases—losing their edge from exposure to another, equally beguiling theory or to the cynicism that I have always thought of as one of the city's charms. The strict New Orleans cynic's view of the Superdome is that it is neither a stadium nor an "urban-event center" but an occasion for a hundred and sixty-three million dollars' changing hands. A man I know in the French Quarter shakes his head in frustration and boredom when he happens into a conversation about whether the Superdome will be a success and how it will affect the city; he begins to look attentive only when the conversation turns to who owns the adjoining land and who wrote the insurance. "What you have to understand about the Superdome," he says, "is that after the financing the rest is commentary." One of the most vocal opponents of the Superdome in New Orleans—a man who calls it a betrayal of the taxpayers and a crime against the impoverished and a catastrophe for the city—can also refer to it as "a nice little deal."



To the extent that a New Orleans cynic attaches any importance at all to what happens to the Superdome after the money has changed hands, he is likely to see it as just another device to be used in the traditional New Orleans occupation of entertaining the businessman in town for the bolt-and-tube convention or the Ole Miss rooter who would never miss seeing his boys in the Sugar Bowl or the Baptist who finally comes down from northern Louisiana to see if shameful papist debauchery is all that it has been cracked up to be. It is possible to regard the Superdome, in other words, as a sort of modernistic, elephantine version of the Bourbon Street strip joints. According to that view, tourists move within a *cordon sanitaire* anyway, and a structure designed to relieve them of their money more efficiently could hardly be an important factor in changing the more serious elements of the city's culture. The city's business leaders, it is said, will continue to spend more time worrying about who will be Queen of the Comus Ball than about systematic economic expansion—shaking themselves out of their dozy clubbiness only every thirty or forty years to go along with some grandiose scheme that is touted as the miraculous rejuvenator of the economy. (The early sales pitch for the Superdome has been compared in this respect to the hopes attached to the Cotton Exposition of 1884, a venture whose finances proved to be hopeless.) The New Orleans workingman will continue to wonder how his counterparts in Cleveland or Denver can survive without regular ingestions of boiled shrimp and fried oysters. And what if my friend's prediction about Mardi Gras comes to pass? Well, it could be argued, the tourist celebration of Mardi Gras has already gone a long way toward becoming an event that could be held in Fort Lauderdale or Daytona Beach without severe cultural dislocation. And the members of the most prestigious Mardi Gras krewes—who, a purist should be reminded, are Protestant American businessmen celebrating a Roman Catholic carnival by pretending to be European *nobility*—would never take their parades through the Superdome anyway, since they could not bear to be below the people they throw trinkets to.

According to David Dixon, the promoter who first brought up the idea of a domed stadium in the sixties as part of a scheme to lure big-league football to New Orleans, the captains of the four old-line Carnival krewes (Comus, Momus, Proteus, and Rex) once real-



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ly did agree, at least temporarily, to route their parades through the dome. In 1967, Dixon and the then mayor of New Orleans announced a plan to name the proposed dome Mardi Gras Stadium and to enhance its financial prospects by staging the Mardi Gras parades in it for paying customers. According to the announcement—which made large headlines for one day in both New Orleans newspapers but seems to have passed from public memory since then—a ticket-distribution arrangement had been made with two department stores, the leading designer of Mardi Gras floats was looking forward to incorporating the dome's television screens into the parade themes, and there was a plan for releasing trinkets from the ceiling for spectators sitting too far back to catch those tossed from the floats. The entire plan, it turns out, was part of a campaign to make certain that the stadium would be built in downtown New Orleans rather than on one of the competing sites in adjoining Jefferson Parish; the parades, the mayor pointed out, could hardly be rerouted to Kenner or Metairie. There was some resistance from members of the krewes when they heard about the plan, Dixon says, but by that time the downtown site—a site that happens to be next to some land now owned by a combine that includes some of the social and business leaders of the city—was already assured anyway, making the Mardi Gras matter moot. Or making it, as the French Quarter cynics would say, commentary.

ONE krewe has already decided that it will end its parade in the Superdome at next year's Mardi Gras—a relatively new krewe called Bacchus. Until the late sixties, the Sunday night before Shrove Tuesday had been one night in the Mardi Gras season that was without a street parade, and a group led by hotel and restaurant operators formed the Krewe of Bacchus in order to stage a parade that would fill out the revellers' weekend. Although the older krewes make some quiet efforts to turn out crowds for their parades, they are technically parading through public streets merely as a joyful way of reaching their private Carnival balls. The Rex parade has been supported by business interests for reasons similar to those that inspired the formation of Bacchus, but Rex has at least had the good taste to be hypocritical about its commercial connections. The Bacchus parade is overtly commercial—put on to entertain tour-

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ists. Its king every year is not some anonymous banker—secure in the knowledge that the people who count know who is behind the mask—but a show-biz celebrity like Bob Hope or Glen Campbell. Bacchus now has the grandest floats, the most munificent trinkets, and, of course, the most popular parade. Some people see it as part of the democratization of Carnival krewes; unlike most of the old-line krewes, it is open to newcomers and Jews and the kind of go-go businessmen who actually promote and finance the Superdome rather than just quietly profit from its location. But some people lump Bacchus with slick renovations of the French Quarter and plans to package street music in a "controlled atmosphere"—another sign, in other words, that New Orleans may be becoming a caricature of itself for the tourist industry.

What the dread of Bacchus amounts to is that New Orleans might become not more like Houston but more like Houston's idea of what New Orleans is—a mockup of quaintness and color for the entertainment of rich Texans, less a rival than a sort of colony. New Orleans happens to be one of the poorest cities in the United States. It has a higher percentage of poor people than any other major city; its rich people are not, by Texas standards, seriously rich. A lot of New Orleans antiques and jewelry have found their way to Houston, it is said, the way Egyptian antiquities used to find their way to London. People in the French Quarter insist that the cypress and interior details of buildings that have been torn down in the last several years in New Orleans are sent to places like Houston—perfect for the Riverboat Room or the French Quarter Lounge on the top of some shiny Texas bank building. Houston is rich, and seems to become richer even from such New Orleans catch-up schemes as the Superdome. A Houston combine is among the owners of the land next to the dome, on which a new Hyatt Regency hotel is being built. The principal owner of the big-league football franchise that the dome helped New Orleans to capture is from Houston. A Houston firm will handle the monumental, triple-barrelled, never-to-be-forgotten Superdome opening. The New Orleans bank that handled the stadium bonds is part of a holding company whose principal owner is from Houston. In Houston these days, unemployment is less than four per cent and gasoline is cheap and the profits of oil companies continue to double every quarter or

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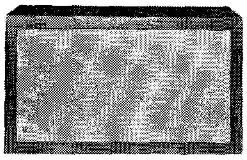

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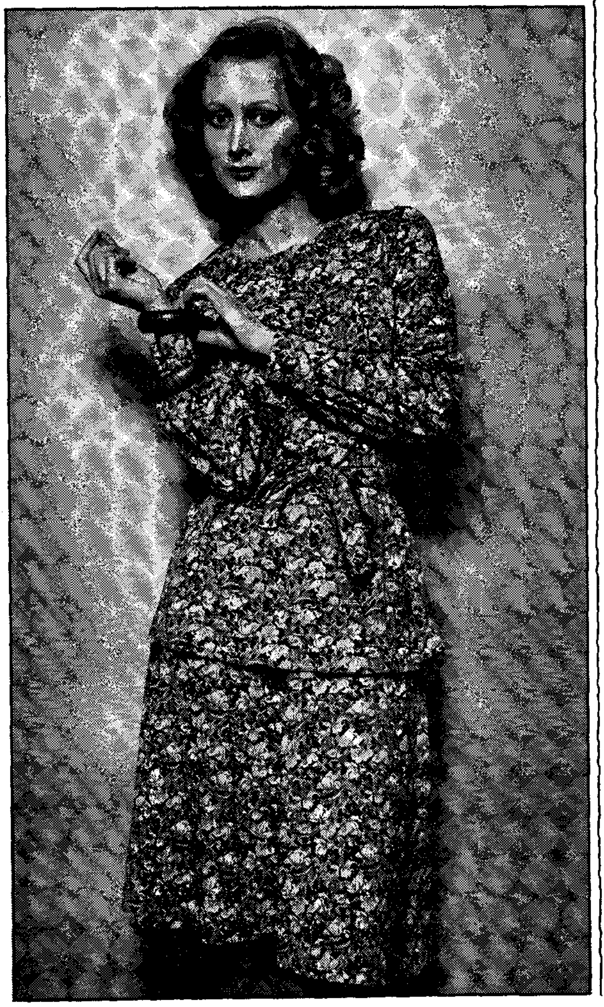

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so. It may be that Houston will get richer even as New Orleans and just about every other city get poorer—the wise men in the State Department who hint about resorting to force to stop Arab oil profiteering not having floated any trial balloons about an invasion of Harris County, Texas.

The New Orleans Chamber of Commerce has recently launched a campaign calling New Orleans "CenterSouth," on the theory that the Superdome and a Superport and a few other Superthings will transform the city into a regional colossus. But Bill Rushton, the managing editor of the weekly *Courier* and the city's most acerbic urban critic, has prophesied a realignment of a different sort. In a recent article for *Southern Exposure* called "The South Coast Conspiracy," Rushton argues that New Orleans is actually becoming part of a "Houston/New Orleans/Mobile slurb corridor now taking form along the spine of the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway"—a slurb corridor that will be ruled by Houston.

If HONOMO, as Rushton calls it, ever got organized, Mardi Gras in the Superdome would be only logical. Executives who come all the way from slurb headquarters to the play area of the empire would hardly want to spend three or four days looking at parades on the street while being shoved around by other spectators. They would expect to watch a medley of representative Mardi Gras celebrations from the "box suites" that are already being rented in the Superdome. They would have a good look at the French Quarter from one of the New Orleans-style restaurants on top of the Marriott or on top of the new Hyatt Regency that is going up on the land they have invested in across from the Superdome. And One Shell Square would not be just another architectural intrusion. It would fill the same role in New Orleans that the American Embassy fills in Saigon.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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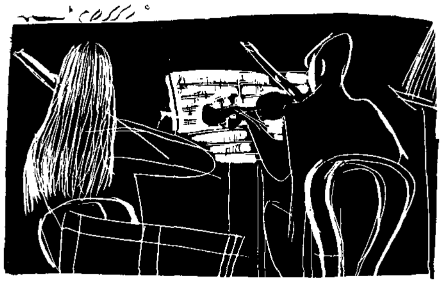
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Manon of Great Price

IT could be argued that two productions of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" playing in one city are two too many. But in a season marking the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death that argument would be unkind. One too many, then, this year; and since the Metropolitan Opera already had a workable "Manon Lescaut" in stock, it can be gently regretted that the City Opera chose to mount another, also in Italian, instead of venturing into "Edgar" (an extraordinary and exciting piece) if Puccini commemoration was the intention, or Auber's or Henze's handling of the Manon story if the heroine herself was deemed to be the draw. The City Opera's "Manon Lescaut," which opened last September, is an animated, overingenious, and unfaithful presentation. The Metropolitan's, which was revived last week, is the oldest staging in its repertory. It was born in 1949, directed by Herbert Graf and designed by H. M. Crayon. Dorothy Kirsten, as Manon, and Jussi Bjoerling, as des Grieux, led the cast. The show still looks good, staged now by Patrick Tavernia, under sensitive and stylish lighting, by Rudolph Kuntner, that matches the manner of the décor and catches the expression of the singers' faces. It is presented frankly as a period piece—not so much a drama as a pretty diversion with emotional outbursts. Criticism is disarmed. The inconsistency of the score can be forgiven when we are not expected to take it very seriously. We can enjoy it as the most copious and least narrowly calculated of Puccini's scores. Four heroines are billed to appear: Leontyne Price, Miss Kirsten, Montserrat Caballé, and Teresa Kubiak.

Miss Price is the first. Three Manons form her sole contribution to the season, and this is her first new role here since Samuel Barber's Cleopatra, in 1966. It is not one to which she is especially well suited. Miss Price—Renata Tebaldi was a singer of the same kind—is always herself, a delightful and distinctive self that can assume, memorably, the emotions and demeanor of Aida, or Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," even Cio-Cio-San, but has trouble turning into Manon. Directness, unaffected simplicity of utterance, noble naturalness are her virtues; a warm and beautiful voice, lustrous, powerful, and never glaring, is her glory. But, as John Steane puts it in "The Great Tradition," there is also "a certain absence of flexibility in characterization." Puccini's Manon demands more sophisticated resources and a protean vocal personality. The writing of the role itself is inconsistent; Act II is close to *opéra comique*, but Act IV is a Liebestod. At La Scala (as I noted when reviewing the City Opera production), the first Manon was a Nannetta and the second a Tosca—Olga Olghina (described by Shaw as "a clever little Russian lady") followed by Hariclea Darclée. Three Manons whom Puccini admired were Lina Cavalieri, at the Met première, in 1907 ("I was really struck by her temperament, especially in the moments of exaltation and of emotion"); Lucrezia Bori, heroine when the Met company, under Toscanini, introduced the opera to Paris, in 1910 ("Little Bori was exquisite and her voice, which had seemed a shade immature and small, achieved such expansion in the theatre that it rode the powerful Act III ensemble"); and Lotte Lehmann, in Vienna, in 1923 (a lack of coquetry in Act II, but "I have never heard an Act IV Manon like her"). These three very different sopranos all made records of "In quelle trine morbide," the Act II aria.

In Act I of the Metropolitan revival, Miss Price was content to open her eyes and her mouth wide and sing straight out to the audience, without bothering much about characterization. In what Puccini called the "powdered scenes" of Act II, she was very funny and charming—a plump, pretty kitten got up in crinoline and white wig. The audience's laughter was a little uneasy at first, but when it became confident Miss Price responded to it and romped through the remaining episodes for comedy. The scenes of the eunuchs warbling a madrigal (the Agnus Dei of Puccini's Mass, reworded), of Manon learning the minuet while ancient roués and foppish abbés ogle her ravenously, and of Manon carolling her pastoral "L'ora, o Tirsi," are meant to be entertaining—though Puccini must have intended a more finely pointed, less downright kind of humor. Miss Price was not so much Manon as someone enjoying the absurdity of pretending to be that dainty heroine. Her sense of fun proved infectious. She also sang "L'ora, o Tirsi" very prettily; true, the trills and grace notes were not clean, but the little arching line that opens its phrases was delicately shaped and the held G that acts as springboard to the reprise was timed to perfection. Connoisseurs of operatic laughter were offered a new prize for their collections. What Puccini wrote simply as "Ah! ah!," *ridendo*, and two headless eighth-note stems, Miss Price turned into a quick, upward pitched "Haha!" of glee, melting into a delicious portamento gurgle of mirth that sounded deftly tuned to the version of the "Manon" motif from the orchestra. This was something to set beside Galli-Curci's sparkling peals in the laughing song from Auber's "Manon Lescaut," or the arpeggio of amusement that Lehmann threw into Mistress Ford's aria in Nicolai's "Merry Wives."



I have never seen Miss Price look more beautiful than she did in her plain, dark prison dress of Act III—long hair falling simply and abundantly down her back, demeanor purged of civetishness, penitent yet still passionate. At the close of the act, when, "with features irradiated with supreme joy, from the top of the gangplank Manon extends her arms to des Grieux," she rather overdid things. In Act IV she was affecting, but not in her best vocal state. "Smoky" is a word often applied, with approval, to Miss Price's tone, but the sound in "Sola, perduta, abbandonata" could more properly be described as foggy.

In a serious, dramatic, balanced performance of "Manon Lescaut," the emotional weight of the piece is carried by des Grieux, who has most of the numbers. At Spoleto, last year, Luchino Visconti directed a production in which the principals looked their parts, a production in which, by all reports, des Grieux (played by Harry Theyard) was indeed at the center—and could plausibly ask the Captain, in the ardent apostrophe that closes Act III, to be taken on as a cabin boy. (From Caruso, the request must have sounded odd.) At the Metropolitan, John Alexander looked suitably aristocratic. I like his keen, sharply focussed tone. His phrasing was elegant. But neither the stage personality nor the sheer sound of his voice in climaxes was romantic enough to fill the passions of the role. William Walker's Lescaut was robust

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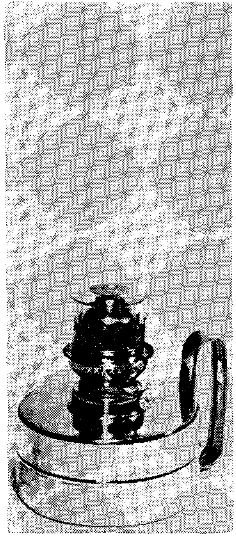

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and vigorous; vocally, however, he was a good *comprimario* in a role that used to be cast at Scotti, Sammarco, or Amato strength. Fernando Corena's Geronte was expertly played—a rounded, unexaggerated, uncaricatured impersonation. (In passing, Mr. Corena's Don Pasquale, earlier in the season, can be praised in much the same terms; it was humorous, human, and unclowned.)

Peter Herman Adler conducted. The orchestral opening, marked *allegro brillante*, was hectic; the intermezzo, whose main section is marked *andante calmo*, was bumpy. Too much striving for instrumental effect. But once singers began, the conductor provided a lively and not unduly prominent accompaniment.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

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THE RACE TRACK

Singing in the Rain

DESPITE deplorable weather—it was a cold, damp, gray afternoon at Santa Anita last Sunday, and horses splashing through the mud and mist looked almost spectral—the Charles H. Strub Stakes, the first of the season's $100,000 plums, was a fascinating race, and it was won decisively by Stardust Mel. The margin of victory was seven and a half lengths. Confederate Yankee was second, a length and a quarter ahead of Rube the Great, and the time for the mile and a quarter was 2:04⅕. Nine four-year-olds paraded to the post, and First Back, who ran so fast in the San Fernando Stakes last month that his stable put up $5,000 to make him a supplementary entry in the Strub, was quickest out of the gate. Lightning Mandate, who won a division of the recent Malibu, was right behind him, and these two probably quickstepped themselves out of the money, for they ran the quarter in 0:22⅗ and the half in 0:46⅗, and then faded. Meanwhile, Shoemaker, who rode Stardust Mel and handled him beautifully all the way, had his mount in a perfect position behind them until he was ready to make his move.

Stardust Mel, who is trained by Charlie Whittingham, is a gray gelding by Wallet Lifter out of Seems a Queen. Mrs. Marjorie Lindheimer Everett, who used to run Arlington Park and now has a large interest in Hollywood Park, paid $225,000 for him at a sale last year. She got $86,300 of it back on Sunday. Whittingham also saddled Top Command, winner of his last three starts, who ran a lacklustre sixth.

CARL ROSEN'S Chris Evert, who has just received the Eclipse Award for being the best three-year-old filly of 1974, is off and running for another award, having made a good start in the new $50,000 La Canada Stakes, for four-year-olds of her sex, at Santa Anita a couple of weekends ago. Carrying 128 pounds, she won by a nose from Mercy Dee, a nimble winner of her last two starts, to whom she gave twelve pounds. Lucky Spell, who had a weight advantage of nine pounds, was third. It was a gallant effort for Chris Evert. She hadn't been out since she won at Aqueduct on New Year's Eve, and she had never raced over the Santa Anita track, yet she overtook the front-runner, speedy Quaze Quilt, in the first three furlongs of the mile and a sixteenth, breezing. Chris is a big girl now, but I thought that the weight she carried began to sit heavily on her back as she turned for home, and she drifted out in the run down the stretch while Velasquez kept her going and gave the crowd of 31,000 something to cheer for. Her share of the purse—$35,400—brought her earnings to $679,475. What price she makes a million?

DOWN at Hialeah, Forego, who was voted Horse of the Year, ran in the Seminole Handicap, carrying top weight of 129 pounds, and won by three-quarters of a length from Mr. Door, who had set the pace for most of the nine furlongs. Lord Rebeau was third. The time was 1:47⅕.

The night before the Seminole, Forego's owner, Mrs. Edward H. Gerry, received three statuettes, one of gold and two of bronze, of the stallion Eclipse at the Eclipse Awards Dinner, in San Francisco. The gold one was for Forego's being Horse of the Year, of course, and the two others were because he was also voted the best handicap horse and the best sprinter by the *Daily Racing Form's* writers, the racing secretaries of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations, and the members of the National Turf Writers Association. Other awards went to John L. Greer's Foolish Pleasure, as the best two-year-old colt; Mr. and Mrs. Stuart S. Janney, Jr.'s, Ruffian, as the best two-year-old filly; John W. Galbreath's Little Current, as the best three-year-old colt; Harry T. Mangurian, Jr.'s, Desert Vixen, as the best handicap mare; Nelson Bunker Hunt's Dahlia, as the best runner on grass; and Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's Gran Kan, as the best steeplechaser.

IF you want more action after an afternoon at Santa Anita, there's quarter-horse racing six nights a week at Los Alamitos, about twenty-five miles from downtown Los Angeles. I saw my first such event recently and thought it was a good show, but you have to acquire a taste for it. And have a keen eye, too, for it isn't easy to pick the horse you've bet on out of a pack

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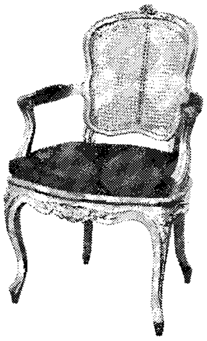

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of eight or ten animals streaking down a straightaway. Still, a lot of people try to, and love it. As you know, quarter horses are a special breed, noted for their speed for about a quarter of a mile (hence the name), whose forebears were brought over by the Colonists; their descendants became cow ponies on cattle ranches, and quarter-horse racing in the Southwest started with cowboys matching their mounts in sprints down the main street of some small town. Now there are scores of tracks throughout the Southwest. Los Alamitos, which opened in 1951, is a pleasant place to spend an evening. The average attendance is 8,500, and the crowd bets around a hundred dollars a head every night. What recession? The meeting ended last weekend with the $50,000 Horsemen's Quarter Horse Association championship. Running over a slow track, Elan Again won it in a photo finish with Flight 109 and I'm Kipty, doing the four hundred and forty yards in a tick over twenty-two seconds. Now the trotters move into Los Alamitos and will remain there until the first week in May. Then the quarter horses return for the summer. —Audax Minor

•

HUNGRY CRITICS ON THE WASHINGTON "POST"

[*Issue of December 16, 1974*]

If it had been a meal rather than a concert, the evening's fare would have been four bon-bons and a side order of spinach. —*Joseph McLellan, page B15.*

...and surrounded them with three Paganini caprices and four salon pieces of Fritz Kreisler that were sheer Sacher Torte with mounds of whipped cream.
—*Fred Scott, same page.*

Pianist Alan Mandel inaugurated the new Hirshhorn Museum's auditorium and concert series yesterday with music that was more soda pop and absinthe than champagne.
—*Joan Reinthaler, same page.*

Have you ever noticed that sometimes the canapes and appetizers are just so tempting, that when the main entree comes along, you're simply not ready?
—*Fred Scott, same page.*

•

The West Suburban YWCA this winter is offering a broad range of more than 100 courses. New explorations will include: basic pottery, clay jewelry, light gardening, women's sexuality, apprenticeship in carpentry, sensory awareness, voices of women in poetry, alternatives to aging, parents' workshop, woodcut, leathercraft, T'ai Chi, transactional analysis, self defense for women, child development, reaching out for yourself.—*Natick (Mass.) Suburban Press & Recorder.*

If we take reaching out for ourself and can't stretch that far, can we switch to women's sexuality?

BOOKS

The Last Victorian

WE suffer inflation. Five volumes on the life of Henry James, two massive tomes on Lytton Strachey, almost two thousand pages to chronicle the essentially domestic, uniform existence of William Faulkner. And now Mrs. Sybille Bedford's leviathan "Aldous Huxley" (Knopf/Harper & Row). Why this plethora?

We inhabit a gossip culture. Both the deep tides and the froth of personality fascinate us. The Romantic discovery of the ego and the legacy of Freud have left us, at the best, vividly, liberally committed to the central role of individuality inside the work of art or construct of thought. At the worst, they have licensed in us the impulse of the scavenger. We ferret among privacies: journals, letters, drafts, pages cancelled or inked over, scraps never meant for public, posthumous light. Classic art and literature have become, and not only by virtue of distance, nearly anonymous. The modern mood locates creation inside the singularity and hurt of the private life.

Perhaps there is in this change an egalitarian malice. Tracked to the inmost recesses of his domestic, erotic, financial concerns, exhibited amid his laundry, nervous failings, or petty vanities, the great man is levelled to our scale. Frequently he is put a shade lower. Major performance, especially in letters and the arts, often springs from private indignities. We close the book gently warmed, our condescensions fed. It is not we who, like Wagner, would leave our bills cruelly unpaid or, like Proust, squint through peepholes in houses of ill fame. The late Mr. Eliot was no doubt a great poet, a force in his time, but what say you of his first marriage and his breakdowns?

The result is a curious imbalance. We read *about* more often than we read: reviews rather than books, the critic rather than the poem. We take pleasure in voluminous, intimate biographies of writers, artists, even abstract thinkers (consider the tumult of gossip around the names of Bertrand Russell and Ludwig Wittgenstein) with whose actual productions we may have only the most selective, casual acquaintance. There is a stale maxim to the effect that no man is a hero to his valet. No doubt. But ought one to adopt, except under unusual provocation of skepticism or democratic passion, the valet's view of things?

Being a novelist and biographer of real distinction, and one peculiarly intimate with her subject, Sybille Bedford inevitably raises these questions of perspective. The fact is—and it is precisely this fact from which all serious treatment of the case must start—that the greater part of Aldous Huxley's work is already stone-dead. He had a veritable genius for titles. "Crome Yellow," "Antic Hay," "Point Counter Point," "Brave New World," "Eyeless in Gaza" lead a brilliant, disembodied life in their own right, almost eclipsing the Shakespearean or Miltonic context from which they are taken. But what of the novels themselves? Why have they faded so quickly from imaginative authority? Why does "Point Counter Point" rely for what vitality it has on the presence among its characters of a distorted but suggestive portrayal of D. H. Lawrence? What has made of "Brave New World" and, even more emphatically, of Huxley's later utopian fantasy, "Island," merely historical occasions in contrast to the urgent power of George Orwell's "1984" or, indeed, of the speculative fictions of H. G. Wells?

Mrs. Bedford does not ask these questions. She disclaims any responsibility toward or competence in literary criticism. Her sense of that sad craft is unmistakably one of fastidious doubt. She is writing the life of a man whom she has deeply known and loved. Her labor is all but hagiographic in its unwavering note of admiration, of merciful understanding. The consequence is a paradox at once ironic and instructive. Because Mrs. Bedford refuses to judge the stature of Huxley's writings, because this stature seems to her strangely irrelevant, being inseparable from what she knows to be the wonder of the man, her biography makes the life overwhelmingly stronger than the work. The writer takes on substance; his novels, essays, plays grow ghostlier. Did some obstinately lucid perception in Mrs. Bedford, herself a fine artist, compel this result? For whether she would or not, her spacious, deliberately worshipful, profoundly engaged celebration of Aldous Huxley is in effect a subversion—the more stringent for being, perhaps, unconscious—of Huxley's achievement. "Perfection of the life, or of the work," said Yeats, with every implication of a necessary, tragic choice. It is the first of these Mrs. Bedford would have us share.

"Perfection" is the right word, if taken in its original, Latin sense: as signifying the process of completion, of unfolding into stable form. Huxley's entire biography, as Sybille Bedford sees it, was an advance, gradual, often agonized, toward the mystical serenity of the Master's closing perceptions. The odds on anguish and defeat were heavy. Born into the most prestigious Victorian intellectual dynasty, gifted, even in early boyhood, with a rapacious curiosity and speed of learning, Aldous Huxley went almost totally blind in 1911, aged seventeen (the cause has never been completely clear). The young man riposted with fierce will. He learnt Braille. A year

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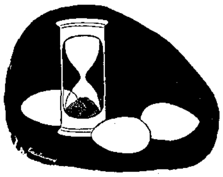
later, his sight marginally improved, Huxley was picking out letters on a typewriter to compose a first, lost novel. But blindness was to remain a constant threat and Huxley's work a willed effort to metamorphose veiled sight into the radiance of insight. On the twelfth of May, 1961, with a ferocious brightness the author of "Eyeless in Gaza" must have reckoned symbolic, disaster struck again. Huxley's house in Los Angeles was destroyed by fire, together with his entire library, his manuscripts, the memorabilia on which he relied to keep in live touch with the past. He and his second wife, Laura Archera, escaped with the clothes on their back, her Guarnieri violin, the unfinished manuscript of "Island," and three suits on hangers. "What has gone is a piece of your life and heart as well as of mine," wrote Huxley to his son, though he added, characteristically, "But there is nothing to do except try to start from scratch."



This ascetic style of courage, which enabled Huxley to complete a brutal journey across Guatemala and Mexico in 1933, and which made possible the experiments with mescaline that began in May of 1953, was strangely interleaved with narcissism and self-indulgence. He conducted much of his errant existence surrounded by a discreet bevy of more or less adoring ladies. Living in Pacific Palisades and then in Beverly Hills, Huxley, whose horror of war was, of course, profound and prophetic, protected himself to an almost chilling degree against news from England. He simply would not bear it. The same strategy of imperception obtained in relation to the illness of his first wife, Maria Nys. Acting as if her malady was not, in fact, major and terminal, accepting every illusory reassurance, Huxley enforced on her his own schedule of incessant travel. He remarried thirteen months after her death. No less than physical courage is this order of melancholy loftiness in the face of the unpleasant which is emblematic of the Victorian élite. Though committed to the sharpest possible sense of the future—scientific, political, psychological—Huxley was perhaps the last of the Victorian sages. This may give a clue to our real problem: the mustiness, the datedness that hang like gentle dust over novels once so dashing, so up-to-the-minute.

Victorian sagacity will often have within it a streak of silliness. Probe the solid front of rational energy and you will turn up the faddist, the occultist, the practitioner of animal magnetism and cold ablutions. The genius of the Victorian middle class seems to contain an ineradicable retardment, a deliberately cultivated prolongation of childhood. We find it in Jowett, in Gladstone, even in Darwin. Nursery and school reach into adult existence with an unchallenged authority—part nightmare, part heart's longing. (Lewis Carroll precisely captures the ambiguous note.) We may lack the exact vocabulary and definition of cause, but one cannot make sense of the Victorian achievement or of Britain's subsequent crises without locating this seminal mixture of brilliance, of self-conscious élitism—Eton and Balliol—with sheer silliness. There is a giggle rising, strangely, out of the center.

Aldous Huxley's flash of intellect, his mental reach, his articulacy were legend. But the confident obtuseness, the immaturities are no less striking. ("The idea of using his knowledge in order to make himself better never seems to have occurred to him," says Huxley of Proust.) One winter it is dianetics, with L. Ron Hubbard in person. The time after, flying saucers. In the summer of 1955, it is Dr. Henry Puharich's Round Table Foundation, at Glen Cove. The gentleman impresses Huxley as very intelligent, extremely well read, and highly enterprising: "His aim is to reproduce by modern pharmacological, electronic, and physical methods the conditions used by the shamans for getting into a state of travelling clairvoyance and then, if he succeeds, to send people to explore systematically 'the Other World.' " Dr. Puharich's latest contribution to this laudable effort is a book in which he explains how extraterrestrial visitants have endowed Uri Geller with astral powers. Aldous Huxley's investments in these matters are not accidental. On one level they reproduce, almost uncannily, the table-rapping, ectoplasmic, mesmeric trials of his Victorian forebears. The arrogant innocence that marks the relations of the Victorian agnostic to the charlatan carries over into the modern man. On another level, they are the touchstone of Huxley's radicalism, of his search for a "breakthrough" into new dimensions of understanding. The fineness and the silliness are inseparable. It was a recipe that drove D. H. Lawrence, toward whom Huxley was persistently generous, to black rage.

Mrs. Bedford will not judge; he

who has the lady as biographer does not need a guardian angel. But this fact enables her to bring scrupulous understanding to the crucial topic of Huxley's involvement with drugs (and it may well be this aspect of his thought for which he will be most distinctly remembered). Again one is struck by the conglomerate of tradition and innovation, of incisiveness and naïveté. As modern research has revealed, narcotics and attempts to enlarge consciousness through hallucination played a large part in the Romantic movement and Victorian art and literature. Huxley was in this respect an heir to Coleridge, De Quincey, Baudelaire, and the *fin de siècle*. The utopian, socially directed aims of his explorations in "self-transcendence" were, on the other hand, entirely modern and prophetic. Drugs were to open "better doors in the hope of inducing men and women to exchange their old bad habits for new and less harmful ones." To be shaken "out of the ruts of ordinary perception, to be shown for a few timeless hours the outer and the inner world, not as they appear to an animal obsessed with words and notions but as they are apprehended, directly and unconditionally, by Mind at Large—this is an experience of inestimable value to everyone." What of the dangers? "To most people, mescaline is almost completely innocuous." All one requires is a sound liver: "The drug brings hell and purgatory only to those who have had a recent case of jaundice, or who suffer from periodical depressions or a chronic anxiety." Huxley founded these sweeping benedictions on what he had gathered from the available literature and on the *one* experiment he had performed on himself. Later on, he took mescaline twice again and had seven, or perhaps nine, sessions under LSD. But he did not alter his judgment. Whoever comes back "through the Door in the Wall will . . . be wiser but less cocksure, happier but less self-satisfied, humbler in acknowledging his ignorance yet better equipped to understand the relationship of words to things, of systematic reasoning to the unfathomable Mystery which it tries, forever vainly, to comprehend." The liturgical cadence, the paternalistic fervor are unmistakable; they descend directly from Victorian evangelism or the robust confidence of the Victorian secularist in a sunrise future for mankind. We know now that Huxley's pharmacology was irresponsible and that "The Doors of Perception" is, at the very most, a profoundly ambiguous contribution. Drugs have brought not free-

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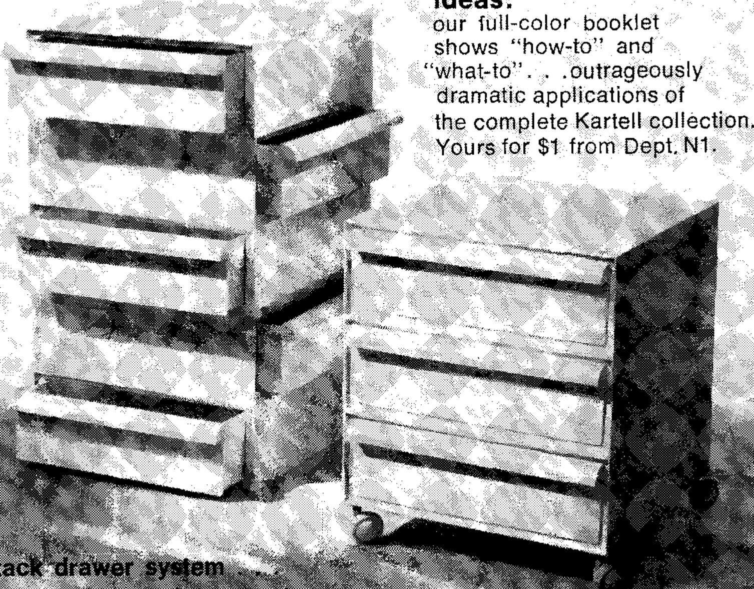

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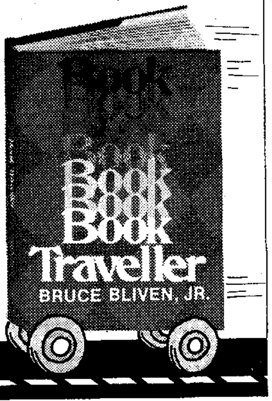

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All of the material in this book appeared originally in THE NEW YORKER.

dom but, on the contrary, that enslavement and atrophy of hope which Huxley feared most. Once more, the silliness undermined the vision. Discount the rhetorical, cinematic finale, and Mrs. Bedford's conclusion is exact: Huxley "remained what *naturaliter* he was, an evolved Victorian Englishman at home in the second part of the twentieth century, at home in Southern California, who walked alone."

It is, most likely, this cultivation of rootlessness, so contrastive with D. H. Lawrence's or James Joyce's anguish of exile, that makes much of Huxley's work brittle. He was, to use yet another late-Victorian idiom, marvellously clever rather than intelligent (the remark on Proust being a grim illustration of the difference). A giggly smartness turns up even in his most solid writings, such as "The Devils of Loudun." It reduces a fair proportion—think of "The Gioconda Smile" and "The Genius and the Goddess"—to a novelettish, Hollywood level. He wrote too much, and under almost constant financial pressure. Mrs. Bedford is insistent on this point, and gives minutely detailed evidence. But it is Huxley's ability to make himself glossy, to deliver the scripts and the magazine articles, that points to an essential weakness. He may not have wished to end as a mass-media guru, but he filled the part all too well.

Sybille Bedford's chronicle is exhaustive. We learn of the egg yolk that was to be stirred into his soup and of his taste for "a youngish Ste-Estèphe, home-bottled, that came by barrel from a négociant at Bordeaux." Guest lists cascade: "The regulars were Robert Craft, the Reverend James McLane and his wife. . . . Dr James Brainard Smith, who minded boutique (his words) for Mme Stravinsky. . . . These might be joined on any day by Peggy Kiskadden, by Gerald or by Betty Wendel or Christopher Isherwood." Those who like this kind of thing will sup their fill. Others will find it sticky going. But whatever the intent, the final effect is both paradoxical and instructive. The literal dimensions of this book further diminish its object. Largesse betrays. A smaller biography would have left a greater man.

—George Steiner

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FICTION

A Flawed Escape, by Boris Kidel (St. Martin's). An escape story, set in Germany in 1942, that is also a complex study of moral ambiguity.

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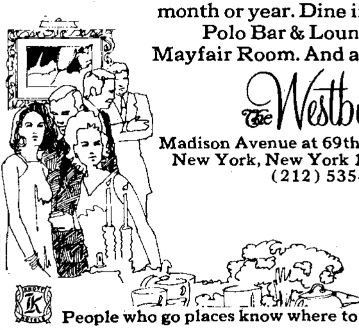

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At the outset, Martin Kassmann, a Jewish writer, is visiting his father in a Berlin apartment. Crippled by a stroke, overbearing and mean by nature, the old man is scarcely a shell of the successful businessman he once was, and the prospect of "resettlement" in Poland offers no hope for the future. Thus, the grim act that closes the first chapter—Martin's poisoning of his father—has aspects of both a mercy killing and a murder. As Martin goes underground, determined to flee the regime, we learn that he is no newcomer to two-sided decisions. In his well-travelled past, he has been a secret Trotskyite, and has made mistakes that may have cost innocent lives. He survives while others die, yet he is capable of sacrifice; his very presence in Germany at this dangerous moment is unnecessary and of his own choosing. Slowly, our impression of Martin changes from one of a hard-hearted killer to one of a compassionate rescuer, and if the book has a serious weakness it is that any such comforting transformation will inevitably seem rigged by the author. There may also be a few flaws in the narrative—a crude matter-of-factness here, a bit of cheap movie romance there. But on the whole the writing is fluent and remarkably convincing. And the moral—that salvation comes only to those who hope—is beautifully, if sadly, persuasive.

GENERAL

Idle Passion: Chess and the Dance of Death, by Alexander Cockburn (Simon & Schuster). A highly original, easily written exploration of the reasons that most modern chess masters have been destructive or self-destructive men. The author is deft in his use of psychoanalytic theory as he discusses a game in which victory is symbolic parricide, and in showing the diverse ways that the most successful players of the game have made their lives a torment. Mr. Cockburn is also aware that a historical background frames any activity, and his account of the past recalls that chess was a routine diversion of the upper class from, roughly, 1200 to 1800, when that class's business was war—frequently, rebellion against a king. After the upper class changed—when the business of the Western world became business, and magnates were financiers, not warlords—Mr. Cockburn thinks, the game became a so-

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cial dead end that attracted disturbed men and reinforced their failings.

THE FIRST FOUR GEORGES, by J. H. Plumb (Little, Brown). "It is almost impossible for a monarch to be dull, no matter how stupid," Dr. Plumb writes. By his lights, the English Georges offer an opportunity to test this contention, for George I was "very stupid and lacking interest in the arts, save music," George II was "stupid but complicated," and George III was "stupid and a little mad." Only George IV showed much affinity for intellectual pursuits, but he made up for it with "his total lack of dignity or restraint, [his] grotesque, half-insane exhibitionism." This essay on their reigns is irreverent, vivid, and accompanied by many saucy illustrations in color and in black and white; it seems intended as a responsible combination of scholarship and entertainment. Except for some passages on the profligacy of George IV and the sensational scandals of his wife, the most interesting sections deal with George III, who ruled the longest and took part in the most momentous events. Dr. Plumb portrays him as pitifully dependent on his early ministers and too rigidly dutiful to appreciate the demands of his people. Dr. Plumb also sketches the politicians under the Georges; of the disastrous Lord North he writes, "The fat, rounded body and soft pig-like face were indicative of more than ease, gentleness and affability; they bespoke an indolence that bordered on disease, a physical incapacity for hard work which made his duties so onerous to him that he often begged George III to release him from his burdens." Yet "George III could not bear to part with North because that was to recognise his own failure."

NOTE: "Book Traveller," Bruce Bliven's Profile of George Scheer, a salesman who covers the South and Southwest for several publishers, has been published by Dodd, Mead. All the contents appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

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BURLINGTON, Vt. (AP)—U.S. Sen.-elect Patrick J. Leahy, D-Vt., has negotiated an agreement to get his four-year-old son to join the family when it moves to Washington this weekend.
—*Staten Island Advance.*

The kid held out for a bigger allowance.

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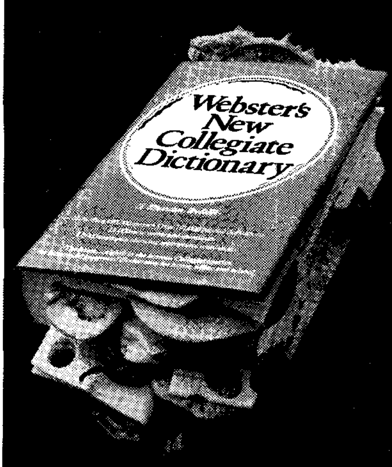

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